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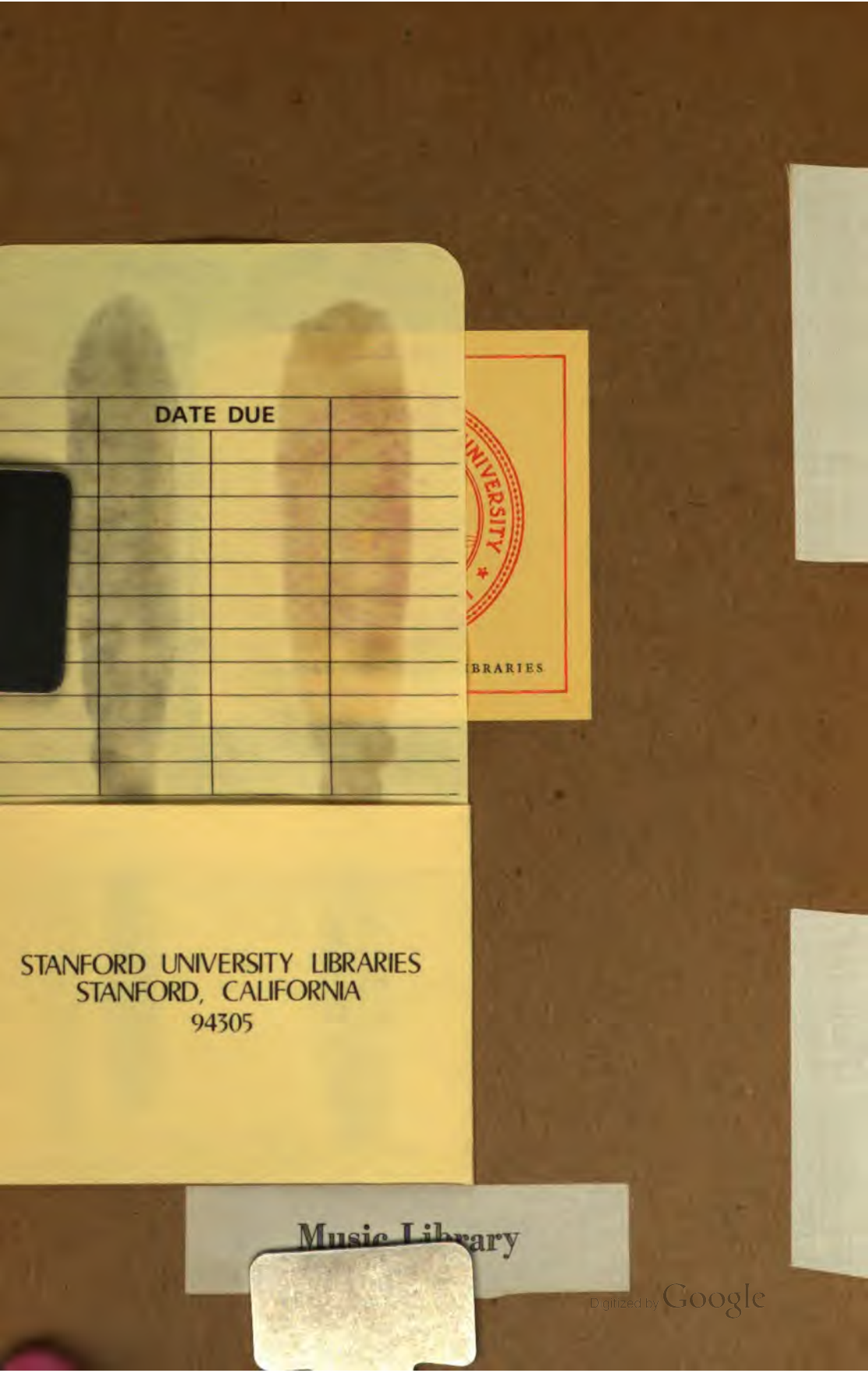
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MUSIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO THE ART, SCIENCE, TECHNIC AND LITARATURE

OF MUSIC.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, *Editor.*

VOLUME VIII.

MAY, 1895 TO OCTOBER, 1895.

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BULLETIN

"MUSIC" FOR AUGUST.

COMING at a time when both the teachers and the student of music are enjoying much needed rest, MUSIC has departed a little, in this issue, from its usual strictly artistic treatment of its subject, and offers its readers an opportunity for better acquaintance with some rather unfamiliar phases of its every day use. "Street Musicians and Singers," by Paul Gsell, is a description of the wandering minstrels of Paris that will appeal instantly to those who have visited that city and which can, with very slight change be made to apply equally well to the organ grinders and other street musicians of any American city. For your street musician is nothing if not cosmopolitan, and it is the verp features that make him so that Mr. Gsell has so aptly described for us. "The Influence of Music on Life and Health," by E. A. Smith, and a Morning in a Musical Instrument Factory," are two articles that also come under the head of every day phases of music. The former deals with a subject that is daily becoming more prominent, and will be read with a great deal of interest both by musicians and by the "laity." The description of the instrument factory, by the editor of MUSIC, will be thoroughly enjoyed by all: by instrument players who may thus learn something about the methods of the manufacture of their instruments; and by the others who are always eager to be let into the secrets of any trade. In "The Uses of a Conservatory of Music," Mr. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin Conservatory, discusses further that all important topic which has before this received much attention in this magazine,—the treatment of music as a university study. Mr. Dickinson, from his long connection with one of the most advanced university musical courses in this country, has something of authority in the matter. "The adoption of music as a factor in our popular education" he says is, therefore, the significant and promising feature of our recent musical history."

Lighter than Mr. Dickinson's article, and more properly vacation reading, is the opening story by Mr. Karleton

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Hackett, "A night at the Opera." So, too, the description of Music in Madagascar, and the interview with the composer Massenett.

The Bric-a-brac also savors decidedly of the summer season. For the editor has been learning to ride a "bike," after the axample of many of Chicago's leading musicians.

Taken all in all this, the fortysixth issue of MUSIC, while not standing strictly to the course of the winter numbers, will be found fully as interesting for the time it appears.

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MUSIC

AUGUST, 1895.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.

IT was a queer experience and it goes to show that the blood that runs in Italian veins is still red;—and that a duel may be more than a mere "Affair of Honor."

Walter and I had set out from Florence early one summer on a little tramping tour, and the second day out we came into the good old town of Pistoja, where pistols were invented, so they say, just as the store-keepers were taking down their shutters for the day. As we were strolling about the town after our morning coffee, I was amazed to see the name of Louisa Montabelli, as *Margherita* on the posters announcing the opera season. Also that the first performance was to take place that very evening. I knew Montabelli well, we had been fellow students and I was a little surprised that I had not heard of her engagement here: —then a bit of "contemporary history" flashed across my mind, and I was surprised no more. I turned to Walter and said:—"Well, old man, here is a girl with real pluck. I guess we must break our trip and stay over a day to see how she comes out."

Walter, whose wife by the way is also a *prima donna* and who was just running away from the turmoil of a long season, saw no special inducement; But I went on.

"Now see here, I have a sort of a notion that there may be use for us. At all events it's an interesting little story. so let us drop in here out of the sun and I'll tell you

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Montabelli is a native of this town, of very good family, young and mighty good looking. Some years ago she was quite the belle here and the young swells of the town were all desperately smitten. In course of time the contest for her hand narrowed down to two. One a young fellow in the Civil Service, the other a Lieutenant of Artillery. As usual the brass buttons were winning the day when Montabelli, the civilian, lost his head and grossly insulted Basini on the street. Of course there was but one answer to that and they fought next morning. Basini was desperately wounded, so that he has since been obliged to throw up his commission and is a cripple. Montabelli went directly to the girl's home, I have forgotten what her name was then, proposed, and received the victors award. Now Basini was also a Pistojan and very popular, and the feeling against Montabelli was so high that both of them had to leave the city immediately, and neither of them has ever set foot here from that time. Of course he had to resign his position and she took up singing. Their return here is evidently of such doubtful outcome that they didn't say anything about it. Under the circumstances I should not be surprised if they would be mighty glad to see a friendly face. Let's look them up!"

That put an entirely different light on the matter. If there was to be trouble, Walter with the true American instinct for fight wanted to be in it, and very much preferred to be with the under dog.

As luck would have it we knew the tenor and the baritone of the company so we decided to hunt them up first and find the lay of the land. We ran across them at breakfast at a hotel; after the greetings I said:—"How does it look for *La Montabelli*?"

Their faces grew long. At last Fiesole, the baritone, said: "I don't know what possessed them to come. The people are very bitter toward her and I fear a demonstration. She doesn't know half the truth because she has only seen a few friends and of course they have encouraged her. But he has been out among the people and knows the feeling. You fellows would better stay over and help them out, they

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will need all their friends."

I glanced at Walter and saw that the words had struck home and that he was in for it heart and soul. We enquired where they were stopping and started out. Walter said not a word but he looked grim;—he knew what an angry Italian audience was like.

They were with friends on a quiet street. We sent up word and in a moment Montabelli came rushing down and grasped our hands in a way that left no doubt of his feelings.

"How is your wife"—I said. "Brave as a lion, and expects a triumph. But my dear fellows, I feel awfully down in the mouth. She doesn't know a tenth part of what I have heard. She is in great voice and we have many friends. But I feel the Devil in the air here. I wanted to turn tail and run, but she would not hear of it. You are going to stay? You must."

"Yes Sir. We shall both of us be on deck to night. I don't suppose there is anything we can do, but if there is, we are at the Colonna, and you call on us for anything. Say *brava* to the Signora for us. See you at the theatre."

Of course there was nothing to be done but wait. We tried our best to find out if there was any understanding among the people about a hostile demonstration at the theatre, but somehow they had heard that we were friends of Montabelli and we could not get a particle of information. The afternoon paper in announcing the opera made a sort of veiled threat in regretting the "possibly injudicious selection of artists for Faust." Towards evening the clouds began to gather and there were thunder storms all about us, the air was sultry and oppressive. I tried to eat a little dinner but we gave it up and went out of doors to wait till theatre time.

Montabelli had reserved the lower stage box for us, and as we entered and looked at the house we both felt queer; at least I did and Walter's face was solemn as an owl's and he said half to himself, "We'll fight before we get out of here." It was a stunning audience to look at. There wasn't a vacant seat that I could see;—but there was not one single woman in the house. We didn't have the heart to call on Montabelli but waited to see what would happen.

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The conductor, though a great favorite, took his seat without a particle of recognition and the first act began in silence. I fairly held my breath when the time came for the vision of *Margherita* at the Spinning Wheel. When the scenes drew apart and she sat there bending over her spinning, there was a half audible murmur, that was gone in an instant. We looked at each other and I breathed easier. They were going to give her a chance after all.

When the curtain fell we rushed to Montabelli's dressing room with our congratulations. She was radient, and by George, she did look beautiful; but he was pale as death, and his hands were cold as ice.

The second act too passed off in absolute silence. None of her friends dared to applaud her when she came on the stage for fear it might be a signal for hostilities to begin. But at least they were giving her a chance.

Slowly the curtain rose on the third act. The crucial time had come. The air was stiffling, the silence maddening. If ever a woman's heart and soul were in her work hers were that night. She sang the Ballad of the king of Thule with a pathos and tenderness that was wonderful. Still not a sound from the audience, but the tension was nearing the breaking point, flesh and blood could not stand the strain much longer. Then she threw herself into the Jewel song with an abandon that fairly thrilled the house. Her friends burst into cheers and for a moment it looked like a triumph. But as she turned to acknowledge the applause, she started, turned deadly pale, and stood staring wildly at the box opposite. Standing there was a tall, sallow man who bowed to her with the low sweeping bow of the Italians. The house was still as death when a voice rang out, "Viva Basini! Erriva!" She put her hands to her face as if to shield herself, staggered a step, and fell prone. Montabelli rushed onto the stage and knelt beside his wife screaming "curs! cowards!" at the audience. Then there came a deafening crash of thunder, and that broke the spell. The house became pandemonium. Men shouted, cursed, and some began to clamber over the orchestra. Walter sprang on to the stage and I after to him. He picked

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her up in his arms and ran to the stage door. I grabbed Montabelli by the arm and dragged him along. Some how we got out to the street. Good luck! a carriage was standing there. Walter leaped in with his burden still unconscious, I bundled Basini in, slammed the door, leaped to the box, grabbed the reins, whipped up the horses and away we tore, I had no notion where. Behind me I heard some shouting but those horses went as they never had gone before. It was pouring torrents and as soon as we had gotten away from the theatre there was no one on the streets. Finally I spied a bundle of rags huddled in a corner. I called him to the box to direct me to the station. More luck ! we could just make the Florence express. Off we tore again and pulled up at the station just as the engine came puffing in. La Montabelli had come to her senses thanks to the jolting. Walter wrapped a carriage robe about her and rushed them to the train while I got the tickets. Then we left the rig with the station master with twenty five francs for the owner when he should appear, and hurried back to our hotel, paid our bill, got our stuff together, spent the night at a little inn outside the walls, and at daylight were on our way again.

KARLETON HACKETT.

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THE MUSIC CRITIC.

THOSE who are in the habit of reading the musical criticisms which appear in the newspapers, must often become weary of their almost unchanging monotony. The prima donna who sang last night is invariably a "great artist;" her methods are sure to be noted as "admirable," and she is certain to be reported as having received "an ovation." The person who looks for honest criticism either merely for the enjoyment of reading it, or to determine whether or not it is worth his while to attend a subsequent concert by the same company or singer, is grievously disappointed at finding instead such worthless stuff. For a time the writer of this pretence at criticism may succeed in misleading the readers of the paper on which he is employed. But only for a time. The marks of falsity must sooner or later appear. Deceived into attending concerts which their paper has commended and which their own judgment tells them are not worth hearing, they awake to the conclusion that the opinion of the paper on musical questions is not to be trusted. Of course the sincerest, most capable critic errs at times, and further, latitude must be allowed for those inevitable differences which are purely the result of variance in taste. The musical critic, after all, though privileged to use the editorial "we," has only one person's judgement to guide him. That judgement is supposed to be better than the average person's, partly because of native ability (or inclination which often passes for ability,) and partly through education and practical experience.

But making ample allowance for differences in taste, it is still true that there are certain fixed rules of art, the violation of which any critic worthy the name cannot avoid noting. Further than this even in the realm of expression, it is possible to speak decisively. For example: I do not see how any unbiased critic who had heard Eames give Tosti's "Goodbye" could write that in sing ng it she rose to

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that ecstacy of passion and despair of which the song is properly the artistic expression.

I do not now refer to the notices written by persons ignorant of the proper use of musical terms and of the works of the composers; the writings of these persons are merely enigmas. They are unfortunate in having to attempt work of which they are not capable. Better far so prodigious a blunder as a reference to the "Eroica" of Beethoven, meaning the fifth or eighth symphony instead of the third, than a single conscious, willful perversion, (or concealment) of the truth, (as the critic sees it,) as to the capabilities of a singer or an orchestra. I refer to writers able to make discriminating reviews, who nevertheless praise, indifferently, good and bad alike. This is what makes "the judicious grieve."

Nothing can be said to excuse such writers. A glance at some of the obstacles in the way of genuine criticism may however, mitigate somewhat the judgement passed on them. Let us suppose a concert is to take place in L—. For more than a month before the time announced the music critics of all the papers in the town have received from the press agent of the company or star, glowing accounts of concerts which have been given elsewhere. These accounts often consist of isolated sentences taken from the leading newspapers of cities previously visited, and skillfully put together in a way to lead all but the most skeptical into thinking that the singer has really received favorable and extended notice. Arriving at intervals during the several weeks previous to the concert, these extracts are intended to have a cumulative effect upon the critic—to be like so many bandages, blinding him to all defects. Finally on the day of the concert, the press agent arrives in person. He is usually a rather small, quick-moving and glib spoken man who is abashed at nothing short of violent removal from the office. Long experience has taught him how to penetrate the armor of icy politeness in which the critic instinctively incases himself. The agent has been impressed, greatly impressed (this with a side look to determine its melting effect) with the critic's reviews. He is delighted

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to have an opportunity to talk with one who really loves music. He loves it. With a tact that would do credit to one of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers, he gradually approaches the purpose of his visit. The critic is promised as a sort of reward, that "any little pleasant thing he may have to say about Madame" will be placed prominently in future collections of press notices. Above all he is urged with a cordiality like that of a bear about to hug its victim, to meet "Madam" either at the hotel or after the performance. She will be honored by his presence. In vain the helpless critic (who in his heart, let us believe, wants to be honest,) yields so far as to express with feeble politeness a desire for the promised introduction.

At night an intermission comes in the concert. The critic is tired, probably bored. People as well as verbs, have their moods and tenses. He knows that around the prima donna in her dressing-room he will find a congenial group; an occasional chat with these people into whose company he drifts readily by the principle of instinctive selection is one of the few sweets of his professional life. Once there, he is again in the toils of the press agent who by this time has arrived at a degree of intimacy warranting the use of "dear" before the critic's name. A photograph deferentially presented completes the purchase. The critic goes to his office with a decided notion that the trouble of writing a careful, discriminating review is, after all, not worth while; so the paper comes out next day with the usual amount of lavish praise. Thus is the cause of music betrayed and the standard lowered. It would be unfair to say that every writer of music reviews fails to discriminate from this cause and that every advanced agent seeks to buy the critic's opinion. There are advance agents who are welcomed by critics wherever they go as the fore runners of good tidings. They are usually the representatives of musicians whose name is sufficient to insure them an audience.

Many a music writer fails to speak the truth from sheer sympathy for the performer. This is especially the case when writing of women singers. It is much easier to speak with

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severity of a violinist, usually a man. These writers, who would excuse themselves out of what they are pleased to call their kind heartedness, forget the great public which is being hoodwinked by their utterances. The greatest injustice is, of course, that done to the public—but the genuine artist, what despair can equal his in its utter helplessness at having his noble endeavor, the finished result of a striving that has lasted for years, described in the same terms as those meted out to the sham of the charlatan.

A consideration of the great need for true critics, naturally leads to the inquiry, what qualities are necessary for the proper fulfillment of a critic's duties? First of all, a love for music. This qualification is not so commonly possessed (especially among Americans) as is ordinarily supposed. People like to feel that they love music—far more they like to say that they love it. It is "the thing" and besides the feeling gives an inward satisfaction which shallow natures greatly enjoy. A man who truly loves music is content to go supperless, provided he be allowed to forget hunger and be lifted above time and space in the vast harmonies of "Lohengrin," or the "eternal sunshine" of Mozart. Happily the critic does not have to choose between his supper and his concert. But he needs to have a sort of stern spirituality. This is a bread and butter world at best; we need more "priests of the ideal." We degrade art when we make it a pastime. The soul which does not truly worship while listening to the sublime "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhauser" has not devined the master's profoundest meaning.

Having said that the critic should love music, one has almost stated all his requirements. Loving it truly, he will not long remain ignorant concerning it nor will he write falsely about it. Technical knowledge is really not one of the first essentials. It is desirable indeed; the best critic is able to discuss intelligently with each member of an orchestra the peculiarities of his instrument, and the proper method of playing it. Far more important is it however, that the critic should have large ideas about music. If he has a deep underlying love for it, these profound conceptions

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will be like mile posts to guide him, and he will not go far astray between them. It will not be long before he will gain much practical experience, much ability to weigh and measure simply from going to many concerts. He will learn not to be greatly impressed, for instance, by players, who like Samson, conquer partly by reason of their long hair. In a fairly large city these concerts afford a great variety both in kind and quality and the critic, if he be quick to learn, will soon accumulate a store of valuable knowledge. To supplement this knowledge by that which may be gained from the large number of excellent books on music, and the composers, is neither a dull nor a difficult task. What life is more beautiful than that of Schubert, an unfinished symphony in its genuis, sweetness and modesty? No one can write comprehensively of his works without knowing the story of the hard struggle and the untimely end, for in his songs and symphonies, Schubert's brief life is fulfilled in spirit. The last requirement of the writer on music is that he record without fear or favor his exact opinions. (The simpler, more direct his style, the better.) If he passes this crucial test, then indeed he merits the right to be called critic.

GRACE ALEXANDER.

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THE ABILITY TO LISTEN TO MUSIC.

LISTENING to music is in a manner the same faculty as listening to a speech, that is, intelligently grasping the meaning and peculiar construction of the various sentences contained in an orderly and continuous expression. "Listening" in a word, is equivalent to "anticipating." "Hearing" is merely mechanically following certain utterances. The difference in the two means of expression depends upon the use and interpretation of symbolism. Speech is symbolic. Music in its perfection, however, is absolute symbolism. The spoken sentence appeals to the mind through intonation and the choice of fitting symbols or words. The musical utterance is self-sustained upon the basis of a given key and rhythm. If a musical note either singly or in its character as a member of a phrase reaches the conscious mentality, there can be no arbitrary manner of admittance or acceptance of the sensation to the mind, because there is no set form of phraseology dependent upon which the recipient could respond with an emotion. There is no formula by force of which the human mind could be musically stirred or soothed. Joy or sorrow is conveyed only to the extent of a general sentiment, and a very impersonal one at that. This is justifiable so long as musical compositions are to minister to our pleasure and pastime without any intended effect upon our practical life or our moral standards. If the vast and noble array of musical composition is to enjoy less distinction before mankind in general than the collective productions of our orators and poets, if, moreover, the latter are accredited with splendid material and psychical accomplishments, which to the former are denied, then there can be no doubt about a traditionally low valuation of musical expression. Provided a musical composition be held worthy of more than the transient use of entertainment, the whole mode of utterance becomes uplifted, seriously important, indispensable. Quite sufficient evidence is furnished by history to prove beyond

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peradventure the peculiarly stimulating power of musical expression. The fact that it has been in more frequent use for the attainment of expressions of a transcendental nature —though a technical advantage—has proved a hindrance to the progress of the melodious and harmonious form of utterance. In its finite accomplishment of a musical composition, it seems to have dealt with emotional states verbally inexpressible, which to the scoffer, and to the casual though sympathetic observer, would preclude all idea of usefulness.

The perfection of the technical requirements, the almost incredible advance in the matter of production, yes, even the glorious attainments in the branches of concerted music, have not been able to illuminate the vague, foggy atmosphere of the human intellect with respect to profitable musical understanding.

The consciousness of helplessness peculiar to the sincere, is a resigned spirit of expectancy that the light may yet shine. The other—the enlightened—venture upon an utterance, a criticism or a commendation, precisely according to their advanced capabilities of interpretation of that which they have heard and understood. But to scan the opinions thus advanced more closely, can there be found even so much as a trace of that which a cultured public is accustomed to receive as a regulated, systematized and scientific criticism? Can there be a mention of precedent beyond the mere show at comparison? This for those who are wont to look upon themselves as endowed with the especial gift to penetrate the delicate mysteries of harmony of sound—this even to those who produce such musical sounds, at least while they concern themselves with the productions of another.

And is the mystery to be solved? Is there to be the national idiomatic limitation imposed upon musical language as the public preconceives in the literary efforts? Is there in one word, to be a mechanical system of recognizing values, or can there be no such conventional method of arriving at the character valuation of musical productions?

The solving of the problem very largely depends upon the degree of sincerity and truthfulness, as well as upon the intrinsic moral worth of musical compositions of the future.

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As a means to this end, as related to a listener of concerted music, the mechanical ability to discern phrases is of chief importance. The difficulty of treatment of this subject rests in the diffused quality of the object to be attained, in the extreme delicacy of the laws of cause and effect of all sound.

Sound as a popular conception is an audible vibration of particles of the surrounding atmosphere. The distinction of quality is between the musical or harmonious, and the unmusical sounds. Unquestionably in order to produce either of these impressions upon the ear, it is necessary that an underlying basis, a key as it were, be given upon which a second or accidental sound wave may strike. Sound in no case is a single note or a set combination of notes. What is heard is an overtone quality, a certain contradistinction from the fundamental harmony of the surrounding vibrations. In order to illustrate this thesis, it will serve to point out what is commonly called "street noise."

Any one possessed of sensative hearing can prove to their satisfaction that in the matter of vibrations and tone quality each street has its ever-changeful, still decided, or individual vibration—its key note. Disturbances, inharmonies, are the frequent occurrence and are the grating, rasping elements in the impressions of a street. The predominating tones in such ensembles are the indicators of the general quality of a vibration, hence the life of an impression depends upon the existence of the more decided or sharply defined accentuations of sound. The even flow of the harmony of vibrations is practically inaudible, because it does not depend upon a renewed sensation upon the auditor's nerves.

Similar laws to those producing the key note of street noise directly governed the fundamental character of vibratory influences of every enclosed space. A concert hall is subject to a certain pitch which is produced by the dimensions and architectural characteristics of the room. The term acoustic largely borrows its importance from the evenness of response to produce sound waves. It is the faculty of an enclosed space to reflect sound waves simultaneously from all sides—without an echo. A true concert hall pitch is neutral, similar to the ground tone of a painting. It blends all

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vibrations on a key of resonance above and at the same time interwoven with the accentuated sound. The solution of the problem to attain this pitch belongs among the researches and discoveries of laws as to vertical and horizontal limitations as well as material consistencies. The long known and successfully enployed principle of testing consistency of materials as well as displacement of weights upon girders in steel bridge building through the medium of a uniform response to a given musical key note, is an illustration of the existence of such laws. There remains but the way to formulate the requirements upon which certain results are indisputable, and the problem is solved as to how a positive assurance of perfect acoustics can be given at the time of planning the hall.

So far as to the life of what may be termed pre-existent vibration. The vital importance of the cognizance of such a momentum appears clearly in the endeavor to discern noise from orderly sound, or to systematically train the ear to conceive of and habitually place all accentuated sounds. Such training would necessarily include the ability to recognize musical vibrations in their proper value generally and individually. The inevitable result of such attainments would be the discovery of the principle of the psychical influences of harmonies, and with that systematic interpretation of the language of musical sound. Doubtlessly the ultimate outcome must be a perfect system upon which the human intellect can be taught, and which is applicable in all cases where either an active or passive act of response to sounds is experienced. Such conditions include the ability of scientifically broaching an area of phenomena hitherto unapproachable.

The smaller and less difficult intermediate attainment is the understanding of set forms of musical productions—the ability to interpret upon a broad scale of valuation as well as a limited personal recognition the impressions received from listening to any musical expression of thought or sentiment.

If the listener be trained and musically versed, it is a sense of comparison of previous impressions which leads to

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a conclusion as to the particular personal response. Should the production as well as the composer be new to the mind, there is usually the same method of comparison which fashions the judgment. In consequence it may be said that there is no such thing as an unbiased impression.

Provided now that there be a natural inclination toward musical thought, but of training, experience or schooling, none whatsoever and such a gifted person hear for the first time the reproductions of a concerted musical sentiment—what is the probable effect, and how can the positive effect be determined? The probable effect is one of two sets of emotions—agreeable or the contrary—precisely as the receptivity of the individual is stimulated by the particular thought conveyed. In other words, this person merely went to hear some music, utterly oblivious as to the quality of the impressions necessarily conveyed by a composition. If that person luckily strike the proper thing for the existing mood—why, the concert is enjoyed hugely, no matter if it be a perfect Babel to him or her as to methods or detail—the music found a congenial mood and a ready though crude listener. There is another class of people who frequent concerts and operas, who really have a smattering perception of what is music, and who presume themselves to be settled upon their likes and dislikes of certain forms of musical expression. The case may be that such a person is conscious of a certain vagueness of comprehension—a sense of losing the main features of a musical sentiment. Both cases are helpless without the aid of some simple rule whereby to learn how to listen.

There is but one way to profitably enjoy and correctly interpret musical utterances. If the interest and the general intelligence as to music and the language of sounds are sufficiently alive in a person, it is best that he make himself acquainted with the personal peculiarities of the men whose composition he is about to hear, and thus arrive at conclusions regarding his own impressions by way of personal acquaintance, as it were. It is the ability to recognize the mental attitude produced in the individual by the hearing of a piece of music—and following this the capability of the

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mind to recognize a phrase, an intonation, as the one or one of a set which produced such or such a reflection.

Therefrom will be derived the ability to anticipate a certain manner of development and cognizance of peculiarities in the methods of attaining results. Enjoyment and profit are not to be derived by unconsciously perceiving of a mass of sound waves, but by the regulated, justifiable interpretation of musical impression for the individual case. Richard Wagner serves in his method of composition as an excellent illustration of the possibilities of this principle. He enabled his audience by means of his "motive" to follow intelligently the expression of any musical sentiment.

This method will prepare a way to gain a more definite standard of intellectual values of musical productions until a personal impression is ever subservient to the broader, cosmopolitan, the catholic importance of any musical production not intended for the mechanical employment of time keeping only.

Dramatic music has but just begun to assert its wondrous power. In its short history it records triumphs such as oratory but seldom achieves. The cultured as well as their less fortunate fellow-beings, have been lifted into such heights of happiness as cannot well be imagined as the result of a spoken word. The flood of power and grand emotions have swept into each soul to establish there an unforgettable testimony of divinity. The future holds inconceivable riches, glorious attainments and an indisputable share of happiness despite adversity for those who "open their hearts" to the sunshine, the perennial cheer of the eternal harmonies.

A. R. Schlesinger.

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A MORNING IN A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FACTORY.

When a progressive American has occasion to visit the places where our commercial small musical instruments are manufactured, in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, his first emotion is one of astonishment at the small scale upon which the manufacture is carried on; then as he investigates still more he notes the crudity of the process, the absence of labor-saving utilities, and the small wages earned by the workmen. Nevertheless it very likely seems to him that such is the nature of a violin, a mandolin, and a harp, that the application of machinery to the processes is still something far in the future, or outright impossible. But we are living in an age when the impossible not only happens but has become chronic.

It is now about six years since Lyon & Healy began to manufacture upon a commercial scale some of the small instruments which up to that time they had imported. A morning lately in their great factory at the corner of Ogden Avenue and Washington Boulevard, in Chicago, furnished a variety of particulars which are of so much general interest that no apology is needed for placing them before our readers. The factory itself is a large building of five or six stories, modern in appointment, and in spite of the amount of space occupied by certain parts of the manufacture, it furnishes room for more than three hundred workmen.

One of the first departments which interested the visitors was the manufacture of mandolins and guitars. The mandolin, in particular, is that queer pear-shaped instrument, the body of which is glued up out of twelve or more little strips of bent wood, of about the thickness of veneer If you will examine the next mandolin you happen to take up you will see that these body stripes are of different woods, and in the more expensive varieties they are very narrow

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and the total sometimes reaches a score, or such matter.

These little strips of wood are sawed out in part by machinery before coming to the workman who has it in hand to shape the instrument. He works upon a dozen mandolins at once. He has what might be called a wooden "core" to begin with. It is a solid shape around which the body of the coming instrument is to be shaped. Then with this in hand he fixes the solid end pieces, or bars, upon which all the strips are fastened, and which serve to give solidity to the completed instrument. Then taking a straight strip in his hand he shapes it first over some steam heated rollers, until it has the proper curve. The first strip is then glued to the end pieces and pressed firmly against the core, and held in place by clever little iron clamps.

In the olden time they used to fasten the strips with great wooden clamps or vices, which took up a great deal of room.

The new way is vastly more compact and more easily handled. The first piece put on is the center of the back. He goes through his whole dozen putting on this strip. By this time the glue is set upon the first one, and he starts around the second time, putting now two other strips, one on each side of the first one, which was the center piece of the back. A certain amount of hand straightening has to be done with each piece in order to make a perfect joint with its neighbor. Finally the body of the mandolin is completed, and now it goes to another set of hands who will put on the sounding board. This is rather a nice operation, and then comes the neck, and later the various finishing processes of the instrument.

All along there are a variety of interesting novelties. For instance, with a mandolin, guitar, or any fretted keyboard, the location of the frets is the scale of the instrument. All the scale depends upon the exact location of these little

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cross grooves into which the fret is set. All the grooves are sawed at once, by means of a set of little circular saws, carefully arranged at proper distances upon a heavy spindle, making a gang of saws. There is one of these fret gangs for every scale of guitar and mandolin in the factory. It cost a great deal of experiment to locate these saws, but once done it was complete. Here is one place where American ingenuity makes a saving over the crude process of sawing each groove separately by measurement, as is still done in many parts of the world.

There are also some clever but surprising tricks in the decorative department, one of the most childlike and bland having reference to the wooden inlay work of rosettes, which one sees just above the sound hole of the guitar. These rosettes are first rolled up in long rolls, like jelly cake, a foot long or more, of as many different kinds of veneer as the completed pattern requires. When it is glued up solid and the glue has had time to set, the rosettes are sawed off the ends by fine circular saws, upon the same principle as the lady slices the jelly cake to go with the ice cream. To do one of the rosettes by hand would cost well up towards a dollar; to do them in this wholesale way costs a fraction of a cent each, and they are much better.

The guitar was an instrument which occasioned more or less trouble. The instrument begins with a long flexible strip, which the workmen bends into the shape of the side piece of the instrument, over steam rollers, guided entirely by his eye. He has a pattern at hand, but as a rule never refers to it. You can compare a dozen bent sides with each other and the pattern and they will be found exact within a very small error, so expert are the workmen. In spite of

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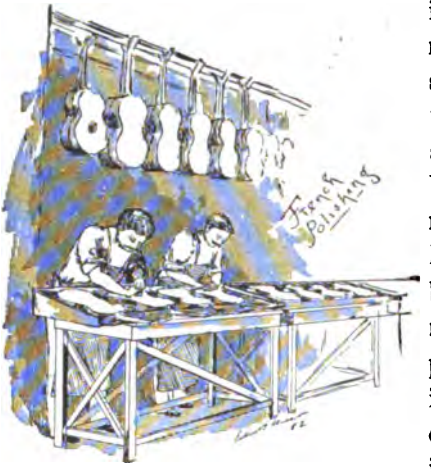
this it used to occasion a great deal of trouble to get the bottom and top boards on without impairing the curve; and of course when this was once disarranged it became fixed by glueing the top and bottom into place. They now place the bent side piece inside a shape, and then clamp on the top and bottom boards. In this way all the guitars of a given scale are precisely alike in the matter of lines, curves, etc. All these instruments pass through a great variety of processes and very many hands before they emerge as finished instruments.

Time fails to speak of the drums, and banjos, and the like, of which a great many are made. Last year, for instance, Lyon & Healy made about thirteen thousand guitars, about seven thousand mandolins, and about twelve thousand banjos. The latter, I may mention, are very largely exported, London being one of the great markets for this queer product of modern genius. Yet I may easily convey a wrong impression here, for in point of fact the banjo is one of the oldest instruments we know. Something of this kind appears upon the oldest pictures in Egyptians tombs, dating from the fourth dynasty, which was probably about 4,000 B. C. The body of the instrument was round, the sounding board a stretched membrane, and the long finger-board had frets made by winding a thread of raw hide around the neck at the proper points. At least such appears to be the testimony of the monuments.



The most remarkable part of the work in this factory is in the departments devoted to the harp. The harp, like the banjo, is one of the oldest types of all, but the old harps from the same date as the banjos in the preceeding para-

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graph were very different from the modern instrument. They were simply bow-shaped bodies, without a pillar completing the third side. The resonance body was probably a light frame work covered with stretched membrane, rawhide, put on wet and shrunk dry. There were no more than four or five strings, and this comprised all the notes of the instrument. The tones were probably in the bass register, to judge from the length of the strings. The modern harp began to assume a form something like that of the present time somewhere in the middle ages, when it had become the instrument of a gentleman, par excellence. The Welsh and Irish were great votaries of the harp. The really modern harp, with its double action, dates only from the early part of the present century, the double action movement having been invented by Sebastian Erard, in 1801 to 1810.

Originally the harp consisted of from three to five octaves of the natural tones, seven to the octave. This enabled it to play any diatonic music, in some one particular key (always the same for the particular instrument). Erard, however, like all successful inventors, built upon the work of several predecessors. Almost two hundred years ago a Tyrolese had suggested the idea of screwing a little crook or crochet into the neck of the harp, turning which the player could change at will a certain string to its semitone higher. Then about a half century later a pedal mechanism was invented, which while imperfect and crude at least enabled the player to modulate his instrument into any key, since by means of revolving disks he could shorten the strings of a given note and all its octaves a semitone. But when this shortening had once been done, there remained no further opportunity for accidental sharps. Erard

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made the pedal mechanism double, so that when a pedal is pressed down to the first notch it shortens all the octaves of one note a semitone; and when depressed still another notch it shortens it two semitones. Then the instrument is set to begin with in the key of C flat, and other keys are arrived at by dispensing with successive flats.

The harp therefore is a very difficult instrument to play modern music upon, since every accidental has to be obtained by means of the pedal setting all the octaves of the desired note. It often happens moreover, that a string breaks in the middle of a solo; the player then has recourse to enharmonic devices, as if in playing the piano one could get a missing D by using a C sharp—only the piano cannot afford us this luxury of ambiguity. The harp can. It contains an unlimited possibility of perplexity, surpassing in concentrated capacity of exasperation probably every other instrument that exists, scarcely excepting the old-time natural French horn—upon which one could never be sure what particular note the instrument would put up for a given embouchure.

Erard's mechanism was very clever, but was subject to getting out of order. This means much more than appears upon the surface. A harpist like Mr. Schuecker, or any other first class player, playing an Erard harp, generally uses up an instrument every year, and often in the midst of a concert tour the revolving disks of the pedal mechanism get out of order so that certain strings rattle vilely, and the needed semitones do not follow their use.

I am quite sure that if Lyon & Healy had known as much when they began as they do now they would never have begun upon this troublesome instrument. But they

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have distinguished themselves in a manner honorable to the American name. They started in to make a perfect harp. They have not yet done so; but they have gone farther upon the road than anybody else in the world. This is the verdict of most good judges. You have noticed the graceful curve of the upper part of the frame of the harp. That of the Lyon & Healy is by some thought to be less graceful than that of the Erard, for instance. But there was a reason. They made some curious experiments upon the scale. Selecting a proper thickness of strings for all the notes, they arrived at a scale empirically by applying equal tension to every string, bringing it up to concert pitch and cutting the scale at the points where the string gave concert pitch with this uniform tension. The idea was to equalize the tension upon the sounding board and the frame, and also to impart to every string equal resistance to the fingers, so that the touch would be more agreeable. I am not good enough judge to pronounce upon the success of this part of the experiment.

The pedal mechanism of Erard they very greatly improved, and still more in the matter of getting out of order. Moreover, the Lyon & Healy mechanism can be put in order easily. Each little disk instead of being fastened to its revolving axle by a pivot, as in the Erard, is fixed by means of two little screws, which act in opposite directions. Thus any disk or any set of disks can be set in a moment to take hold of the string sooner or later as may be necessary to prevent rattling.

It used to be favorite idea of Lyon & Healy that they

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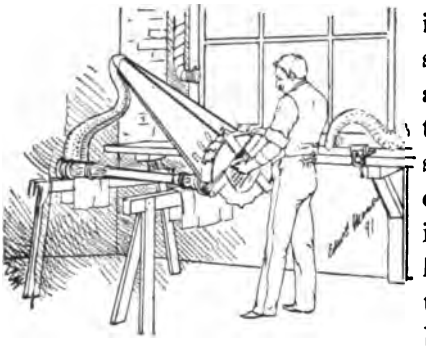
would make sounding boards which would never crack. They have recovered from this impression; for they discover that thus far any sounding board may crack. What they have done is to reduce the liability to its lowest terms as at present determined; and when one of their sounding board does crack they make it good—i. e. mend it or replace it.

But the harp is still very faulty upon the mechanical side. The entire tension of the string is carried by the sounding board; instead of pulling down upon its arch as in all other string instruments, the strings of the harp pull directly out and eventually pull up the middle of the sounding board. The strings fasten by means of little pegs, as in the guitar, and these are in holes bored in the sounding board. Thus at the very point where the tension upon the sounding board is greatest, the factor of safety is lowest. Lyon & Haely have done a great deal to make the sounding board and the body of the instrument stronger than before and at the same time to enlarge the vibratory capacity of the instrument. And they have distinguished themselves wonderfully. But the instrument is still faulty. I have an idea that it will be possible later to arrange the sounding board in a concave manner, and perhaps run the wood lengthwise or at least diagonally, and thus support the pull of the strings by the principle of the arch, as upon the violin. Up to this time this has never been tried that I know of; very likely the presumed uncomeliness of a concave sounding board may have prevented the experiment being made.



Among other improvements introduced by them, calculated to increase the volume of tone, particularly in the bass, is that of widening the sounding board at the base,

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whereby the entire tone of the instrument is made broader and the bass much more pervading. This gives rise to a new set of complications, the longer vibration making imperative a method of playing which dampens the bass tones when they have continued sufficiently long. The common German method of leaving the basses entirely free to vibrate their full life when applied to this instrument results in a confusion not unlike that of the piano when the dampers are raised.

Still another modification which many of the Lyon & Healy harpists make is that of using wire strings in the highest octave. This makes the tone more ringing and brilliant, with less trouble to the player. The quality is less homogenous than with gut strings; but the superior brilliancy is a compensating advantage for concert work.

Especially interesting was it to note the processes of decoration applied to the harp and other instruments. The harp is essentially an aesthetic instrument, and an attention to ornamentation is more natural and unavoidable in its case than in that of the piano. It is so graceful an instrument, that when properly decorated it becomes an ornament to the most elegant drawing room.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the Lyon & Healy harp has been adopted by some of the most famous players in the world. Mr. Aptommas, probably the most brilliant and versatile of the English-Welsh harpists, carried several of these instruments back to England with him from the World's Fair, and he writes that they are greatly admired

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over there. Mr. Breitschuck, first harpist of the Damrosch orchestra, speaks of them in the highest possible terms. All of which is something that Americans have a right to be proud of.

For all these modifications thus far introduced have been invented or carried out by one of those ingenious American inventors named Mr. Darke, of the kind we used to read of in the American boy's books, of Jacob Abbott and writers of his period. An inventor, who thanks to machinery and the division of labor, is well nigh obsolete.

W. S. B. M.

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THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC UPON LIFE AND HEALTH.

IN the Musical World, certain sensations and mental phenomena sometimes arise that prompt one to inquire: Does Music cause, cure, or assist in controlling the physical, or does the physical condition first prompt the utterance or expression of sounds more or less musical? For instance, a man, bruising his finger, cries out with pain, or but tickle his foot with a feather, and he may laugh himself into convulsions. A drop of water continuously falling upon the head, or palm of the hand, becomes the most horrible punishment, and the agony manifests itself in the voice. Now, all these appeals to the brain, act primarily through the nerves of sensation, which are mainly exterior.

To illustrate first the effect of music upon animals; and in doing this we do not draw upon the music-mad schools and poets, that relate of flocks being fattened upon tones of the flute, and rats that danced, keeping time to the music, as at the Fair of St. Germains, or of dolphins rising to the surface to carry the pipers across the waters upon their backs, they having played a sentimental melody, nor any of those fables, which are mere poetic ballads but really unworthy of serious attention when facts are wanted.

The horse, excited by martial music, grows restive and plunges into the thickest of the fight; and his succesful training for the circus is largely dependant upon musical effects.

Dogs are keenly sensitive to the sounds of certain instruments, sometimes uttering the most woeful cries at the prolonging of a certain tone. Change the pitch and the whole manner of the animal changes with it.

Richard Mead relates the following circumstance. A violinist, while playing one day, noticed a dog at his side.

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The animal was strangely affected by a certain tone, appearing greatly distressed. As an experiment this tone was prolonged and repeated. The dog soon became violent, was seized with convulsions, and the music continuing, the animal finally died.

The writer has observed that the sound of a fire bell will arouse all the dogs in the neighborhood causing them to bark in the most excited manner, while no other bell causes any such commotion amongst them. Have not these animals the sense of tonal discrimination? At the report of a gun certain animals will feign death, while others flee as for their lives, the report in either case producing fear. Sheep are peculiarly affected by musical sounds, and many interesting anecdotes are told of them. Elephants, lizards, spiders, porpoises and birds are also peculiarly susceptible to musical sounds, and very interesting experiments have been made upon them which would gladly be related, did not the space allotted to this paper forbid.

But upon man himself are these experiments of principal value and interest. First, turning to the effect upon the emotions—if Dr. Haweis strikes the key note aright, when he says, "What is the ruin of life, but ill regulated emotion. What mars happiness; sullies manhood, checks enterprise, delays success. Constantly the same ill regulated emotion," then this phase becomes all the more important. The search light of science has thus far ended at the beginning of the emotional world, while music has continued on. It is easier to feel than it is to analyze ones feelings.

Perhaps the first instance on record where music has affected the emotions is when David played the harp, when the evil Spirit had taken possession of Saul, and the King became calm again. Timotheus while playing on the lyre could easily arouse Alexander to fury or as easily quiet him. Tyrtarus aroused a whole army to action by the sound of his flute. Soldiers, when on a campaign, often make their drummers strike up a march, that their weariness may be forgotten. Gibbon, in the last volume of his work on the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," observes that

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it is proven by experiment that the action of sound, while accelerating the circulation of blood, affects the human frame more powerfully than eloquence itself.

Gretry, the learned observer and expert upon the subject, writes, that placing his fingers upon the artery of the left hand and singing a certain air at a slow tempo, then at a short time afterwards singing it at a more rapid tempo, the pulse quickened or slackened to accommodate itself to the changed rhythm. Dr Chomet and others have also tried this same experiment, with a similar result. The bag-pipe has a wonderful effect upon the Scotch people, as illustrated in the battle of Quebec, 1768, and in the Peninsular war, where Sir Eyre Costa gave the Highlanders fifty pounds with which to buy bag-pipes, being convinced of their attachment to the music of their native land, and its effect upon their bravery. Melody awakens associations affecting the emotions through this agency to a remarkable degree. Deaf persons are often affected by sound--manifesting their sensations by a fluttering at the pit of the stomach, or a very marked contraction of the throat, or by the unconscious movement of raising the hands to the ears as though in the act of hearing, when that were impossible. Lastly, as regards the effect of musical sounds upon the physique itself. The great secret of preserving health rests entirely in maintaining the complete harmony of all the parts composing the human organization. The instances of diseases treated, or at least relieved, by skillfully combined sounds, are many and well authenticated. Indeed, so important has music become as a therapeutic agent that hospitals have been recently established in Paris and London, in which music is the principal factor for the healing of certain diseases, such as gout, sciatica, intermittent fevers, nervous diseases of the lungs, stomach and brain.

Voltaire said that his purpose in going to the opera was to promote digestion; that it quickened the pulse, imparted activity, and forced the blood to circulate more freely. Certainly we have all experienced the pleasure and desire of listening to music after a hearty meal. However, the blood vessels of the stomach being more extended and ac-

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tive from the extra demands made upon them after eating, draw so much stimulus from the brain, that it is all the more difficult at such a time for the musician to enter into the spirit of his work with his usual zest. Dothers, Quarin, Roger, Pomone and Pinel relate instances of epilepsy being cured by music. Dr. Duval, member of the Medical Society of Paris, 1801, relates a remarkable cure of this kind upon a woman sixty years old. Since thirty years of age she had been an invalid, having never fully recovered from a sudden fright at that time. She was subject to veritable catalepsy. Convulsions took place every year at about the same period. Dr. Duval tried the usual remedies in vain. At last, to serve as a stimulant, he thought the notes of a clarion might be beneficial, but they had no effect upon her. She lay as one in a stupor. The Doctor then had some familiar airs sung and played. She first began to mark the time with her hand, and then with her head. On the fourth day her body recovered its flexibility, and she exchanged her bed for a chair; and on the fifth day, she was able to walk down stairs. The music having been played at different intervals throughout the experiment. Bourdelat, in his history of Music, writes, "that having been summoned to attend a young woman who had become insane, he succeeded in restoring her to reason, by bringing into her presence a number of musicians, who played at different times during the day." This remedy continued, for eighteen days, producing the happiest results.

Berlioz, the great Composer, has recently been overcome at the hearing of music, which he particularly enjoyed. The great singer, Malibran, was so effected upon hearing Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, that she was thrown into convulsions, and had to be carried from the room.

Madame George Sand writes of a friend who became insane, and was cured by musical sounds; her words are as follows:—"What poetic and religious consolations have fallen, like blessed dew, from those sweet, and penetrating notes! How can I ever bless you, my dear Master, who healed so skillfully—and why should I believe now that music is an art purely for pleasure, or mere enjoyment? When I

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remember the surprising effect it had upon my friend, its eloquence was more convincing, then all the philosophy taught in books."

The Scientific Review, in a recent article says; "Many serious maladies have been attributed to the action of mental influences. Sennort believed that fear was capable of inducing erysipelas. Hoffman, and others, made fear play an important part as a predisposing cause in contagious disease. Dr. Tuke laid special stress on the influence of fear in the contagion of rabies."

Hervieux says, "I have often seen young women in a fair way to recovery hurried into mortal illness by mental agitation, from whatever cause; and that the emotions play an important part in the evolution of diseases following a surgical operation finds very general support from the medical profession at large." Now music of the suitable kind assuages fear and incites calmness; hence is a great factor in restoring the mind to its normal condition, in turn reacting upon the afflicted portion of the body. Should we not, therefore, commend the happy idea of employing music in our asylums and hospitals for the cure or relief of certain forms of insanity and disease? Recent experiments in private hospitals in New York and Chicago have confirmed the favorable reports already given. Music is a source of inexpressible delight, for it arouses courage, recalls associations, stimulates hope and inspires the most agreeable fancies.

In the hands of the physician, it calls for the most scrupulous attention, skillful application, and the most exact knowledge of the strength of the remedy, and the sensitiveness of the patient, for where, in some cases, the effect would be salutary, in others it would be lamentably fatal.

While the peculiar phases of this subject are new and comparatively little understood, it can be readily seen there is much food for thought and development along these lines, capable only of being hinted at in a single article.

Fargo, N. D., 1895. E. A. SMITH.

*Note.—The writer is indebted to the late Dr. Chomet, member of the Society of Paris, for many of the ideas and illustrations in this article.

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THE USES OF A CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

THE extremely rapid growth of musical culture in America has been so often remarked that an attempt to demonstrate it would only be to perform the useless labor of proving a truism. History is made quickly here, and this country has already what may be called a musical history. The development of taste, and the interaction between artistic movements and the general social life, are no less legitimate factors in art history than the development of artistic forms; and although we cannot yet claim that we have accomplished much of the latter, we may affirm with excusable pride that what we have achieved of the former is of some value. Our nation has not yet shown the faculty to create; it has shown a preëminent ability in adapting the products of alien minds to domestic needs, and making them operative to definite and profitable uses. Our creative age may come, but if not we still have shown that we possess a noble element of the artistic nature— the capacity to enjoy and assimilate. Ours is thus far the critical, the preserving, the distributing function. We have contributed something to the needful work of proving all things and establishing that which is good.

In the fulness of time America received the great music of the old world. Because it was not an evolution from native conditions, and because this people had not watched its growth its magnificent stature and diversity at first produced more bewilderment than gratification. It was forced to create the taste that appreciated it, and that took a generation or so. Much that was cheap and tricked out with the spangles of charlatanry came in its train, falsely assuming its credentials, but the pretenders were soon unmasked, and quackery now thinks twice before it takes the risk of playing upon what may survive of the old credulity. We still make blunders at times, taking that which is hollow for solid; but it is not because we want hollowness, but simply because we

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are over-anxious lest we miss something that is worthy. Certain sections of fashionable society have already reached the decadent stage, so rapidly do we move, and the extravagant and the superficial receives an unsteady encouragement from their insensate craving for sensation. But in the country at large the progress of musical culture has been normal, and has produced only health, sobriety, and eager zest for that which makes for growth.

As we trace this remarkable diffusion of musical culture we find that, as its area enlarges, it also works downward toward the foundation of that which is best in national life. That is to say, it has not become merely a national amusement, or a phase of the extension of polite manners, but has become a part of popular education. It reaches all circles and grades in its benign mission. It is becoming one of the influences which act upon the impressible minds in our public schools. In the higher education also it is successfully urging its claims. In the spiritual education which comes from public worship it is constantly gaining efficiency, for it is becoming more a vital and intimate ingredient in religious observance, less adventitious and formal. As the only art that merits the appellation of universal, it can adapt its ministry to high and low intellectual degrees,—the rude laborer is touched when it comes in simplicity, while in its grander reaches, and its historic and psychologic aspects it can elevate the strongest mind, and furnish problems worthy of the best thinker's consideration. All this we have already learned in America. We are coming to look upon music with respect, in place of curiosity and the condescension of patronage.

The adoption of music as a factor in popular education is, therefore, the significant and promising feature of our recent musical history. This movement is, of course, by no means complete, but the tendency is evident, and it will grow more and not less. This growth is both general and special. That music shall bring the best it has to as many as possible and something to all, is the purpose of our musical educators. Musical instruction becomes more exact in its methods and more systematized, and consequently it

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gathers more and more around corporate bodies and organized institutions—around orchestras, choral societies, music schools. The day of the private teacher and the isolated musician has not yet passed and probably never will altogether, but the music school is more and more taking the work formerly almost monopolized by the private instructor, and the detached musicians are learning the increasing need of combination. We have found that music is so broad a subject that no single teacher can give all that is necessary to a musical education. The advantage of a corps or faculty, with the appliances of a thoroughly equipped institution, over the limitations of private instruction is just as apparent in music as in other branches of education, once the claim of music as an educational factor is admitted at all. The public learns quickly, and when it learns it acts to the full measure of its light. Hence the multiplication of institutions for musical study all over this land, and the adoption of music into colleges whose founders never dreamed of admitting this pleasing visitant into their severe scholastic fold. Trained musicians are thus gathering more and more into faculties, and find a satisfaction which solitary teaching cannot give. They divide the labor, supplement each other's work, afford each other mutual suggestion, encouragement, and enthusiasm; and the work of instruction, being specialized and recombined, is strengthened at all points, and made thorough and complete.

The musical conservatory deals with two classes of students,—those who intend to become professional musicians, and those who study the art for the pleasure it gives as an accomplishment or for its benefit as a part of a general education. Teachers usually feel greater personal interest in the first class, but the value of a conservatory is perhaps even greater in the influence it exerts upon the second. It would be difficult indeed adequately to measure the power of a strong conservatory in contributing to the refinement of mind and the appreciation of the beautiful which are so priceless as constituents of the social life. Not music as an end in itself but music as a means of culture is the maxim which must ever be held before the thought of all students,

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especially of the honorable majority, the moderately talented, who are always in danger of viewing music as something added upon the outside of life rather than as an agent in the enlargement of character. A conservatory stands to its students as representative of the art at large, all sides of it are constantly before them. The pupil learns to respect interests that are not specially his own, sees that merit is rewarded in whatever field it chooses, and he acquires a sense of the largeness of the art which under other circumstances he would with difficulty obtain. The same influences act upon the few of brilliant gifts, who are themselves to be teachers and producers. Not only are they sure to receive instruction suited to their needs (for shallow men and women do not usually obtain positions in high-grade institutions) but the atmosphere of the place works to cure the tendency to narrowness, which is always the danger of special talent. In such a school there are requirements that press equally upon all, and privileges that bring all for the time being upon a common level; these induce reverence for an art that is so broad and beneficent, and tend to draw the mind out of its cramping limitations.

These benefits are intensified and others added when the conservatory is one of the departments of a university. Such a connection enforces, by meritable comparisons, a standard of scholarship, and gives firmer tone to the ambition of teachers and pupils. Trifling and pedantry can hardly exist in the face and eyes of a modern college. The air is full of electricity in such a place, and it is no small stimulus, even on the musical side, to come in touch with the varied interests and problems of the world of thought. And if the conservatory student is moved to come into closer contact with these currents he may choose what he will out of the larger curriculum to supplement his musical study, with the frequent result of making the musical study itself more productive by the quickened activity and responsiveness of his mind. And, furthermore, music gains indirectly as well as directly by this union, for the college students are strongly affected by the proximity of the school of musical art. Some are drawn into musical study, some even

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make music their profession; while others learn to love and honor the art, and in after life endeavor to promote its welfare, and to diffuse in the active world the potent charm whose gracious presence was one of the formative influences of their college days.

One such institution of musical learning has been in mind while the above was written,—a representative establishment, whose success shows not only that our educational systems are ripe for the admission of such experiments, but also that the public are eager to sustain them. No one who knows the Oberlin Conservatory would be unwilling to take it as a type of the higher class of musical institutions, or refuse to acknowledge the bracing influence which it has exerted upon the cause of popular musical education. It was founded with the same motives that gave life to Oberlin college. It was not something mechanically grafted upon the larger institution,—it developed out of the inner life of the college itself; it is one with the college in spirit; it has proclaimed in its ministry and proved by its works that the artistic impulse, the love of beauty, must be considered in every educational scheme, and that when chastened and worthily directed it acts for power upon the individual and upon society.

This conception has been the inspiring force of Oberlin Conservatory. Its immediate effort has been, like that of the college, to offer its advantages to the public at large so that those of average means might receive a solid musical training, either absorbing that which was necessary for the attainment of modern proficiency, or laying a sure foundation for success in the pursuit of a chosen vocation. In thus adapting its efforts to a wide range of needs it has exerted an influence upon musical education in the west which the friends of other noble institutions will confess has been preëminent. This success has been due to its tenacious hold upon the highest principles and standards, to its accurate perception of the wants of the time and to the rare business capacity which has kept it squarely in line with these wants, adapting its action to their advancing stages. It has been constantly enlarging its facilities, keeping pace with new

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and approved methods, using none of the arts of the clever advertiser to attract students, scorning all sensational devices, never making a step forward without deep deliberation and never retreating from a step once made. It has given little thought to its fame, it has left that with its students and its graduates. They have been taken good care of its reputation, and the hundreds of students that throng its class-rooms, its growing dimensions, activity, and influence, prove that it has found material as well as moral profit in always keeping faith with its traditions.

Oberlin Conservatory is prepared to do still better work in the future than in the past. Its teachers are men and women who have attained proficiency in their art by long and thorough study at home and abroad, and they know how to incorporate in their work all the new discoveries. Although many have abilities that would enable them to win distinction in the larger world, they find their highest satisfaction in the work of training others in the midst of an atmosphere so singularly congenial to anyone of scholarly and artistic tastes. The pressure, the rivalry, the intrigues, and the commercial speculative spirit which is so often the bane of art in the large cities, never intrude upon the sheltered precincts of Oberlin. All the interests of the place converge in the university, and the prevailing temper of devotion to ideal ends acts upon teachers and students alike, creating satisfactions that are not willingly set aside.

The conservatory keeps always in touch with the great world of art by many communicating lines,—not the least of which is its concert system, which brings before the students a list of performers and musical works which is surpassed in extent only in the larger cities. Many of the most prominent artists upon the American platform are heard every year, including the reigning foreign favorites of the season. Great choral works, sometimes the new, sometimes the old, are given twice each year by the vocal society of the institution. Weekly recitals by the students, and the special recitals by members of the graduating class and other advanced pupils keep the tide of music in perpetual flow. The church music of Oberlin is far famed, and it would be

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hard to over-estimate the value of the influence of this phase of work in establishing an elevated ideal of sacred song in the minds of the students. The standard for graduation is so high that only those can meet it who are certain to become a credit to the institution, and to hold their own in rivalry with those that go forth from other schools. A solid acquaintance with musical theory up to the most advanced counterpoint and form is a *sine qua non*, and the effect upon all the students of this emphasis upon the scientific side of music is seen in the remarkably large number of students of instrumental and vocal music who are also studying harmony or counterpoint. The courses in musical history and aesthetics are also largely attended, and the pride of the students in this line of work is stimulated by the fact that Oberlin, in advance of all other institutions in this matter, offers courses in musical history and criticism which follow the method of instruction now established in all college departments of history, literature, and allied branches. The reading and thinking students (and there are many at Oberlin) find material in the large college and conservatory libraries far in excess of all possible demands that can be made upon them. The conservatory library also furnishes them with material for all their regular study free of charge.

Oberlin Conservatory is therefore more than a music school, in the ordinary popular notion of the term,—it is an institution of musical learning. It is not the least of the services performed by such an establishment that it enables the layman to see that the expression "musical learning" is not a juxtaposition of incongruous terms, but one that stands for a possible and an actual fact. And in our time and country of make-shifts, of veneer, of craving for easy and cheap notoriety, it is of no small consequence that there are institutions that stand for the union of scholarship and moral weight with the enjoyments of aesthetic emotion. By such schools art is honored, and its wholesome action upon the nation assured. That such institutions are wanted and supported in this country is significant of a noble future for American music. It is hoped, of course, that out of them will come a line of American composers who will advance

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the art into new realms of expression, and embellish American life with immortal tyes of beauty, reflecting spiritual forces inherent in the native American character. We may reasonably hope that such may be the case, for in history one of the conditions of great works of musical art appears to be a wide general diffusion of musical feeling and knowlege. The great composers have always been representative of nationality, not of imported, exotic culture. But whatever the future may have in store for us in the creation of genius, it is hardly less a cause for satisfaction that we seem destined to be a people who will give the fine arts a place of equal honor with the arts of utility. That this may ensue will demand persistent, devoted, and intelligent effort on the part of those who believe in the divine possibilities of art. "We must do all we can to encourage the beautiful," said Goethe, "for the useful will take care of itself." This encouragement, to be efficacious, must not lie in the mere sounding of art's praises, or in appeals to sentiment,—it must be in the rational adjustment of means to ends, enforcing artistic culture by the educational methods that avail in other educational departments. The agencies that act for progressive education in the art of music will be tested and applied to best advantage in institutions of which Oberlin is a type, for they are best provided with the requisite machinery. They will justify themselves and receive inevitable reward when they stand both for rigid, scientific, special training, and also for the diffusion of a pure taste in the community.

EDWARD DICKINSON.

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STREET MUSICIANS AND SINGERS.

A PLEASANT writer in *Le Monde Moderne* gives a lively and intelligent account of the grades and merits of the street singers and musicians of Paris, illustrated by designs some of which are here reproduced in reduced dimensions. Many musical people, says the writer, have a general idea that the street musicians are practicing a sort of permitted mendicity, whereas nothing can be farther from the truth. The players upon organs, the singers, when studied closely are found to possess the traits of veritable artists in their respective provinces. For who would give the artistic impetus to the poor, if these did not, in this, the rules and taste of this art which is the most popular of all, since it delights the sense even before it touches the heart? And so, at midday, when labor is suspended, the circle is quickly formed around these priests of harmony; workmen, laundry women, and domestics listen eagerly to catch some refrain with which they may lighten the further tasks of the day. One straightway admits that these charmers of hearts have the right to interest us briefly, in the manner of their work and by their repertory.

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

The princes of this order are evidently those who are able to procure an instrument at some price. The organ players are by no means of equal condition, whatever this may be; the most swell possess veritable sighing machines

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which mounted upon wheels they push before them upon the Parisian sidewalks. At the moment when the air is heard one sees rolling in an enclosure for this purpose a sort of panorama of some heroic drama, such as "The Life of William Tell," "Jeanne d'Arc"—panoramas of which the bad taste gives evidence of German co-operation. It is at Mirecourt, in the Vosges, that these extraordinary organs are manufactured. Four or five hundred workers there prepare the cylinders with little teeth, whose revolution produces the chansons of the day. Here is the whole secret of the wandering musician; to have the newest airs, and such as will maintain their popularity for the longest possible time. The *La Fille de Madame Angot* is less taking than the *Czarina* or than the *Valse des blondes*, of M. Ganne; this goes without saying. The small workmen who have the words of a popular song give their pennies willingly to this artist who at the same time will furnish the music to the song and accompany their voices with the instrument, the better to aid them in retaining the notes.

THE LITTLE ITALIAN SINGER.

ACCORDEON PLAYER

And, moreover, the good organ player may even count upon his personal talent, because there is a manner of turning the handle which adds charm to the oldest airs, in accellerating or retarding certain passages, according to their expression. I have known a very clever man who by the rapidity of his play was able to conceal the dilapidated character of the

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mechanism he administered, which lacked even some measures together. But, on the other hand, when one wishes to attract the pity of the passers by, it is not a bad idea to pick the sounds in a lamentable manner, a method specially followed by the crippled, who, at the same time present to the eyes of the public a card upon which is set forth the nature of the accident causing their infirmity; as for example, of a man falling down five flights of stairs.

When between the courses the musician has noted the emphasis with which some old professor throws him a silver piece with a gesture requiring him to move on, he does not fail to come again the next day, and every day following, until the old professor has comprehended his fault; which is much like that of Charles the Great in paying the Normans never again to come into France—a faith in which he was speedily undeceived. In default of professors, the organ grinder lives very easily off the ordinary music haters, or even off the sick. One of them tells me that in this manner a man can make from seven to eight francs per day.

ACCORDEON PLAYER.

Let us pass on to other artists. It often happens that trombone and cornet combine to appear in public, and while the powerful and vibrating tone of the trombone sustains the melody, the cornet exercises itself in light phrases and variations. These executants are commonly from some wandering theatre. The house of Cocherie distinguished itself formerly by a very good orchestra, in which many of these poor devils were engaged. By a patriotic consideration no foreigner was admitted and an immense play-card announced the principle in these terms: "The orchestra is French."

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But since that Madame Cocherie, this great dame whom every one knows from having seen her upon the stage as marquise of the ancient regime, with powdered locks, since that this women-mistress has replaced the orchestra musicians by a great mechanical organ, the unfortunate artists have found themselves without employment, and have been driven to wander the streets at the will of chance. The contingent of street virtuosos is also enlarged by many discharged workmen from some large industry where music has been in favor, as the chocolate factory Lombard, of which the trumpets are so well blown. Cornets and trombones often occupy themselves at the public balls, such as those of "Mille Colonnes" or of the street at the Gaiety, or at the barriers. They give them there about five francs per evening. But the best luck falls to them in weddings, because besides the gratuities the trombone manages to carry away in the tube of his instrument provisions for many days.

THE CABMAN-FLUTIST.

Another kind of street band is offered by the assemblages of violins and accordions. Their holders are little Italians, boys or girls, come from the Appenines to charm us by the spectacle of their picturesque looks and the grinding of their fiddlesticks. The manner in which they are recruited is very strange. A speculator goes down there and engages with the parents to furnish them in France, at the lodging house, their sustenance and all the elements of a distinguished education, namely, lessons in harmony and

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an instrument. He demands for all this nothing more than the profits which he can make from their talent when it is fully developed. He lives generally with his dependents in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert, and it is thence that our Paganinis radiate in spring over the whole capital; and it is there also that artists go to seek models when they desire something in this *genre*. And "*viva la Franchia e Vittor Emmanuel.*"

Nor should we omit in an enumeration of this kind the

"I swear before you,
Before God, even,
I swear on my knees
I love you."

fantasists of the profession, in the first line of which we rank the dwarf from the quartier Montparnasse, scarcely more than a yard high, who plays the flute by the nose, and I must admit that this mode of playing awakens repugnance in me. Another unfortunate for many years played by an aperture in his throat, opened by an operation for tracheotomy. I suspect he has retired, having made his fortune; for in his case compassion surpassing disgust, his gains were large. Let us note also a very distinguished amateur, a

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cab man flutist who charms the loafers at the station by his delicate modulations. Anyway this need not astonish us, for it is notorious that many ruined gentlemen become drivers from necessity, and continue to play their favorite instrument. A writer in a daily paper told recently that going in a fiacre to collect some old books along the quays, he had seen his coachman take out his Virgil and read ravishingly:

"Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avena."

"Tityrus, thou exercisest thyself upon the brittle reed." This must have been the flutist cabman. Certainly this man would have had the approbation of Alfred de Vigny, who regarded the intention, even in art, as sacred, and who put the humble player upon the flute in the rank of the greatest masters by this melancholy sentence:

"Ah! what human genius has not experienced its limitations!"

THE SOLITARY SINGER.

Certain players of the harp, with white locks done up in bandages, carry their instruments upon their backs, and every Sunday morning in the fine season go from tea-garden to tea-garden, from the Bas-Meudon even to the Suresnes, committing the most hazardous pizzicatos, which nevertheless still possess the charm of swinging agreeably the enlaced couples.

Finally the man-orchestra is unique in his kind; one meets him rarely, but one never forgets him. His head joyously shakes the bells of a Chinese chime, his right hand carries a cornet, while with his left hand he delivers from time to time salvos of strokes upon a great drum perched upon his

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back; further, an ingenious mechanism permits him in moving his knees to strike a pair of cymbals perched upon the drum. The charivari produced is indescribable.

* * *

The groups of singers present individuals who, overtaken by a poverty more hopeless than that of the instru-

A STREET SINGER.

mentalists, are never able to buy themselves instruments, and they employ an art much more complete in the choice and execution of their selections. As a rule it is the serenades of love which have most success, above all when reinforced by beautiful brown eyes, a cravat negligently tied, and a felt hat upon the head. In order to sell the printed songs two confederates are needed. The one armed with an execrable screeching fiddle sustains the voice of the other, who mounted upon a little bench hurls headlong the strophes of despair, of jealousy, or of despondency. Or in tone more natural and suburban, "Behold, my sweet youth. Buy the 'Serenade to the moon;' come my pretty brunette,

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Hast thou seen the moon—all for the modest sum of two cents.

We will sing 'The Myrtles' dedicated to Madame the Baroness de Rothschild. And first the music:

'Of your flowering gardens, the gates lock fast.'
The myrtles are blooming, the roses passed. . .'

The subject is the despair of a lover who swears that he will never more love his cruel mistress, and who concludes nevertheless by a cry of passion:

I swear before you,
Before God even,
I swear at your knees
That I love you."

Fancy how the tenor's voice vibrates upon that word love!

Many other songs there are also, such as the "Grains of gold," "The Dead Violets" which never fail of exciting the delight of the passers by. Many patriotic songs also are heard, some of which maintain their popularity for a long time.

* * *

The solitary singer particularly effects dramatic airs which appeal to his temperament, still a little savage. All sorts of ballad recitals, from the middle ages down, appear in these selections. An excursion to bloody and mysterious Venice is always very popular:

"Venice sleeps on her sad lagoon.
All is silent as summer noon.
The wave is still and dark the moon,
While far Saint Mark's sounds midnight."

Then enters a pair of lovers in a gondola, while the bravo attends further on concealed in his mantle.

The singer does not economize his stomach. I knew one who in order to give himself more heart would from time to time say to his intimates whom he might happen to observe loitering near: "Move on, my friend; everything that

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I get is for thee." Actually he never received the least money for which he had not immediate need. He was a modern Diogenes who slept in good nights doubled up in a hogshead in some deserted quarter of the Plaisance, when the season became more rigorous he had recourse to some kind hearted workmen; or failing this he would appeal to the patrolman, "Arrest me, my friend, I have not a sou." The station house was a haven of refuge not to be despised.

The homely old women who lead around processions of children in order to appeal the better to charitable hearts, always devote themselves to songs of youthful love.

There are also not wanting traces of the comic, but we have not time just now to go into this part of the subject. Enough that we have entered our appreciation of the brave hearts and the often not inconsiderable talents which some of these wandering musicians display.

PAUL GSELL.

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PART FIFTH.

Expression in Cyclical Forms.

I. THE STRUCTURE OF THE SONATA.

134. The Sonata, the most advanced cyclical form is selected for extended consideration. Its structure though well-known is briefly stated. It has a primary three fold division into *parts;* Part I, *the enunciation*, extending to the double bar; Part II. *the elaboration*, extending from the double bar to the re-entry of the first theme; Part III. *the recapitulation*, extending from this re-entry to the end of the movement. These parts are divisible into themes having specified key relations. Each theme may be a period or group of periods, according to the dimensions of the Sonata. Each period is susceptible of division into sections, subsections and phrases as in Par. 62-64.

135. Extended sonatas in the major mode may have the following structure.

I.

1. Principal group (in Tonic)
2. Tributary (transitional)
3. Song group (in related key, usually Dominant,
4. Concluding groups (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (in same key as 3) or Link (returning transition to tonic). Repetition of Part I.

II.

Elaboration of most salient rhythms, melodies and harmonies of Part I by imitation, sequencing to remote keys etc, returning to tonic

III.

1. Principal group (in tonic)
2. Tributary (" ")
3. Song group (" ")
4. Concluding group (" ")
5. Coda (" ")

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136. Extended sonatas in the minor may have the following structure.

I.

1. Principal group (in tonic minor)
2. Tributary (making transition or modulation)
3. Song group (in related key usually relative major but frequently dominant)
4. Concluding group (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (in same key as 3) or link (returning transition or modulation to tone C minor. Repetition of Part I.

II.

Elaboration as in the sonata in the major mode.

III.

1. Principal group (in tone C minor)
2. Tributary (" " ")
3. Song group (in tonic minor or tonic major)
4. Concluding group (in same key as 3)
5. Coda (usually in same key as 3 but occasionally in tonic major when 3 is minor or in the tonic minor when 3 is major)

137 Only in the most extended sonatas are all these divisions present. The tributary and coda are often lacking in examples of moderate dimensions.

The essentials to the form (which need only be a period in length) are:

I.

1. Principal theme
(2)
3. Song theme
4. Conclusion
(5)

Repetition of Part I.

II.

Brief Elaboration

III.

1. Principal
(2)
3. Song
4. Conclusion
(5)

II. SPEED IN THE SONATA.

138. So artificial a form, involving contrasted themes, and changes of key and mode might be thought to offer special difficulties in expression; especially, as the greatest

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composers have used it as a vehicle for their most abstruse ideas; but it is not so. It is only necessary to isolate the themes (periods or groups of periods) by the method of analysis just given and according to the rules of parts third and fourth of this book play each with the speed and force suitable for its class. Let the Sonata be considered a collection of pieces (like the suite which preceded it) in which unusual attention must be given to details that the work may be comprehended by the listener. To ensure this let there be great freedom in the tempo. Such is the practice of the best artists, a fact attested by Von Bülow's edition of the Sonata Appassionata when he writes for the principal theme ♩.=126; but for the song-theme ♩.=112. These tempos alternate with short rallentandos and accelerandos throughout the movement which concludes with a Coda at ♩.=160. The *Andante con moto* is 𝅗𝅥=100-108 then follow *poco piu musso, poco allargando al tempo primo (quasi improvisata;* and with a *ritardando* a passage is made to the *Allegro ma non troppo* at ♩=132-138; which rate with occasional ritardandos and accelerandos is maintained to the Coda, a Presto at 𝅗𝅥=92-96.

The doctrine of an "organic unity" in the sonata limits the composer's freedom to themes that have substantially the same normal tempo. If he passes that limit his work is a fantasia, not a sonata. But sonata or fantasia the interpreter has only to give each group its appropriate expression as if it was an independent piece.

139. The fantastic nature of many principal themes, due to their irregular rhythms and phrases, to their bizarre melodies and harmonies. makes it desirable to appeal to standards extrinsic to the composition itself, when possible, for the normal tempo.

1. *To the composer's metronome indications.* But allowance must be made for his fine frenzy, which may unduly intensify (see ¶ 50) or may even give an entirely wrong tempo. Lussy is responsible for the following: "In the quartet in E♭ op 127 Beethoven had marked a passage with *Andante.* But it is said the famous violinist Böhm who was leading it in his presence, retained the tempo of the preceding movement,

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thinking that he could thus make a greater effect. Whereupon Beethoven got up and taking a pencil out of his pocket scratched out the word *andante* in the four parts and turning to the players thanked them." It is said that Schumann's indications are wrong on account of the faulty mechanism of his metronome.

2. *To the composers time directions.* The approximate equivalents of the Italian words are:

	Slow
Largo	40 to 50
Adagio	50 to 60
Larghetto	60 to 72
	Moderate
Andante	72 to 84
Andantino	84 to 96
Allegretto	96 to 120
	Quick
Allegro	120 to 150
Presto	150 to 180
Prestissimo	180 to 208

It must be noted that Beethoven's *Allegro* is not as quick as Cramer's or Clementi's; that Haydn wrote *prestissimo* and *allegro* where composers of today would write *allegro* and *andantino* and that generally the tempo of modern composers is quicker than that of the ancients using the same terms. The use of the tempo names as titles makes them less valuable as a direction for tempo. Thus Clementi entitled his 31st study with the tempo ♩ = 92 an "Allegro" as also his 8th study with the tempo of ♩ = 168 or 𝅗𝅥 = 84. He wrote "Presto" for his 17th study, ♩ = 132 and "Prestissimo" for his 37th study 𝅗𝅥 = 76. The term names bear still another use, that of suggesting the style of delivery. Thus "Allegros" are passionate. The greater speed of "Prestos" and "Prestissimos" yield too evanescent shades of feeling to be deeply so, etc.

3. *To the titles, dedications or traditions of a composition.*

These may suggest the style. As the "Pathetic" op 13, the "Appassionata" op 57, "Les adieux, L'absence, Le Retour" op 81; the dedication of op 27 No. 2 to Countess Julie Guiciardi; the titles of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without

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Words" and of Schumann's works generally; even among the ancients, as in Conperin, the same may be found.

4. *To the metronome marks of Editors.*

Though they also need traditions, for the greater the virtuosity of the editor (generally) the stronger his tendency to unduly press the quick and (his musical palate disdaining the moderate) to relax the slow. The Pathetic sonata has been marked as follows.

	Grace	Allegro	Adagio	Rondo
Moschelles	♩ 60	𝅗𝅥 144	♩ 60	𝅗𝅥 104
Marmontel	♩ 92	𝅗𝅥 144	♩ 54	𝅗𝅥 96
Le Couppey	♩ 44	𝅗𝅥 160	♩ 40	𝅗𝅥 132
Lemoine	♩ 63	𝅗𝅥 144	♩ 60	𝅗𝅥 104
Lebert	♩ 69	𝅗𝅥 138	♩ 60	𝅗𝅥 92
Von Bülow	♩ 66	𝅗𝅥 144	♩ 60	𝅗𝅥 96

(Probably Moschelles is the better authority as he knew Beethoven personally.)

140. In the absence of any indications by composer or editor or any tradition the class must be determined as in Part Third. Fortunately few pieces of late composition are so barren. But compositions of the ancients are frequently so. In the analysis of such works, their irregular rhythms and phrases must be regarded more as disjointed prattle of musical children than as evidence of strong feeling. Such pieces, then, must be played simply depending for interest on the tender tinkle of their ornaments and other melodic devices. The allegros of that day were not as quick as those of later times for the reign of the finger virtuoso had scarcely begun. Their adagios were not as slow as those of later composers for long chords on their instruments would have been but vanity. Their frequent use of half notes when quarters would now be written was only a custom of the time which must not mislead.

141. In the sonata as elsewhere, the highest degree of speed were better left to virtuosos or for special occasions. Artistic beauty requires repose and smoothness of delivery rather than any excess speed which may be bad art, and

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when the purpose is personal display is bad morals.

III. FORCE IN THE SONATA.

142. Since there is no absolute standard for force such as the metronome furnishes for speed it is necessary in determining the dynamic level for "themes" to analyze them for "style" as in Par. 49. Though composers and editors have added terms, but little reliance can be placed on them. Such as *dolce con espressione*, *con brio* are too indefinite while the signs *pp*, *p*, *m*, *f*, *ff* are relative, because of the limitations of the player or instrument; relative, because of the difference in the standards of composers; relative to the general style of the piece. Traditions of the composer are also valueless, for the "delicate and etherial Chopin" rises sometimes to tremendous power, while the Jupiters of art sometimes murmur like the turtle dove.

143. Pieces written anterior to 1800 should be played with less force than those written since then. He who venerates Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti and Bach will never go beyond a forte in playing their works though passages are marked fortissimo. The modern fortissimo was not available in their instruments. It is impracticable to use their instruments; it would be as undesirable as to return to candles for artificial light but the restraint that is contended for is both practicable and desirable. If one's self-restraint is not sufficient for the purpose it is advised that the soft pedal of upright pianos be used. The rationale of the matter is that their compositions were conceived in what may seem now a half-light—that there was a corresponding congruity in the shades; and that a delicate taste of which the measure is their greatness will wish to reproduce their effects; besides if the subject is Bach, the neighbors will thank you.

IV. THE GROUPS OF A SONATA.

144. The Roman numerals signify the *parts;* the Arabic numerals, the themes, tributaries etc. as in Par. 135 and 136. In every case the piece must be analyzed to the minutest element prior to its study.

1. The normal tempo must be determined by the metronomic or other indication of composer or editor. If

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these are lacking then from the analysis, corrected by consideration of the art epoch to which the work belongs. 2. The dynamic level may be similarly determined subject to a similar correction. 3. The first giving out a theme requires clearness and breadth. It also requires attention to every detail; the accentuation of metres etc., that will not be necessary on its repetition. Therefore the first tone should be struck from a greater height and in a more significant manner though it may be soft. The more intense should be the beginning, the larger the work. The first tone should be a little lengthened whether strong or weak. I-2. Its beginning will be like the termination of I-1 from which it springs. Its general character will be weaker than I-1 because it is a dependent element in structure. 4. If long, it may have independent expression,—probably agitated—with increase of force and speed because transitional or modulatory (see par. 48, VII, 3 and VII, 2,) but the tones that effect the transition or modulation may be retarded and must be accentuated. 5. If short, it will be slower and broader that the elements that change the key may be perceived. 6. If its termination is at a full close the following pause or link will be delayed unless the link is a single voice in high pitch; it may then be accelerated; if a middle cadence, there may be a pause; if overlapping, there must be disjunction of the last tone before the entry of I-3 (if the overlapping is in the same voice.) I-3. Its speed and force must be the same as if it were an independent piece. As the composer should make it contrast with I-1 it will probably be broad, slow (by the use of larger notes) and quiet when I-1 is lively or passionate. If, as sometimes occurs in a sonata in the Minor Mode, I-1 is mild then I-3 may be forcible and require increased speed and force. I-4. Because this division is the climax of Part I it is strong. When there is no Coda, it must retard at the end and the pause be lengthened. I-5. If it is a true Coda, the close is in the same key as I-3. As the climax of I-4 it will be brilliant. 2. If the passage leads to the original key it is a link, not a phrase of feeling but an interlude between two phrases. The link must be retarded, (a) because a weak

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when the purpose is personal disp[illegible] transition (see par 48, VII, 1); (c) so

III. FORCE

142. Since there [illegible] and the new tonality; as the metronom[illegible] I-1 on its repetition. termining th[illegible] is to enable the mind to for "style" [illegible] original forms that will be elaborated have ad[illegible] Any change in performance would defeat that Such [illegible] Its force and speed should therefore be identical whi[illegible] But phrases and motives need not th[illegible] with the first delivery.

II. Its general character is excitation. Its esthetic function is similar to that of the middle division (see par. 85) that of sustaining or suspending the interest that Part I has excited. The attention must be aroused as it is the grand climax of the form. To that end vigor and energy must be the prevailing style; subject if thematic passages, sequences etc., appear to modifications which will confirm to the character of the themes or rhythms from which they are derived; subject therefore to the skill or incompetency of the composer.

III-1. Its treatment must be like I-1.

III-2. Will be nearly like I-2. It may be stronger than I-2 if the modulation is to the Tonic major. It is usually abbreviated, and will be weaker and is sometimes absent.

III-3. Same as I-3 unless it is varied, or its transition is to tonic minor (as in minor sonatas); in that event it is usually at a lower pitch than at I-3 therefore quieter; or has a transitional modulation to the tonic major; in that event its character completely changes (see par 48. VII. 2.).

III-4. Usually finer than I-4 its character is frequently that of the Coda to which it leads, which see.

III-5. The Coda may be a sigh or the last glow of passion; therefore, it is sometimes quiet and retarded; sometimes, brilliant and accelerated. As it is usually transparent in structure. the discrimination will not be difficult.

145. The chief climaxes are at I-4, at the end of II and at III-5. Even quiet codas must be made "deeply, tenderly passionate." Lesser climaxes must be distinguished in

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every theme. Of course, the climaxes of the phrases and the chief climax of the periods must be enforced.

146. The "turning points," the chief contrasts in style will be at I-1, I-3, I-5, II, III-1, III-3, and III 5, if the composer has marked wisely.

147. Many sonatas have a slow introduction. It is independent and belongs to the class, *song without words*.

II. THE RONDO.

148. For one who can play a sonata, the Rondo has no special difficulties. Of a gay and lively character, it has less scope for emotional contrasts than the sonata. Its more extended forms admit of a practical division into parts like the sonata. As a guide to analysis an outline of the five Rondo forms is given. The substantial sonata equivalents are indicated by the numerals at the right of the name of the Rondo Groups.

* * *

FIFTH RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Tributary I-2.
1st Episode I-3.
Coda 5.
or Theme (Repetition in Sonata.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III-1.
Tributary III-2.
1st Fpisode III-3.
Conclusion III-4.
Coda III-5.

FOURTH RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Tributary I-2.
1st Episode I-3.
I-5.
Theme (Repetition in Sonata.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III-1.
Tributary III-2.
1st Episode III-3.
Conclusion III-4-5.

THIRD RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.

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1st Episode I-3.
Theme (Repetition.)
2nd Episode II.
Theme III-1.
Conclusion III-4-5

SECOND RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Episode I-3.
Theme (Repetition.)
Conclusion I-4-5.

FIRST RONDO FORM.

Theme I-1.
Interlude.
Theme Repetition.
Conclusion I-4-5.

III. VARIATION.

149. Their more common mode of construction, that of increasing technical difficulty, precludes much esthetic significance. Their usual treatment is that of increasing force up to a climax in the final variation or Coda. In a few examples there is a succession of climaxes shown in the following by the increase or decline of speed.

Mendelssohn's seventeen Variations Serieuses: Theme, ♩=52; var. 1, ♩=54; var. 2, ♩=69; var. 3, ♩=88; var. 4, ♩=96; var. 5, ♩=96 *agitato;* var. 6, ♩=88; var. 7, ♩=84; var. 8, ♩=108; var. 9, ♩=108; var. 10, ♩=60; var. 11, ♩=60 *cantabile;* var. 12, ♩=69; var. 13, ♩=56; var. 14, ♪=65; var. 15, *poco a poco agitato;* var. 16, ♩=100; var. 17, ; coda, ♩=160.

In Beethoven's 32 variations (no opus), climaxes are at XI. XXIII. XXIX. and XXXII. But however earnestly or trivially conceived, each variation must be considered as a complete and independent form and receive the force and speed suitable for its class (see par 50).

IV. THE OVERTURE, CONCERTO, SYMPHONY, ETC.

150. These are so similar to the sonata in structure that they offer no new problems.

RICHARD WELTON.

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MASSENET, THE COMPOSER.

A LIFE noble in its simplicity is the life led by Jules Massenet, the great composer. To-day a wealthy man, he continues to live in the small, though comfortable apartment in the Rue du General Foy, to which twenty-eight years ago, then only a professor of music, he brought home the charming lady who is his wife, a lady to whom, as he never tires of repeating, he has owed not only all the happiness of his life but in a great measure his artistic triumphs. It is an apartment on the fourth floor of a quiet house in a quiet street, one of the streets of Paris most preferred by artists. Sardou, who is one of Massenet's oldest friends, lives a few doors off in the same Rue du General Foy. A delightful hour may be spent with Jules Massenet, for the man is kindness personified, and apart from this and from a habit of hospitality, which is not very common in France, his conversation is invariably fascinating. His long connection with the theatres has endowed him in a remarkable degree with the power of mimicry, and when he speaks he will illustrate his story, both in tone and gesture.

Massenet was born in 1842. He was the twenty-first child of Colonel Massenet, one of the most valiant officers of Napoleon I. "All our people were soldiers," he says, "and most of my brothers have been soldiers. I am the only artist of our family. My father fought in all the wars under Napoleon, from 1807 to 1815. My mother taught me to play by means of a clever and original system. On each of the keys of the old piano on which I was taught she had pasted a little piece of paper on which was written the name of the note, and above this was a sketch of its position on the register. In this way I learned my notes very quickly. I worked hard for my age, practicing four hours a day, but at that time piano-playing was not my ideal. Not that it tired me, but what I wanted was to conduct orchestras. I had never visited a theatre, but the idea of

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the theatre always haunted me. I was actuated with a desire to command, and used to place newspapers all over my room, literally covering the floor with them, to represent an orchestra of musicians, and over this orchestra I would preside, beating time for hours together."

He worked with such success that at the age of nine he was admitted to the higher piano class in the Conservatoire. The family now moved to the Faubourg Montmartre so as to be near the Conservatoire, and remained there for three years, during which time Jules made good progress, winning many prizes. But when he was thirteen years old his father's health gave way, and the family was forced to leave Paris, going to live in the south of France, near Chamberry in Savoy. "Here I worked very hard, indeed, both alone and with the help of my mother. Yes, I worked enormously. But I was anxious to return to Paris and the Conservatoire, and when I was seventeen years of age, I spoke out my mind and said that I could not continue the life I was leading; that I must return to Paris. 'Well, then, go,' said my dear parents. 'Go if you must go, and earn your living.' Then they gave me a little money and saw me into the stage-coach and blessed me on my way."

Massenet only remained two years in Rome instead of five. "Liszt was living in Rome at that time," said Massenet. "It was just before he took orders. I used to go and see him, and one day he wrote to ask me if I would go and play in the evening at a house where there was a young lady who was greatly interested in music. I went, and continued my visits. Liszt used to come too, and we played together, and sometime Sgambati, one of Liszt's pupils, who has recently been elected a member of the Academy, and whom I consider the greatest musician in Italy, would also come. Liszt impressed me at that time as a wonderful man. I used to sit and watch him for hours together, and from memory he would play whole works of Beethoven and of Bach, who were his favorite composers. Whilst he was playing he would munch a cigar, which was never lighted, and by the time he left the piano the whole cigar would be eaten up. I cannot say what influence Liszt had upon my

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music. I can say that he had a decided influence on Wagner, and I am sure that if Wagner had never known Liszt he would never have written Parsifal."

The reason why Massenet left Villa Medicis and returned to Paris, in 1866, is a romantic one. He had lost his heart to the young lady to whom he and Liszt and Sgambati used to play, and when her parents returned to Paris, Massenet followed them as her affianced husband. By favor of the French government, he was allowed to keep his scholarship, though not living in Rome, and this at that time formed the whole of his income. Yet, in 1868, he married, and it was to the apartment which he now occupies he brought home his beautiful and accomplished wife. "To add to my income," he says, "I gave piano lessons, but all the while I worked hard at composition, and during the four years which preceded the war I wrote my sacred drama, Marie Madeleine. The war interrupted my work, and while it lasted I did not touch my pen. I engaged as a soldier in the Mobiles, in one of the batalions de marche, and one of my comrades was Victorien Sardou, who was a most ardent patriot, full of fire. Before the war Marie Madeleine had been written. Doubtless it had proceeded from the influence that Rome had exercised upon me, but I also attribute it a great deal to the influence of Renan's Life of Jesus, a book which impressed me greatly. I knew Renan well and liked him, and regretted his death. We often met in society, and I was present at more than one scene which became famous for his ready repartee. One night at dinner at a house, fine talking was indulged in, and the lady of the house saw that Renan was about to speak, and interrupted him, saying: 'It is M. Dumas' turn to speak now.' When later on she remarked, 'Now you may say what you wanted to say, M. Renan,' he answered very quietly, 'Oh I only wanted to ask for another helping of beans.' I also remember that one night in my presence a very pretentious lady asked him: 'Monsieur Renan, what do you think about Shakespeare?' 'Oh, do you want to find a wife for him?' asked Renan.

'My real career began after the war, and thence for-

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ward had no interruption. My life advanced with a dizzy rapidity. In 1872, Marie Madeleine was produced. It was followed in 1874 by Les Brinnyes, for which Leconte de Lisle wrote the words, and in 1875 by Eve, a poetical mystery in three parts, extremely philosophical in idea. In 1876, a one-act operette called Gran Trante was produced at the Opera Comique." It was not, however, till in 1877, that Massenet scored his first success, a triumph which ranked him at once amongst the greatest of living composers for the stage. "One day in 1876," he says, "I was walking on the boulevards, when I met Halanzier, who at that time was the director of the opera. 'I have heard your Marie Madeleine and your Eve,' he said to me. 'As you can write like that why don't you write an opera?' But I have written an opera,' I said. 'I have a complete opera in my drawer at home.' 'You must let me hear it,' he said. I was dumbfounded, but at last managed to stammer out, 'What! I? I? My opera? How can I waste your time like that?' 'I tell you I want to hear your opera. Bring it to my house to-morrow.' Well, next day, it was July 9, 1876, I went to Halanzier's house on the place Vendome, together with Louis Gaibert, who had written the libretto, and found Halanzier waiting for me, and the piano ready. So I sat down and played and sang the first act right through. Then I stopped, waiting to hear what he would say. 'But that isn't all,' he cried. So I played and sang the second act, and then the third, and so on till it was finished. Halanzier had never said a word. I thought that his silence meant disapproval, and exhausted with fatigue I picked up my music and was about to go away when Halanzier said: 'You must leave me your opera.' I could hardly believe my ears. 'What,' I cried, you mean to say that?' 'There's your contract,' said the director holding out his hand.

"That opera was my Le Roi de Lahore. It was produced at the opera in the following year, with considerable success. My next première was one of the painful experiences of a very happy life. That was in the first performance in 1880, at the opera of my one-act La Vierge. It was given at one

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of the opera concerts, at which I myself conducted the orchestra. It was a great failure, and was hooted. The second performance was, however, a great triumph. That evening was one of the happiest evenings of my life. Vaucorbeil wanted me to give a third performance, but I refused, and said that I preferred to rest on my laurels. Krauss was very admirable in her part." La Vièrge has since been frequently produced, and always with success. "The Last Sleep of the Virgin," a morceau taken from this piece, is very popular in America and frequently figures on the programs of the Thomas concerts.

Speaking of his method of working, Massenet says: "I work very strangely. To begin with, I never touch a piano. The piano in this room is for friends, and a very bad piano it is. I sometimes spend two years thinking out an opera, and during that time I do not write down a single note. I carry it all in my head, and I compose at all times, even when speaking or when dining, at the theatre, in a carriage, in the train, everywhere. But my best work is done whilst I am walking up and down my bedroom, which is my favorite study. Then, when the opera is already in my head, I rush off to the country, and there I do write. I write from twelve to fifteen hours a day, straight off, without corrections of any kind, for you see I am writing under dictation from myself. People who see my manuscript often say that it must be the third or fourth copy, and when I tell them that it is the original and only manuscript, they say that I must have extraordinary facility. They do not reflect that I have been working at it, in my head, for years previous to the actual writing down. My memory rarely betrays me. I carry the whole score in my head, but at times I feel a sort of cooling off and a feeling of anxiety takes hold of me as I ask myself whether I have not lost my way. But it is soon dispelled, and on I go. I hardly budge from my table and my dear wife is literally forced to drag me out to take the two hours daily exercise which she considers necessary for my health. If anything important in the way of news occurs whilst I am writing my scores, I always note it down at the bottom of the page on

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which I am writing. Thus, on the first page of the manuscript of my opera Werther, you will find written in a corner, 'The opera Comique was burned today. Mignon was being played.' You will remember that Werther was being written for the Opera Comique. I am now working at Griselidis, on the libretto of Armand Silvestre. I have been working at it whilst we have been talking. If you will follow me I will show you where I have worked at it for the most part," as he led me into his workroom, so often described.

Pittsburg *Leader*.— ROBERT N. SHERARD.

BESIDE THE SEA.

Often we walked together, hand in hand
Beside the sea whose waters ever roll
Between the present and the future goal;
And walking there upon the hither sand
Discussed the beauties of the farther strand.
We were but parts, she thought, of some great whole,
Of perfect Love and Truth,—the Oversoul,
That is the hither and the farther land.
Existence so seemed somehow doubly dear
That we might always have our lives the same.

* * * * * * * *

Alone I walk beside the sea and hear
The purling ripples murmuring her name;
And, though alone, the way seems never drear
For well I know her farther shore is here.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

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MUSIC IN MADAGASCAR.

THE recent events in Madagascar suggest the possibility that a few details concerning the custom of the natives may be of interest.

The Madagascan loves to talk and to sing. For his song he utilizes the first theme that occurs to him; he takes some saying, some phrase or a single word and repeats this until he is weary, with a chorus which he improvises as is the habit with all uncivilized races. Conversation is his delight; he loves, he adores eloquence, as he does a melody; he will chatter on indefinitely on some trivial matter caring nothing

whether his words have sense or not; and an orator of even slight talent is always sure of an audience of charmed listeners.

When the talk begins to languish they try to improvise after the manner of the sophists some enigma, or charade (rahams hatra) word after word, sentences which form a line. Here is an example:

Three men, one of whom carried blanched rice, the second fagots, the third, an iron pot, approaching from three different directions met near a spring in a desert place, far distant from any human habitation. It is midday, and each of them, having as yet had nothing to eat, is very anxious to prepare

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a meal but knows not how to set about it, for the owner of the rice is not the owner of the wood and neither of them has a right to dispose of the pot. However, each one contributes what he has and the rice is soon cooked; but at the

WARRIORS' SONG.

moment the repast is ready each one wishes to claim for himself the entire meal. Who is the owner of the cooked rice?

The Madagascan auditors are undecided; each one of the three men appears to have an equal right with the other two

LALO FATRA.

to the food. Here then is an excellent theme for discussion.

Like all indolent and sensuous people the Madagascans are passionately fond of poetry and music. At evening, in the villages one may see them assembled to listen to songs which one of their number improvises upon a familiar theme. They repeat the refrain in chorus, accompanying it by clapping their hands to mark the rhythm. The words of their songs consist in general of short phrases without much connection. They sometimes have a moral or satirical significance—more frequently they contain some simple image. The melodies are as a rule monotonous. They have never-

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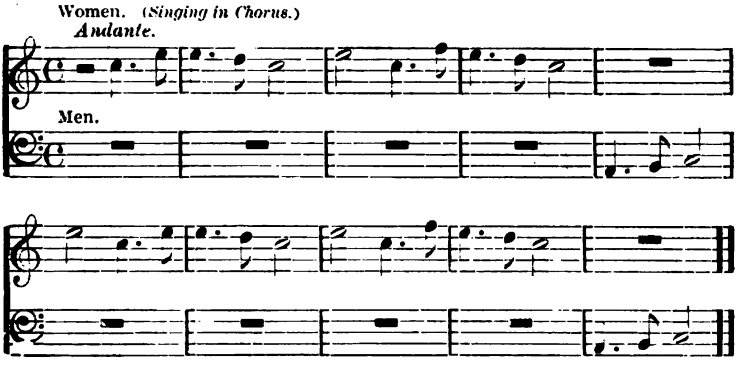
theless, a certain charm which proceeds as in most primitive songs, from their strange and languid tonality.

The musical instruments are very imperfect; they are the *érahou*, the *bobre*, the *Marouvané*, and the *azonlahé*. The most common is the marouvané or *vallya*, the favorite in-



strument of the Madagascan. The marouvané is made from a bamboo, as large as one's arm. By means of a knife they detach from the fibrous bark of this reed filaments which, being supported by little bridges, form cords. Upon this species of harp–guitar the Hovas execute all their national airs, the Queen's Air, the Warrior's Song, and even waltzes. The *vallya* is sustained by a small flute, and three assistants accompany it by clapping their hands.

We give here, as curiosities, written specimens of the four principal airs, of which the first two are the Hova's National Airs. The third, the Lalo Fatra and the second, the Warrior's song, are played by the fanfares upon official occasions. The last, like the first, is thoroughly characteristic and is sung in chorus at the homes of the Betimsaroes.

FRANCIS A. VAN SANTFORD.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THERE are two particulars in which the music student who betakes himself to Germany for carrying on his work, finds himself in better environment than in this country. The first of these is the highly advantageous fact that it is not possible for him to earn any money over there, and consequently he must devote himself to his studies without dividing his attention in a vain strife for pupils. Closely connected with this fact is its complement, that the parents or financial powers behind, recognizing this fact, provide money for the continued study until the proposed course is finished.

The second element is the so-called musical atmosphere, which consists of two ingredients: First, the bountiful provision of performances of fine music accessible to students at minimum rates (far below what they generally are in this country); and, second, the habit of talking over musical topics among the students themselves. When a few score Americans get together to study music in a German city, like Leipsic or Berlin or Vienna, they form a colony in a strange country. However successful they may be in German for ordinary uses, the tongue of their own country nevertheless goes nearest the heart; and they fall into the habit of coming together for companionship, and of talking over musical ideas and works, in a manner which is very rare in America. Indeed I doubt whether the students in Chicago come together at all. Our habits of life are so different, and the students living far apart in the city, and each one having his own friends, they rarely meet one another as musicians, and still more rarely find themselves talking over serious musical topics, as is the rule in Germany.

Of course many things assist in Germany. The newspapers, for instance, instead of the philistine tone regarding music affected by so many American papers, give serious and idealistic articles concerning every important topic and

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new work. The students read, compare the different conclusions, and propound other opinions of their own, which may or may not be more radical and sweeping. But, whether wise or otherwise, they at least involve a taking in of music as subject of current thought, rare in this country.

Even where the student knows his German well enough to be at home in the country, the fact is advantageous rather than the reverse, for now in addition to the coterie of students there are German students and geniuses whose opinions are vigorous, and as a rule rather sweeping. And while these gifted souls may begin their survey of the pantheon of music by proposing to take it down and to reconstruct it entirely, they rarely carry out their fell designs, but as they grow older begin to accept that which was conceded before their day, and fall into a system of valuation more in consonance with the *vox populi*, which in art finally becomes *vox dei*—merely because the *vox dei* being eternal has an inestimable advantage in any race for immortality.

The much decried habit of drinking beer at least tends to sociability; and any one who has been much in Germany knows that beer is a liquid which, taken in moderation, is more liable to harm the liver than the morals, (which perhaps is after all about the same thing.) This, however, is another question.

* * *

The American College of Musicians had its annual meeting for organizing the new body, last month in New York. In another place will be found an account of the proceedings. As will be seen the status of the former members of the body is a very problematical question. The curious thing about it is that there were no great number all told; and those who nominally belonged as charter members held by a very slight tenure, which the collection of the annual due of two dollars always strained and sometimes ruptured entirely. Nevertheless, now that there seems a question whether there is any College of Musicians officially beyond the body of trustees, the value of the membership seems to have appreciated remarkably, and there is a fear that the cutting or passing of these unvalued privileges will

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be marked by a degree of warmth altogether unanticipated.

* * *

Upon the face of it, the proceeding of the officers of the College in making the new organization appears strange. But upon investigation it appears, as so well recited by President Parsons in a former issue of MUSIC, that the College was never properly organized, and never had a legal right to do any of the work it proposed and undertook. It might have done almost anything else, made hoes, sold rakes, started an insurance fraud; but the purely honest and god-fearing avocation of promoting higher standards of musical education was legally beyond its ken; and it might have been brought to book anytime had some one chosen to feel aggrieved by its work.

It must be remembered that the most important work which a society of this kind can do might be described as moral, rather than actual. When it has proposed certain standards of attainment for entering professional work in music, it can administer its tests to all the candidates who present themselves. These, however, form but a very small proportion of the greater public whose ideas and whose studies are influenced by the formalized standards of the College. In this way it shines upon the just and upon the unjust, and he would be a bold socialist who would undertake to define the limitations of its influence.

It is not certain but what the College will be stronger when the old time charter members are eliminated. The small number of them restricted the value of the distinction; or rather, the selection of a very few names, about one-hundred in the country as a whole, as representing the work of the College, and barring out all other equally reputable professional musicians except upon the wholly impracticable condition that they come around and be examined, necessarily restricted the authority of the college. If in the new order there can be an advisory council or something of the kind, large enough to take in all good workers in music all over the country, as fast as their sympathies are shown to be with us and their professional record is such as to indicate the value of their influence, then there is no reason why

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all serious music students may not work under the general lines laid down by the College, even if finally judged by their own immediate educational superiors rather than the officials of the College. The value of the College work would remain just the same; and the fact that the certificate granted bore the name of some individual college, or some private teacher, would signify little if it were once understood that such individual or conservatory was working under the plans of the American College of Musicians. In short this may be one of those cases where to lose the life of the former membership is to gain it twice over, in a better and broader association of the musical profession.

* * *

Of course there are some who doubt the value of professional association. Curiously it was a Chicago musician, somewhat eminent as teacher of composition, who in reply to an invitation to join a musical club of teachers for meetings once a month and papers, said: "Do you suppose if I get a good point I am going there and give it away to those other fellows?"

* * *

Still more strange, a friend of mine whispered in my ear the other day (and his name is well known to all readers of these pages) that he considered it of doubtful advisability to permit your pupils to get together too much. I do not know the particular mishap upon which this observation was founded. But evidently I came upon a conclusion the story of which might have been interesting.

* * *

There is something curious in the present effort in certain quarters to bring young Siegfried Wagner forward as a musical conductor. Of course it is a great disadvantage to the young man to have his father's fame, and his mother's father's fame, behind him as a standard to live up to. It is like the sons of general Grant or of Abraham Lincoln; who *could* live up to such a parentage?

But in young Wagner's case there is something entirely different from anything we find in the case of his eminent

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parents. The late lamented grandpapa Liszt at the age of fifteen was the first pianist of his generation; and at the age of twenty had astonished the world. Young Richard Wagner had not written anything of importance by the time he reached twenty-four. But he had already distinguished himself as a conductor in a local opera troupe.

* * *

John C. Fillmore lately gave a concert in Milwaukee, at which he brought forward a considerable number of the graduates of his music school, preparatory to leaving that city for California, whither he goes in the hope that the climate may benefit his daughter, Miss Margaret Fillmore. Professor Fillmore has accepted a position as head of the music department in Pomona college, near Los Angeles. It goes without saying that the state of California gains in Mr. Fillmore one of the clearest thinkers and writers we have upon music: and a teacher who is experienced and thorough. For some years, as readers of MUSIC know, Prof. Fillmore has devoted considerable attention to deciphering the folks songs of the various tribes of Indians, especially the liturgic songs of the Omahas. Upon these he has written several times in these pages. He has also had several boxes of phonograph cylinders sent him containing songs of other western tribes. By the aid of personal instruction from an educated young Omaha now in the government employment at Washington, and of that energetic and lovely woman, Miss Alice Fletcher, (whose remaining articles may sometime find place in the Century,) Mr. Fillmore has become expert in reducing these songs to musical notation, and discovers (as was probable enough upon the face of it if we had not been taught to look the other way) that these songs lie mostly along the five toned scale, and are essentially in the same tonality as our own folks songs. It also appears sure that the Indian feels the same about his music as Caucasian people do about theirs; and that either we are all of one blood, or else that evolution works in the same way when circumstances are the same or similar.

It has been a hope of Mr. Fillmore for some time to

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obtain a fellowship in some university which would enable him to devote his entire time to saving these fast vanishing remains of a primitive song lore, so ancient and so traditional that few of the younger generation of Indians are acquainted with them. But although the sum required for supporting an investigator is but small, no encouragement has been received, neither the Smithsonian Institution nor any of our large and liberally endowed universities being able to furnish funds for the purpose. It seems a pity that a matter of two or three thousand dollars could not be devoted for a few years to this work.

So after this pleasant experience as musical scientist, Mr. Fillmore resigns himself again to the bread and butter producing activity of teaching the gifted youth of California the pervasive art of playing the piano and writing harmony.

He will do both duties well.

Mr. Fillmore is also a very interesting and clear musical lecturer, who ought to find a great deal of this sort of work to do.

* * *

Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck played two very interesting piano recitals before Mr. Mathews' summer class, July 11 and 18th. His programs were these:—

JULY 11.

1.	*a.* Gavotte in D major.	Bach
	c. Aria	Gluck-St. Saens
2.	*a.* Nocturne F major	Chopin
	b. 2 Ecassaises	
	c. Mazurka F minor	
	a. Kamennoi Ostrow	Rubinstein
	b. Etude in E flat	
3.	Hindoo Song	Seeboeck
4.	*a* Jet d'eau (waterfall)	Ijinski
	b Berceuse	
5.	*a* Minuet Antique. No. 3.	Seeboeck
	b Papillons No. 4	
	c Serenade in D flat	
	d In the Forest (bright summer morn)	
	e " " " Will o' the wisp	
6	*a* Ritournelle	Chaminade
	b "To the last"	Seeboeck
7.	Thema con Variazioni for 2 Pianos, (dedicated to Mme Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler,)	Seeboeck
	1st Piano. W. C. E. Seeboeck	
	2nd. " Miss Emma Roelle.	

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JULY 18.

1. *a*) Bach, Prelude and Fugue. C minor (from Well-tempered Clavichord)
   b) Mozart, Rondo in A minor
   c) Grieg, Dance Caprice
   d) Chopin, Polonaise in C sharp minor

Vocal Solo, Massenet air from Herodiade. Mr. Carberry

2. *a*) Lack Idilio.
   b) Naprovnik, Nocturne in D flat
   c) Leschetizki, Mazurka in F minor
3. Schumann, *a*) Papillons
   b) Sonata in G minor

Vocal Solo by Mr. Carberry.

4. Seeboeck, *a*) Toccata
   b) Nocturne
   c) Fantasy on themes of Gounod's Faust

The first program, as will be seen, consisted largely of short pieces, well contrasted. Several of them were very brilliant, especially the Rubinstein study in E flat. Mr. Seeboeck's own compositions are dainty, at times strong and always well worked and musicianly. Perhaps the most taking of those on the list were the third Antique Minuet, and the "Will o' the Wisp," the latter very wierd and pleasing. His great "Theme and Variations" for two pianos was praised by no less a judge of good writing than Mr. Clarence Eddy as being better than the celebrated Schumann variations for two pianos. On the present occasion it went splendidly at the hands of Mr. Seeboeck and his pupil, Miss Emma Roelle. Another notable novelty on the program was the Hindoo song, "Mighty Brahma," which is a very strong and beautiful composition. And it was well sung upon this occasion by Miss Lucille Stevenson, who has a voice of excellent timbre and range.

Speaking of Mr. Seeboeck's songs the Sunday Tribune had an article upon Chicago composers, not long ago, in which it was stated that Mr. Seeboeck had composed about three hundred songs, and all had been published. As matter of fact very few have been published, not more than eight or ten all told; and the full number now reaches the imposing total of 317. In addition to this vast fertility there is a long list of piano pieces, of all grades and often of considerable elaboration, two concertos, two operas, part

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of an oratorio, and the like. The Apollo club has sung some of his part songs, upon occasion, and the supply is not yet exhausted.

The second program was best in the Schumann sonata, and in the original compositions of Mr. Seeboeck, the greater proportion of the selections being of moderate difficulty, not affording fit illustration of the remarkable and exceptional technical and artistic qualities of the player.

* * *

In the old times there was a writing-book copy which read "What man has done, man may do," which in turn is not unlike the motto of Sam Slick, that "Some things can be done as well as others." Mr. Seeboeck has lately turned his mind to mastery of the wheel, urged thereto by a forfeit, compelling him to ride around upon a wheel and call upon a lady of his acquaintance within a week. The fatal evening was a Thursday, and he had taken his first lesson upon the wheel on Tuesday. Nevertheless he was out upon the wheel three hours on Wednesday and again on Thursday, and mastered the whole technique. Which will be pleasing to those who think it is difficult to learn to ride.

I confess that I have had many a moment of admiration at the daring intellect displayed by riders of my acquaintance—I, who could never maintain an equilibrium for twenty feet together. I have often wondered how ever they are able to do it, to ride along so securely and evenly upon this ticklish little vehicle, so light, so rapid, so easy to upset. But my own time has come. I also have discovered that some things can be done as well as others. Becoming possessed of a wheel, it was a question of using it myself or of seeing it worn out by some one else. Two evenings threw no light upon the subject. The same old elusiveness. I remembered how it had taken the united strength of two strong and husky fellows to keep my wheel in a vertical position while I was trundling along upon it for a hundred feet or so. But presto, change. A half hour in the morning, and lo! one rides four or five miles and the problem is solved. Like all well made dilemmas, the wheel reduces itself to two conditions: First, to get on, then, to stay on.

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And why not stay on? Instead of trying to carry one's body this way or that, why not make the wheel itself to do the balancing, and show its quality by keeping under the rider, no matter what his lurches?

* * *

There is a direct relation between the agitation for good roads and the wheel. First, because it makes a vast difference to the wheelman what sort of a road he rides over; and second because he is obliged to keep his eyes glued to the road in front of him. To ride a wheel in order to see natural scenery is futile, for you have no time to view the landscape o'er; but when you have studied some scores of miles, rising into hundreds of all sorts of roads, you finally become qualified to do your country great service as inspector of public highways.

* * *

Have you ever noticed the look of desperation which sits upon the face of the beginner? The wheel takes a notion to go its own whither. There is a curb and a tree on the other side, exactly where you do not care to be carried; but you are upon the wheel, being "broken upon the wheel" they used to call it, and to the curb you go, and against the tree. And, wonder of altruism, you carefully save the beastly little vehicle from the bumps it has so viciously set up for you, and take them yourself with all the good humor you have left.

* * *

And then three days later you discover that anything more than a foot wide is wide enough in all conscience for a path for the obedient little wheel. Nevertheless, the little monster gets in his work later, when you are tired, or when there is some one looking. You take projecting manholes, bark trees along the curb, and dismount just in front of a buggy with a vicious horse, at imminent risk of your life.

* * *

Verily riding a wheel is interesting.

* * *

But think what it must have been when the perch was

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about five feet up in the air and the pneumatic tire had not yet been invented.

* * *

Among the Chicago musicians addicted to the wheel vice are Sherwood, Gleason, Walton Perkins, Cady, Seeboeck, Miss Julia Caruthers, and perhaps scores of others.

* * *

One of the largest and most successful summer schools this year in Chicago was that of Mr. Calvin B. Cady, who, by the way, has dissolved his connection with the Chicago Conservatory. One of the important incidents of his school was a series of chamber concerts, in which several of his advanced pupils played important compositions, such as the Brahms Trios, opus 101, and opus 99; Beethoven Trio, opus 1 played by Miss Josephine Large; and Brahms Trio opus 114, Saint Saens Trio opus 92, by Miss Mary L. Powers.

There was also a series of piano recitals in the course of which a considerable variety of new and artistic music was performed, as well as much of a classic character. Mr. Cady's work rests upon a peculiarly solid treatment of the elementary problems of the music teacher; but it would be a mistake to conclude from this that he does not equally distinguish himself in the most advanced departments.

* * *

Messrs. Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper will hold a summer school for teachers in Boston, July 29, to August 10, and in Chicago from August 12, to August 24. The course will include a thorough drill in educational principles and practices. For further information see elsewhere in this magazine.

W. S. B. M

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THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

PIANO TOUCH AGAIN.

Having recently again read the entire series of article relating to Piano Touch, I feel like adding a few lines, if you still care to devote any further space to this subject. These will be occupied in considering what has already been said upon this subject rather than treating the subject a-new.

One of the writers seems to consider such discussions beneath an artist and almost contemns analysis of the means by which the artist produces his effects. While it may be undesirable for the artist himself to analyse the *means* to his performance, the practical teacher cannot be satisfied thus. He *has to know* the material basis, cause and reason for every effect he wishes to produce through his pupils. I will put it stronger and say that as an instructor he is a failure just to such an extent as he *don't know*.

Mr. Sternberg's discussion of tone quantity and quality is very instructive and suggests that peculiar influence that quality has on quantity in producing the carrying power of tone, but I don't think that many will be with him in assuming some hidden cause "perhaps not known to us," or "not necessary for us to know." We do not feel that in this discussion we are prying into "Mystery,' quite the contrary, we are simply seeking for a cause.

Mr. Kelso's position that pressure does not effect a *single* tone after it has been produced but that it can only affect a series of tones or passage, seems to me correct; and Mr. Webster, in my judgment, clearly proves this in his attempt to prove the contrary. Mr. Wm. F. Apthorp has already pointed out—in Mr. Webster's argument—that if the duration of contact depends on the velocity of the hammer, subsequent pressure could not effect the tone. Besides, if we study the constructions of our piano action we will notice that the hammer leaves the action and so severs its connection with the hand of the player before it strikes the string. It is therefore like a ball after it has left the hand that throws it. If the connection between the hand and the hammer severs before the string is struck, how can subsequent pressure possibly affect the tone? If this is true, then Mr. Webster's argument respecting overtones also has a different aspect.

Hummel's and Klindworth's statements as to the necessity of "pressure" and digging into the keys, which Mr. Webster quotes, are very valuable injunctions, but they have in my mind no bearing on this immediate question. They are not to affect the tone after it has been produced but are rather to have their influence on the hand of the player, to prepare it for subsequent action. So we

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come around to Mr. Kelso's position that an entire passage only can be influenced by pressure. It also appears that if a piano player can influence a single tone by pressure, a painter can also shade his color by one application of the brush. It requires then repeated application of both finger and brush to produce shading.

It seems quite clear as Mr. Sherwood states that a simultaneous application of the pedal and the hand is apt to produce a blurring of the chords, but to say that it is the cause of the existence of harmonics, seems to me incorrect; for we can prove by a very simple experiment that if the pedal is used at all we are bound to have harmonics. If we press down one of the lower keys so gently that the hammer will not touch the string, then strike the octave higher, and after an instant, release the key that has been struck still holding the lower, the harmonic will be distinctly heard. We will also find if we strike a key, hold it for an instant so as to note the quality and volume of the tone, and then use the pedal, that the tone will gradually increase in volume and change somewhat in quality. This is because the sounding string is thus allowed to impart its vibrations to other strings and so produce harmonics.

Mr. Fillmore in his article says: "I believe that nobody has yet given, in this magazine, the scientific reasons why the quality of tone of a piano is modified by the touch of the player." This may have been either because it was not in the original demand of the symposium, or because the writers turned the discussion upon this single point of the possibility of modifying a tone by pressure after it is once produced. This seems to me to have been perfectly correct as it is important to have this question thoroughly discussed first. Now we are ready for the other question which Mr. Fillmore has partly considered, and I for one sincerely hope that there will be another opportunity soon to consider—*Why the quality of tone differs among players, the instrument being the same.*

Let it first be established then, that there is a difference in tone-quality among players, which is not due to the instrument but is directly caused by the touch of the player. There are many points in the construction of an instrument and the adjustment of its various parts, that become causes of tone-quality in that instrument; but we are now only to consider *one* cause; and that is *that* which appears in the touch of the player.

All teachers are well aware that there is a great difference in touch and tone-quality among pupils, and that for some it is comparatively easy and natural to acquire a good touch while the greatest amount of instruction will not develop it in others. All hearers of music can testify that an instrument sounds quite different under the hands of some players than it does under those of others. We would be perfectly safe in concluding, then, that the cause of this difference is to be found somewhere within the player himself. An instrument maker can point out all the causes that produce good and bad tones in an instrument and can make practical demonstrations of the scientific reasons showing why and how these causes produce the given effects; but can we be expected to

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give as clear a demonstration of the reasons for the effects which a cause so mysterious as the one we are considering produces, without taking the word *scientific* in its generic sense and extending its meaning to the realm of thought?

When we contemplate man, he appears to us in two aspects, at least. He is physically active, expending his energies through his muscular system, thus converting them into mechanical motion. But he has also an inner or subjective life. He can expend his energies through his brain or in a still more subjective manner and we recognize him as a thinking, reasoning being. If we again contemplate his inner life more closely, it also appears as a complex, made up of many faculties, capabilities, characteristics, etc. Let us now ask ourselves with references to our cause of a good touch and tone, does it have its seat or origin in man's physical body or does it extend back into his inner being where may be found the mental faculties and the psychical capabilities which appear to stand related to the outward physical activities as causes stand related to effects? Looking at it from a purely physical standpoint we cannot but see how exactly and completely a good tone depends upon a correct touch, and the teacher's efforts are turned in this direction, and the mechanical part of his *method* is devoted almost entirely to the formation of the touch. We might think that we have here discovered the cause of tone-quality but if we consider acts as the expression of thoughts, we have not found the ultimate cause in comparison with which this physical cause appears only as an effect.

Those who have paid some attention to the discussions as to the influence of mind over body might be tempted to place in the former the ultimate cause for which we are seeking. When we consider mind analytically, however, we find it a complex also: a mere collection of faculties and behind them, there is a *unity* which works through them and manipulates them as mere parts of an instrument. I do not here wish to set aside those valuable injunctions and aphorisms spoken by earnest teachers and genuine artists, setting forth the fact that musical performance is not merely mechanical or muscular, but that it is essentially a "mental" process, and who make use, instinctively, of the aphorism of Moschele, "The spirit should practice more than the fingers." What I wish to show is that these processes which we usually denominate mental, which take place in the brain and which are to a great extent functions of that organ, are not to be regarded as ultimate. There is still something behind these which appears through them. These mental faculties are animated by still higher processes which are known as psychological or thought processes and which are direct emanations from the psyche or soul in which, in our judgment, the true cause we are searching for, inheres. We would more correctly say then that technic is a psychological process; in fact musical performance requires the most exact and acute mathematical calculation we can think of, for no where is the intellect required to operate under so many limitations as here.

That in soul music has its origin and that it is to the soul of

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man that it appeals, is not difficult to show frrm the works of all great musical writers, philosophers, poets, etc If music be regarded as an art of "saying something to human souls," as Mr. W. S. B. Mathews has said, than it must also come *from* the souls of the great masters of composition and performance. Kullak calls improvisation "the mimic play of the soul." Ambros says: "Music is the best portrayal of soul conditions." Schumann says: "Music is the outflow of a beautiful mind," George Sand has said, "The combination of the arts must be sought for within the depths of the soul. "Gottfried Hinkel has said: "I call music *archaic revelation.* In none of the other arts do such crystals stream from the hidden man." Schiller said: "Life is breathed by the pictorial art, spirit I demand of the poet: but soul is expressed by Polyhymnia alone." Franz Brendel says: "To represent the deepest and most hidden impulses, is distinctively by the task of the tonal art. It has found the material which can bring the depths of the soul into immediate expression, this is the height, the greatness of music, this art of the soul, wherein it is not equaled by any of the other arts." We might go on for some time yet and increase indefinitely the number of these beautiful gems of thought, illustrative of the psychical origin of music, but we will leave the matter after quoting one more from J. S. Dwight because it is particularly suited to this discussion. He says: "Music is finer than speech and makes its appeal to a deeper *some-what* in us underlying all thought of the understanding." The inference is easy then that in the soul the ultimate cause of difference not only in tone-quality but in all other qualities in musical composition as well as performance must lie. The true explanation of *Genius* itself is found right here. That there is a wide difference in souls, is easily seen when we contemplate such masters as Mozart, Mendelssohn and others who were born into this life with such a knowledge of Harmony and Mastery over Form, displayed even in their childhood works, as cannot be acquirsd by many earnest students of music in a whole life time, to say nothing of the pure spiritual essence of music which is cast into these forms.

As we have before said,—and it is particularly applicable to these great souls—when we contemplate man he appears to us as a dual being. Much has been written on the influence of the mind on the body, but there appears to be something stronger than an influence in the relation of the soul to the body, to which we have referred, it really amounts to *control.* If this be true we might conceive of the soul as playing upon the body through its inner mechanism of mental faculties in the same manner in which the body plays upon a piano through its inner mechanism. But, as one writer has said, we are not to think of our bodies as a mass of matter through which the soul manifests, but as an *animal*, "which has its separate existence, its tastes, its tendencies, its will, and only stands above other animals in this respect, that it is disciplined and supplied with a more perfect organism." This view seems to be fully warranted by—at least not in conflict with,—the experiments and researches relating to the reflex and automatic

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activities of physical man and animals. This doctrine of duality was well established in the systems of many ancient philosophers and we are gradually coming round to it again in this generation. This duality is somewhat forcibly presented by Goethe when he makes Faust say:

> " Two souls, alas; are lodged within my breast,
> Which struggle there for undivided reign:
> One to the world, with obstinate desire,
> And closely cleaving organs, still adheres;
> Above the mist the other doth aspire'
> With sacred vehemence to purer spheres."

Whatever may be thought of this question of duality it will be found that it offers at least an explanation for a great many phenomena which are otherwise unintelligible and mysterious. Upon the hypothesis that the soul, the superior member of this duality, manifests its hidden inner life in all art, but particularly in musical composition and performance, it can easily be seen where the real cause of the difference we are considering may be found, but it is not so easy to show by actual demonstration *why* and *how* this cause produces these effects.

It is not correct, however to infer from what has been said that a beautiful quality of tone always accompanies other artistic powers for Paganini himself is quoted as saying that he excelled in execution rather than in quality of tone in which he was surpassed by some of his contemporaries; and we can many of us undoubtedly call to mind other artits whose playing partakes rather of a heroic or furious character whose tone is not so pleasing to us as that of some milder tem peraments. We can reasonably say, however, that whatever the tone-quality may be, it corresponds to the character and quality of the inmost soul of the artist which, during performance we see, as it was poured into the instrument until this inanimate mechanism becomes a living, speaking creature. H. R. Haweis in speaking of Ernst's Violin says: "Its body only is there; its soul was the very soul of the master whose has passed to where the chiming is 'often the chiming of the Eternal spheres."

It is said of Rubinstein that even when he practiced the dryest mechanical exercises, he could infuse them with "a peculiar warmth and geniality of tone." It was in fact his very life essence with which he animated each tone until it became a living breathing entity. Every one who feels the spirit and essence of *music* awake and stirring within himself, knows this from his own experience when he thinks back to the time when often during his practice the dryest studies were transformed under his fingers and seemed to glow with new life which he felt go out from his inmost nature. The artist is a man of wonderful power, being in possession of the *sacred fire* by means of which he can infuse a warmth and life into dead forms until they live and speak again. When we think of these things, the story of Orphens itself remains no mere myth but becomes a great truth, for this transforming power of soul—inspired playing is truly magical in its effects on tone and musical forms which in soulless playing are so uninteresting, so dry, so dead.

Englewood, 1895. Wm. H. Wetz.

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A BERLIN LETTER.

Since the writers former student years at Leipsic, the center of musical life of Germany, has been removed from that venerable city to Berlin. Here a well established opera company under royal patronage, and with able directors, provide an operatic performance, every night during the year, excepting during two months in in summer, and on religious festival days. The royal opera house orchestra, also give a series of Symphony concerts each season. Wagner's opera have been very liberally given of late, "Der Ring der Nebelungen" has been given (entire) three times and Die Meistersinger, Die Walkure, Tristian and Isolde, and Rieuze.

As for concerts and recitals, one soon learns that it is advisable to attend only the best, as the number given is enormous. Something like three hundred had been announced during September 1894, and the season had hardly commenced. Every ambitious concert player, or singer now adays, feels it is his or her duty to give at least one concert in Berlin, and many are not satisfied, with anything short of a series of concerts, to make sure of a complete display, of their real, or supposed skill. Conservatories and schools of music, are forever hatching a concert or recital, and as the season wears, its close, the number given, increases in a fearful ratio, till, suddenly, the struggle to be heard is over and silence like a poultice comes to heal the blows ef sound."

Violin players are attracted here on account of the presence of the famous Joachim. Pianists came to study with Klindworth, Reif, Moszkowski, or other distinguished masters. Lillie Lehmann and Amelia Joachim are much heard of, through their own singing and that of their pupils. Occasionally an operatic is developed here just now, it is Miss Oliva Tremstadt an American and pupil of Lehmann, who has just secured an engagement of four years, in opera at Cologne, and will also sing at the Bayreuth festival to be given during the summer of 1896.

Composers both old and new, do also congregate here. Several of the leading newspaper critics are quite ambitious as composers, and several smart concert givers have hit upon the plan of performing only works of these critics, hoping thereby to predjudice criticism in their favor. On the whole this city is an excellent place for the general development of the musical student, And although other countries and cities, may boast of celebrated composers, teachers, and performers yet it is a hard matter to find a city other than that of Berlin that may more justly be called the musical capital of the world.

F. W. Merriman.

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THE A. C. M.

THE first annual meeting of the trustees of the American College of Musicians took place at Steinway Hall, New York, June 28th at 7.30, A. M. a quorum being in attendance. There were present. Albert Ross Parsons, George E. Whiting, S. B. Whitney, J. P. Warren, William Mason, Frederick W. Root, Robert Bonner, Samuel S. Sanford, Col. Asa Bird Gardiner, A. A. Stanley.

Trustee Albert Ross Parsons called the meeting to order.

Several statements were made by officers and the legal advisor of the College from which the following deductions were evident:—

1. That the American College of Musicians was by a blunder organized originally under a commercial act, and while under its charter it might engage in almost any nameable commercial or manufacturing operation, it had no authority whatever to conduct examinations and do business as an educational body or college.

2. That in addition to securing under its new organization the authority it required for establishing tests and processes of musical education, it also inherited as part of its relation to the University of New York a very complete apparatus of circulars of information and propoganda instrumentalities, calculated to greatly facilitate its work along its former lines, and in any new directions which from time to time might be taken up.

3. And that as to the status of the charter members of the College of Musicians under the old organization, it appeared that by reason of having never been voted in after the incorporation in 1886, they had been members of the former College only *de facto*, but not *de jure*.

In the present organization the former charter or foundation members constitute the Advisory Council of the College, with the powers and privileges of the principals and faculty of affiliated musical institutes in the annnal convocation of the College, held in the last week of June. Persons heretofore or hereafter admitted to the College by examination from the grade of associates upwards, constitute the Alumni of the College, with the powers and privileges in convocation of the Advisory Council. The annual subscription of members of the Advisory Council, the Alumni Association, principals and faculty of affiliated institutions, etc., is $2.00. The former College, loosely organized and with no assured future, depended upon dues and examination fees for its very existence. The present College being upon a secure foundation for all time, all who hereafter avail themselves of the rights and privileges of membership, will continue their annual subscriptions for the purpose not of founding the College, but instead of sharing in the benefits and advantages and contributing towards the expenses of the annual convocation for mutual intercourse and conference.

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The annual convocation of the University of the State of New York has been attended of late by over four hundred members, including over one hundred representatives of the faculty and alumni of thirty colleges in fifteen different states of the Union, thus constituting that annual meeting the Congress of the Higher Education for the United States. The annual convocation of the members of the American College of Musicians is destined to assume from the outset equal importance in relation to all that concerns the Higher Musical Education.

4. It was believed by all the speakers that the College of Musicians in its new form is in position to conduct educational propaganda of all necessary sorts to much better advantage than as it existed formerly.

6. Several of the speakers believed that the sanction of the University of New York would prove an important aid in its work.

4. The organization of the board of trustees being effected by electing Trustee Parsons Chairman of the board, and President of the College, E. M. Bowman, Vice President, and Robert Bonner Secretary and Treasurer; the appointment of an Executive Board consisting of the President and secretary and all the resident New York trustees, the further determination of the very important matters of relating the character members of the College to the new body, and beginning in a system of Music Extension. were left over to later consideration by the Executive Board. with powers to act.

The College adjourned.

MUSIC is in receipt of the following communication regarding the musical display at the Atlanta Exposition.

Dear Sir: As Chairman of the Committees on Music and Law for the State of New York to exhibit Woman's Work at the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., I would request you kindly to aid this worthy object by assisting me in securing all important Musical Compositions, Books on Music or Law, or printed essays on Woman's Work in Music or Jurisprudence, Photographs and Autograghs of all the women composers, or singers, or pianists of world-wide reputation; or photographs and autographs of women who are practising Law; or bas-reliefs, or busts, or plaster casts of any of these talented women; or any matters of importance pertaining to the above subjects.

All exhibits must be sent by me to Alanta, Ga., for the Woman's Building, during the first week of August, 1895, and they will be returned in December unless the exhibits are donated.

Awaiting your reply and kind assistance for the World's Fair, which will open September next, I am, Yours Truly,

FLORENCE C. SUTRO.

Send exhibits to Mrs. Theodore Sutro, 20 Fifth Ave, New York City.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NEW MUSIC.

(From the John Church Company.)

XAVER SCHARWENKA. MOMENT MUSICAL. Opus 73. No. 2.
LANDLICHER TANZ. Op. 74, No. 1.

The former is a pleasant piece in A minor, a la danse antique. Advanced 4th.

The second is a pleasant valse de salon, 5th grade.

BENJAMIN GODARD. Guirlandes. Op. 107, No. 11. En Valsant. Op. 53. No. 6.

The former is an "artistic study," in which rapid arpeggios keep the right hand busy while the left hand plays a melody. 4th grade.

The second is a brilliant and pleasing valse de salon. 5th grade. Both of these have been revised and fingered by Theodore F. Bohlmann.

C. CHZMONADE. Serenade.
" Zingara.

The serenade is an agreeable teaching piece, in a swinging 3-4 measure. 4th grade.

The Zingara is more brilliant, the main subject consisting of running work in A minor, the second subject being more lyric, in A major. Both pieces will play agreeably, and are therefore to be sought by those looking for pretty music of a semi-popular quality.

G. D. WILSON. Balletto. Op. 166.

A pleasing piece in E flat, polka movement, its chief fault being too great length for its thickness. Very pleasing, easy 4th grade.

HANS SEIFERT. Elfin Play, Op. 21.

A good and pleasing study in a variety of styles, most of it falling within the less advanced 4th grade; part of it, however reaching into the 5th. Triplets with a melody in the uppermost notes. Good finger work.

U. S. CADETS MARCH. Mandolin and Banjo, by Harry C. Jordan.
SEGOVIA VALSE, for Mandolin, E. P. Hodges.
DA SE RUSSE, for Mandolin and guitar, W. S. Baxter.
THE CRUSADER, for Mandolin and guitar, W. S. Baxter.
SUMMER FANCIES, Waltz, for piano, Harry C. Jordan.
BALTIMORE AMERICAN MARCH, Two mandolins, violin and guitar, by Charles P. Burton, arranged by L. Q. Rawson.

Awards Souvenir. Musical instruments at the World's Columbian Exposion.

We have received from the Presto Publishing Company their

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book of awards at the Fair. It contains a large number of portraits and the original awards of the juries in full for all the musicale x-hibits of the Exposition. These awards were acquired by dint of considerable trouble and are undoubtedly authentic. The book is profusely illustrated with portraits and other matter and deserves the attention of every member of the music trade and of all musicians who are interested in preserving the memory of the musical side of the Fair. The facilities of the Presto for acquiring this information were unusually good, since for the greater part of the time they published a daily paper and were therefore the recipients of a large amount of news at first hand.

SERENADE BADINE. GABRIEL MARIA. Piano and violin. Very pleasing, in a Gavotte like movement.

HITHER AND THITHER. Polka. Waldteufel. Pleasing dance music. 3d grade.

From G. Schirmer.

TWO DANCE MOVEMENTS. Bourree, with Alternative. Jaraslaw Zelinski. An ambitious and modern movement, clever and well done. 6th grade.

Mr. V. J. Hlavac, of St. Petersburgh, who will be remembered as one of the experts in musical instruments at the Fair, has lately done a remarkable thing. Taking the Chopin study in F minor opus 25, No. 2, as basis, he has put with it enough other matter to make an orchestral suite of seven pieces, during all of which the study itself is played upon the pianoforte. The Berlin *Music Zeitung* says that in the prelude four horns have a soft and beautiful melody; in the Scherzo the string quartette is in the foreground; in the Nocturne, two B flat clarinets and the harp have the leading roles; in the Waltz the string quartette with contrabass, in the Eclogue, Flute, oboe, horn and harp. And the finale, the full orchestra is brought into play. The *Musicalische Rundschau* calls it "a contrapuntal master work."

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WHERE EARTH AND HEAVEN MEET.

'Tis by the brook and Meadows green,
Where sun and shadows play;
Or silent snow-fields intervene,
With trees of leaflets gray;
Where stately hills send down supplies,
To blue lakes at their feet;
'Tis not so far from where we stand.
Where earth and heaven meet.

2.

'Tis where the sunbeam's morning light
Doth kiss the morning dew:
Or where his rays so warm and bright,
Paint flowers with deepest hue.
'Tis by the anvil of the plow,
In frost or Summer's heat;
Where'er the earth doth meekly bow—
There earth and heaven meet.

3

'Tis where the storms arise and break,
Or trouules cross our way;
Where gentle showers come down to make
The heart both glad and gay.
'Tis by the hearth and pleasant home,
Kind thoughts, though sad or sweet,—
A noble act - where'er we roam,—
There earth and heaven meet

Dr. H. S. Perkins.

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NOTES OF THE CHICAGO DEALERS.

THE Hallett & Davis Company is fortunate in its Chicago location which is at Wabash and Jackson, in the fine building erected by the Weber Company, some ten years ago. This corner, which at that time was considered a little south of the most desirable location, is now one of the most central and prominent in the entire city. The Hallett & Davis location embraces the first two floors and basement. The light is splendid, the opportunity for display everything that can be desired, and the traditions of the place are those of large and influential trade. The second floor is divided into several small rooms, the old Weber hall having given place to the demands of trade. In the front are the offices of the Schaeffer piano company, an instrument of Chicago construction, designed to serve as a reliable second to the old and standard Hallett & Davis, of which by the way, about five hundred have been sold yearly in this vicinity for twenty years or more past. The elegance of the small selling parlors and their perfect convenience for the salesman and the purchaser, make this one of the pleasing bits of the entire habitation of the Chicago music trade.

The company has now a good stock of carefully selected instruments of approved tone and design, calculated for the demands of a first class trade. The Hallett & Davis small grands are attracting more and more attention, inasmuch as owning to the increasing frequency of large music rooms in private residences there is a large demand for a superior instrument of this kind. From the very day of opening, this house has enjoyed a patronage fully double of what they expected.

The Chicago Hallett & Davis house is a Chicago concern, the officers being George Cook of Hallett & Davis, Boston, President; Carlos H. Blackman, Chicago, Vice President; Harry J. Strong, Chicago, Secretary; R. K. Mannard, Chicago, Treasurer.

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The New Man—"This is so sudden!"

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BULLETIN

MUSIC for September devotes a large amount of space to the late eminent composer, Rubinstein, concerning whom we have here two very important articles. The first is by the brilliant and versatile French composer, M. Camille Saint-Saens, giving the story of his own acquaintance with Rubinstein and of the early concerts of Rubinstein in Paris, The glimpses afforded of Saint-Saens himself are but little less interesting than those of the great Russian. The article was translated by the Editor. The second article is translated from Dr. Julius Rodenberg, Editor of the *Deutsch Rundschau*. Dr. Rodenberg appears in these recollections as an artist of rare powers of poetical insight, good sense, and great personal attractiveness of character. Forming acquaintance with Rubinstein while still a young man, he furnished him sooner or later most of the texts which Rubinstein set to music in his different oratorios and sacred operas. Many previously unpublished letters of Rubinstein appear, and the reminiscences as a whole are truly charming. This translation was made for MUSIC by Miss Mary E. Regal. American musical biography receives an addition in memorial of the late eminent song-writer, teacher, and elementary musical instructor, Mr. George Frederic Root, Mus. Doc.

Upon the theoretical side MUSIC presents an important discussion of the Conservatory versus Private Teacher, apropos to several points in the able article by Prof. Dickinson, of Oberlin, in the previous number. This pedagogical polemic is intended to bring out certain elementary principles and points of experience which teachers and students will find interesting.

Another important point, touched upon before in previous issues, but as yet only opened, is the application of music in Sociological and Philanthropic work. One of the workers gives an account of the musical operations in connection with the College settlement at 47th street and Ash land Avenue, Chicago, under the auspices of Chicago university and others. We begin in this number also a series of articles by the well known Scotch musical literateur, Mr. J. Cuthbert Hadden of Edinburgh, Editor of the

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Scottish Musical Monthly. Arrangements are also nearly concluded for occasional articles from the eminent and world-wide celebrated musical critic and pedagogue, Dr. Hugo Riemann, who in September resumes his place as lecturer upon Aesthetic and Music in the University of Leipsic.

Among the matters in immediate preparation is a translation for next issue of the Reminiscences of Gounod—covering part of his residence in Rome as holder of the celebrated *prix de Rome* of the Paris Conservatory.

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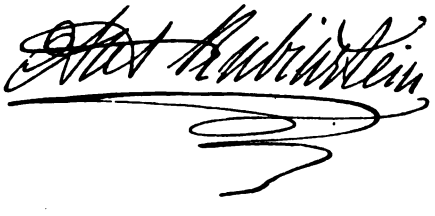

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MUSIC

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN.

IN those times, Chopin having disappeared from the world, a sweet evening star which sparkled but for a moment, Thalberg fatigued by success had retired to Italy, Liszt leaving the piano for the baton of a Weimar orchestral conductor, there were no more great pianists; not that the world absolutely lacked of elegant or brilliant virtuosos, of Döhler, Prudent, Ravina, Gottschalk, these we might certainly call heroes, but they were not gods. Violinists held the place of honor, and if no one among them had the strength to sway the scepter of Paganini, given up as the work of a unique miracle, Alard, Vieuxtemps, Sivori scintillated as stars of the first magnitude, each one having his admirers, who were even fanatical at times. As to gods of the piano, the race seemed to have become extinct, until one day there appeared upon the bill boards of Paris a little handbill bearing the name of *Antoine Rubinstein*, of whom no one here had ever heard before, for this great artist had the coquettish temerity to disdain the assistance of the press, and no advance notice, none at all you understand, had announced his apparition. He made his appearance in his Concerto in G major, with orchestra in the lovely Herz concert room, so novel in construction and so elegant in aspect, of which one can no more avail himself today. Useless to say there was not a single paying hearer in the room, but next morning, nevertheless, the artist was celebrated, and at the second concert there was a prodigious jam. I was there at the second concert, and at the first notes I was overthrown and chained to the car of the conquerer. Con-

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certs followed one another and I did not miss a single one. Some one proposed to present me to the great artist, but in spite of his youth (he was then but twenty-eight), and in spite of his reputation for urbanity, he awakened in me a horrible timidity; the idea of being near him, of addressing a word to him, terrified me profoundly. It was only at his second coming to Paris, a year later, that I dared to brave his presence. The ice between us two was quickly broken. I acquired his friendship in deciphering upon his own piano the orchestral score of his *Ocean* Symphony. I read very well then, and his symphonic music, written large and black, was not very difficult to read.

From this day a lively sympathy united us; the simplicity and evident sincerity of my admiration touched him. We were together assiduously, often played together for four hands, subjected to rude tests the pianofortes which served as our field of battle, without regard to the ears of our hearers. It was a good time! We made music with passion simply for *the sake of making it*, and we never had enough. I was so happy to have encountered an artist who was wholly an artist, exempt from the littleness which sometimes make so sad a barrier around great talent. He came back every winter, and always enlarged his success and consolidated our friendship, to such a degree that one year he invited me to direct the orchestra in the concerts he proposed to give. At that time I had directed very little and hesitated to accept this task; nevertheless I did accept, and acquired in these eight concerts my education as orchestral director. Rubinstein brought me at rehearsal the manuscript scores, crabbedly written, full of erasures, of cuts, of passages of every sort, never could I obtain a sight of the music in advance; it was too amusing, he said, to see one read so easily all these difficulties. Moreover, when he played it, he did not in the slightest degree occupy himself with the orchestra that accompanied him; he left it to follow at its own sweet will, and at times amid such a clash of sonorities that the tone of the piano was buried, and I had no other guide than to watch his fingers upon the keyboard.

After this magnificent series of eight concerts, we were

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one day in the Pleyel concert room listening to I know not what concert, when he said to me "I have never yet directed an orchestra in Paris; let us give one concert in order that I may have occasion to hold the baton."

We inquired what day the hall would be free. It was necessary to wait three weeks. "We have three weeks before us," I said to him. "It is well; I will write a concerto for the occasion." And I wrote the concerto in G minor, which thus made its debut under illustrious patronage. Not having had time to work it up with reference to the execution, I played it very badly, and excepting the Scherzo, which took at first hearing, it succeeded rather poorly. They generally found the first part incoherent and the finale very defective.

At this moment Rubinstein and I had become at Paris almost inseparable, and many people were astonished. He, athletic, indefatigable, colossal in stature as of talent; I, thin, pale and somewhat consumptive. We formed together a couple analogous to that which had before been seen in Liszt and Chopin. Of the latter I reproduced only the feebleness and the uncertain health, not having power to pretend to the succession of this prodigious being;—this virtuoso of the drawing room, who, a mere breath, with his light pieces, studies, waltzes, mazurkas, nocturnes has revolutionized art and opened the way to all modern music. I have not even had the luck to go with him as a consumptive, because while he died of phthisis I have stupidly gotten rid of mine.

On the other hand Rubinstein would hardly face the recollection of Liszt with his irresistible charm and his superhuman execution; very different from him in every way. Liszt was the eagle and Rubinstein the lion. Those who have seen this velvet paw beating upon the clavier with its powerful caress, will never forget the comparison. The two great artists had nothing in common but their superiority. Neither the one nor the other was ever at any moment *a pianist;* even in executing very simply the smallest pieces they remained great, without being able to suppress it, by the grandeur of their simple natures. Living incar-

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nations of art, they exercised a sort of holy terror upon the ordinary admiration. Thus they worked miracles. Have we not seen Rubinstein without any other attraction than himself and a piano fill, as many times as he wished, this enormous concert hall of Eden with a trembling public that he presently moved upon with vibrations as powerful and varied as those of an orchestra? And when he joined an orchestra to himself what a superior role the instrument played under his fingers in this vast sea of sonority! Thunder in a stormy night would alone give the idea, and in what fashion he made the piano sing! By some chance, these velvet sounds had an indefinite duration which they never seemed to have under the fingers of others.

His personality overruled; whether he played Mozart, Chopin, Beethoven or Schumann, this that he played was always Rubinstein. For this we should neither praise him nor blame him, because he could not make it otherwise. We do not find the lava of a volcano like the water of a river to flow sweetly between its banks.

Today, alas, the river is frozen, the strings of the magic piano resound no more except in the world of memory, but the work written remains; it is considerable. In spite of his nomad life and his innumerable concerts, Antoine Rubinstein has been a composer of rare fecundity, whose works number up into the hundreds.

Critics "in the swim," with their convenient way of going straight ahead without taking account of the real nature of things, proclaim, for example, that the public is indifferent to the French comic opera, and that the modern masters who have desired to resuscitate this dead form have failed, in spite of the thousand performances of Mignon, two hundred of Nanon and the inconceivable popularity of Carmen; — these critics have declared that Glinka was an Italian composer and Rubinstein a German composer, admitting as truly Russian nothing more than the ultra modern school of which M. Balakireff is the illustrious and very remarkable chief. From this simple point of view Auber would not be a French composer, Weber, and Sebastian Bach himself, would not be German composers! Because the maccaroni of

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Rossini figures upon the table of Auber, the rays of the Italian sun illuminate the glasses of Sebastian Bach, and when Weber wrote the celebrated air of Freischütz he did nothing else than to dress up sumptuously the classical Italian caballetta. Whatever they say of this sort, Glinka and Rubinstein *are* inordinately Russian, in spite of their alliances and their originality; their taste for the terrible subsists in spite of all; the Slav soul finds in them its expression. It is thus they are judged by the great majority of Russians themselves.

Like Liszt, Rubinstein has known the disappointment of not seeing his success as composer equal that of a virtuoso, and the effort made repulsed, one might even say the talent despised. If Liszt cherished the glory of the fruitful invention of the Symphonic Poem, Rubinstein is entitled to the credit of having cultivated all forms from the oratorio and opera even down to the *lied*, from the etude and sonata up to the symphony, passing through all forms of chamber and concert music. Both have carried the burden of their prodigious personal success, and the tendency of specialization, from which the public will not absolve them; both writing for the piano under the empire of their exceptional virtuosity have overpowered the executant. Their works have been described as "pianist's music," which is supremely unjust to Liszt, whose instrumentation is so practical and well colored, whose smallest pieces are imbued with orchestral sentiment; but it is less so for Rubinstein, in that the entire work seems to arise from the piano as a tree from the germ; his orchestration is not free from a sort of strange awkwardness, which still has nothing in common with inexperience. One would say sometimes that he places instruments in the score as the pieces on a checker board, without taking into account the tone qualities and sonorities, leaving to hazard the effect produced; and the hazard gives us these ordinary combinations alternating at his will the most astonishing and sensational colors of the palette with the sombre grays. The author himself said that certain of his symphonic pieces when he played them upon the piano were more colored so than by the orchestra, and he sought in

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vain the reason of this phenomenon. I have sometimes heard the Rubinstein music reproached for its structure even, its large plan, its vast stretches wanting in detail, of which I have already spoken. Maybe these are not, to say truly, faults, but necessary aspects of the nature of the author, to which it is necessary to resign ourselves, as to one accustomed to the great lines and vast horizon of the steppes of his country, of which no one disputes the beauty. The mode today is for complications without end, arabesques, incessant modulations; but this is a mode and nothing more. If the carvings, the gold and the ornamentation of the holy chapel of Paris fill the eye and the thought, is this the reason to despise the blank surfaces, the severe and grand lines of the temples of ancient Egypt? Are not these austere lines as suggestive as the multiplied curves and clevernesses of the delicate work of the thirteenth century? It seems to me, in my simplicity, that the fruitfulness, the grand character, the personality,—these master qualities which no one denies to Rubinstein,—suffice to class him among the greatest musicians of our times and all times.

Like almost all composers he desired success at the theatre, and the opera at Paris attracted him above all. I still see his joy when he beamingly announced to me that he had "a promise from M. Perrin." He was ignorant in his loyal frankness of how little value it had, and it was not my business to instruct him. He found himself a comfortable place in the outskirts of Paris where he sketched his "*Nero*," which he orchestrated later at Petersburg, and which was represented, translated into German, at Hamburg, where this work had a brilliant series of representation. The "Maccabees" after a brilliant triumph at Berlin failed at Vienna; the "Demon" of which at Paris they know only the airs of the ballet, has had a great success in Russia, where above all the subject pleased, being taken from the poem of Pouschkine. "Feramors" (Lalla Rookh), the most precious to my taste of this series of theatrical works, has succeeded at Dresden and was played at certain towns, but the work appears to have been abandoned and I do not understand this indifference. It is true that the author of the poem had

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not like Michel Carré in the French Lalla Rookh the skill to limit the action to two acts. The piece in three acts appears languishing, but what a fine oriental color, what a capital perfume of the essence of rose, what freshness in this luminous score!

Do they play some part of the "Paradise Lost," a work of his first years, which Rubinstein was occupied in finishing when I had the happiness of making his acquaintance? He had there a fight between angels and demons, in a fugue style, of an extraordinary animation and power. To mention further the "Tower of Babel," which was overshadowed at Paris by an execution so ridiculous that the author himself, assisting at this massacre in a stage-box at the Theatre-Italian, could not refrain from laughing in witnessing the desperate efforts of the choristers and performers. Certain fragments in this work were recognized in spite of all, and one would have said that it would be worth while to try under good conditions a presentable performance of this original biblical cantata.

Rubinstein died confident in the future, persuaded that time would define his true place, and that this place would be distinguished. Let us leave him to time. Coming generations, having lost the memory of this overpowering and astonishing pianist, will be better placed perhaps than our own to appreciate this mass of work, so diverse and nevertheless marked by the same stamp, the product of a single powerful brain. So much abundance, such breadth in design, grandeur in conception, are not found in all the corners of the streets; and when we have passed over the fashion of extreme modulation, when we have ignored the strivings after effect and complication, who knows if one will not be happy to come back once more to the Ocean Symphony, with its strong living waves and gigantic swells, like those of the Pacific? After we have lost ourselves in the thickets of virgin forest, and have respired even to drunkenness the perfumes of tropical flowers, who knows if one will not be glad to come again to the pure air of the steppes, and to repose the eye upon these limitless horizons? Those who live will see. Finally I have sought to render homage to a great

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artist to whom I have had the honor to be a friend, and of whom I will cherish, even to my last day, the marks o sympathy and intense artistic joys he has given me.

C. SAINT-SAENS.

Translated for MUSIC, from La Nouvelle Revue, June 15th, 1895.

AN ODE.

TO LAKE MICHIGAN.

OH HAPPY sheet, that hidden in thy calm
And placid bosom hast eternal balm
To soothe the grieving, and to cheer the sad,
Calm Niobe, and make the Stygian glad,
What is the secret of thy magic spell
To banish grief, and sadness to dispel ?

Some sprite of music, wandering thy way,
Must have espied thee on a peaceful day,
Thy sparkling ripples viewed in quick delight,
And fallen in love with thee, thou lovely sight.
With thee abiding while the day was still,
To leave at night he found beyond his will.
Thy fair, soft moonlight with enchanted wake
Cast o'er the sprite a charm he would not break,
And there the wanderer captured and made fast
Found in thy waves a fitting home at last.

Now all the day thy ripples give him tongue
To voice the sweetest melodies e'er sung.
That, harmonizing with the essential chord
In each sad soul, put each in true accord:
Or in a sterner voice relate a woe
Beyond the power of man to undergo;
And overawing petty human grief
Bid sad souls joy, and mourning souls believe.

Such must the secret of the enchantment be
That gives thee power, thou many-murmuring sea.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

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IS APPLAUSE NECESSARY?

IN the days of the primitive horde, when the warriors half-clad in the skins of wild beasts and with their faces and bodies painted and tattooed, met to discuss questions of moment, there was a recognized manner of expressing satisfaction with men or measures. It was by the clashing together of the spears and shields and battle axes with which the savages were armed. In the latter part of the nineteenth century when men and women are gathered together, it is noticeable that there have been several striking changes in the costumes which are considered *au fait*. The men are clad in somber broad cloth, cut mainly with the idea of demonstrating the territorial possibilities of the shirt bosom. The costumes of the women, however, furnish interesting suggestions of our pre-historic progenitors. They are dressed in robes whose fashioning announces a haughty disdain for man's modern substitute for the bare skin,—the shirt bosom; and some have so much regard for the good old times that they are unwilling that their faces should suggest simply the use of pure water and honest soap.

But the men and the women, bosomed and more or less unbosomed, show in common at least one trace of the early ancestors. When they are pleased, they clash their hands together. They do not pound on the floor with their feet or walking sticks. That is an unlicensed variation of ancient custom which is resigned with pitying disapprobation to the bosomed gallery. Besides it raises a dust which mars the immaculateness of their bosomedness or unbosomedness.

It is against applause as a means of expressing appreciation of music, that I wish to register an emphatic protest. Few persons will deny that it is often highly inappropriate. I think that it can be shown that it is generally illogical, and that under the best conditions it is entirely unnecessary.

First, as to its inappropriateness. Can there be any-

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thing more out of place, more at variance with the spirit of the moment, than a tremendous din of applause at the conclusion of a beautiful song? Is it anything short of a profanation that an audience should send up a storm of hand clapping after Miss Carey has told them of the unspeakable sorrow of the tale of The Three Fishers? There are tears in the eyes of hundreds of strong men and women, and yet they select as a means of proving the genuineness of those tears an uproar which pulls from its pedestal and tramples into the dust the sacred image before it has been scarcely completed by the magic of that pure woman's wonderful voice.

Or when the perfect interpretation of a Chopin nocturne has spread the softened silver of the moonlight over the silent audience, why should that audience arise and throw off that veil and rend it into rags? Why should it be one whit less appropriate to send up a shout of approval at the close of a beautifully worded prayer? Because, it is answered, that is against all custom; it would be shocking. It is not customary to applaud in church. True; but why is it not customary? For no other reason than that it is *inappropriate*. Yet the same man who would consider any such demonstration highly inappropriate in church, will attend a concert, listen in silence to that most perfect of all prayers, Gounod's "Ave Maria," while it is being offered up by Nordica, and then proceed to make as much noise as he possibly can within the lines drawn by his bosomed and unbosomed companions.

This brings us to the point of the logic of applause —a problem very difficult of solution. Take the instance of The Three Fishers as sung by Miss Carey. It is not to be supposed that the applause of this song indicated satisfaction with the story, or pleasure at the contemplation of sorrow in the abstract. "No," you answer; "it simply means that we were enthusiastic because of the way the story was told." Very well; then the din which arose when Miss Carey had finished that song, and which, as I have maintained, instantly blotted out the picture when it was most beautiful, meant simply this: "Capital! That was a remarkably clever

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imitation!" Was not that a rather left-handed compliment to the singer? The reason given for the applause is the very reason why there should be no applause at all. It was more than a naturally fine voice, and a given amount of scale singing that made Anna Louise Carey one of the women who "were weeping and wringing their hands;" and it was not exactly in good taste to say to her: "Verily, we were almost made to believe that you really *meant* what you sung." If she had not meant it, she never could have sung it.

Now as to the necessity of applause. It was my privilege to hear a magnificent rendition of "Faust" in the Grand Opera at Paris last summer. It was a truly wonderful performance. The soloists were good, and the chorus superb. But some of the choruses were sadly marred, and many of the solos were almost ruined by the diabolical *claquers*. In several instances the last three or four bars of a solo were utterly blotted out by the conscientious manner in which these hirelings earned their money, (for they are hired to see that the phlegmatic French shall not be unduly inappreciative, and everybody knows that the average Frenchman lacks enthusiasm to just about the same extent that Newcastle lacks coal.) So several bars before the end of Margaret's spinning wheel song, and while Faust still had a dozen or more notes of his serenade to sing, these infernal *claquers* begun their uproar, utterly ruining the effect of the songs, and reducing at least one member of the audience to a frame of mind which would have made bloody murder the keenest enjoyment. "But what would you?" said one of them to a friend of mine; "we are the *promoters of success*."

In what striking contrast to this order of things was the regime which we found at Bayreuth! Whether or not Wagner's operas give us the most soul-satisfying music to be heard on this sphere, certain it is that nowhere else is the musical idea more thoroughly realized than in this quaint little out-of-the-way Bavarian town. How is it there in this matter of applause? Allow me to picture, as best I can, the conditions as our party of three found them. We

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entered the great, plain auditorium by the door which was indicated on our tickets, and found our way at once and without the aid of an usher to our seats. About two thirds of the audience were already assembled, but nearly all were standing, principally in order that the very little effort required to reach the seats be reduced to the minimum. There was no boisterousness, but nearly everybody was talking to his neighbor or to some one nearby. The old lady in front holds a program in her hand and evidently is explaining what is about to happen to the lad of sixteen or seventeen, who listens intently. The pretty, yellowed hair and blue-eyed German girl laughs and talks her plain honest mother tongue to some friends who are seated back of her. Two men just behind you are talking eagerly to each other, and their rapid, somewhat monotonous French is in strong contrast with the more musical flow of the German. From another direction you catch the sonorous intonation of the voweled Italian. It is an ideal audience from a musical standpoint; for people who go to hear Wagner's operas, whether they live in a miserable house on a side street in the quaint, old town, and have been saving their pfennigs for a year with this end in view, or whether they have come from over the sea and have very large letters of credit in their pockets, stand on the same plane when they are gathered in the Wagner theatre at Bayreuth. There is no chance for the display of purple and fine linen; one seat is as good as another and one seat costs just as much as the other, no matter whether you are a duke or a dienstman. Even though you do wear broadcloth you are no lower in the social scale than your neighbor who may be clad in a working-man's blouse. The fact that you are present is taken as evidence that you have a common motive with your neighbor. You love music, and have come to hear music as it may be heard nowhere else in the world.

Suddenly, and without warning of any kind, nearly every light in the house is extinguished, and you are left in almost utter darkness. In probably less than a minute the commotion caused by the turning down of the seats, and the sitting down of the audience has subsided. The doors are

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closed and an inexorable official mounts guard over each one. There is to be no invasion of that quiet by bosomed and unbosomed late comers. The few lights about the stage are lower and still lower, and there is complete quiet. No, not quite complete, for some misguided person nearby attempts to whisper to his companion. He is instantly hissed into silence. The house becomes so dark that you cannot distinguish the features of your neighbor. In probably less than two minutes from the first turning down of the lights, the great auditorium filled with its breathing, *listening* thousands is as quiet as a country church at midnight.

You know that the orchestra are down there under the shadow of that huge sounding board which utterly excludes them from view, and the silence is so deep, so sympathetic, that you can *feel* the music coming. At last it drifts up to you,—a long sweet swell from the strings, born of the silence and blending with it as the moonlight blends with the twilight of a summer evening; and you find yourself wondering, dreamily, when the transition began. And so you sit there for perhaps two hours in silence which is never broken except by the voices from the stage and the hidden orchestra. No matter what your emotions are, you must not betray them by any demonstration whatever. When the curtain has gone down at the end of the act, you arise and walk out into the open air. Has there been a wild storm of hand-clapping when some singer has poured his whole soul into the darkness and silence on the other side of the foot lights? Not a sound. Was there a frantic outburst of cheers and shouts when the curtain descended? Not a whisper. That is Bayreuth; the Ultima Thule of the opera; the Mecca of the musical world.

I have intimated that we have heard no applause whatever at Bayreuth, and that indeed is the temper of the place. But there was one remarkable exception, and we were told that it was one of the very few times in the history of Bayreuth that there had been any open demonstration in the Wagner theater. This demonstration occurred during the presentation of Lohengrin with Nordica singing the role of Elsa. At the end of the first act, after the great American

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prima donna had carried the immense chorus and orchestra through the triumphal ensemble, her magnificent work brought a score or more of enthusiasts to their feet, and there were very audible cries of "Bravo!" Hisses instantly came from all parts of the house, but the cheers increased in number and volume and the result was something like what is termed an "ovation" in America. There can be little doubt that the Americans in the audience (and the proportion was large) were responsible for this demonstration, and that it was prompted principally by patriotic pride in the instant and emphatic success of the first American to sing in Bayreuth.

But the point which I wish to bring out is that in Bayreuth, where the grand opera has reached its ideal stage of development, where the soloists and the chorus and the orchestra are the very best that the world can produce, applause is considered not only unnecessary but intolerable. Why, then, is it necessary or even excusable elsewhere?

Springfield, Mass. GEORGE GLADDEN.

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MY PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ANTOINE RUBINSTEIN.

TOGETHER WITH LETTERS.

While Rubinstein's death is still fresh in our memory, the following article, translated from the German of Julius Rodenberg, will be of especial interest. It is from a recent issue of the Deutsche Rundschau, of which Mr. Rodenberg is the editor. From 1858 until Rubinstein's death Mr. Rodenberg sustained peculiarly intimate relations with him, and wrote the text to several of his operas. The letters by Rubinstein which are printed here, together with the comments by Mr. Rodenberg, throw considerable light upon his character and his method of work. The German used in them is colloquial, some of it being apparently of Rubinstein's own coining. Mr. Rodenberg has transcribed them exactly as they were written, and an effort has been made to translate them literally. The punctuation, consisting largely of dashes and exclamation points, has been retained. MARY L. REGAL.

IT was in London in May, 1858, that I first saw Rubinstein. Those who knew him only in his later years will find it difficult to conceive how handsome he was at that time. For Rubinstein early became old, and although there was something titanic in his nature which even to the end did not forsake him, a certain weariness overcame him which gave him a heavy aspect. At the piano and at the conductor's desk the old fire still flamed up, but when he came down from the stage the infirmity of this imposing figure became apparent. He produced effects by means of his personality, if any one ever did so; but the great, gnawing grief of his life was that a like power through impersonal art remained beyond his reach. His creative longing and ambition had set the highest aims but he never reached them —he always came near to them and always failed of the last step. No noisy, momentary triumph, no external mark of fame, not the admiring gaze of the multitude wherever he showed himself, not all the honors of the world, which covered his head, deceived him about this.

Although ennobled, a Russian councillor of state and an "Excellency," he still always remained in his personal intercourse only Antoine Rubinstein. Only once in the thirty-six years of our acquaintance did I see him in full gala dress, with all his ribbons and stars on his breast and with the

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pour le mérite suspended from his neck, when he came from a court ball to which he had been invited. How gladly would he have exchanged all this pomp for a single lasting success, for a little "band of followers," as he once said in the bitterness of his heart, i. e. for one, such as to cling to him firmly, and with conviction. He had seen how mighty the few are whose belief becomes the belief of all, if it bears the spirit of the future in it. He saw on his right and left men rise up, whose supremacy overshadowed his path. Although he was too truth-loving to deny the fact, he was too proud to bow to it. His innermost being revolted from this. His great soul was a stranger to envy, but he had moments of anguish in which only his nearest friends saw him. A person of simple habits, and by royal generosity freed from money anxiety, these periods lasted longer. the more he failed of that satisfaction which alone would have made him happy. With wonderful energy he always made a new attempt, always charmed the multitude with a new composition, and the work always vanished together with his presence. Every work was rich in single passages of overpowering beauty, in strokes of genuis, but all lacked finish. Of his greater works, therefore, hardly one has held its place in the concert hall or upon the operatic stage without contention, or only during his lifetime. Worshipped by a host of enthusiastic friends, admiring women and grateful pupils, endowed with inexhaustible kindness which has helped many, noble in all he did and thought, raised high above any petty feeling, with the glory of a name which filled both hemispheres, a man of the first rank in every respect, and regarded by the best of his time as their peer—he was nevertheless not happy. He had been so once, and occasionally in conversation the joyousness and joviality appeared which originally belonged to his temperament. But the disappointments which increased with his years told on him and may have largely helped to make him present the appearance of a broken down man long before his age warranted it. But in those London days he was full of enchanting charm and overflowing life; his head, surrounded by a thick forest of brown locks, resembled more that of the youthful

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Apollo than that of Beethoven, of whom he reminded one in later life; his figure was slender and symmetrical; his bearing, without being exactly confidential, was without perceptible reserve, his countenance beamed with friendliness; no wrinkle was upon his broad brow, and in his great, gray eyes was mischief—a man to love, and not only for women. With the first pressure of the hand he won my heart, and it remained his even beyond the day when in a gay little circle in the "Kaiserhof" in Berlin we celebrated the twenty-fifth jubilee of our friendship.

I think it was in Margaret street, one of those little streets between Cavendish Square and Regent Circus, then as now one of the most elegant quarters of London. His room with low windows, thick carpets, a marble mantel, and dark mahogany furniture, was both very fine and very comfortable according to my notions. To live richly was about the only personal luxury which Rubinstein habitually allowed himself. While we talked he played with an ivory paper knife which he laid on the table when he went into an adjoining room to dress for going out. Upon the handle of the paper folder was his name in Hebrew letters—Anton Rubinstein. He never concealed his Jewish origin; his greatest delight was anecdotes of Polish Jews, seasoned with that salt sharper than Attic salt. Ten, twenty times he would tell the same story in order to laugh over it ten, twenty times—and O! how Rubinstein could laugh! Once, this was also in London, Hans von Bülow, seized by an anti-semitic prejudice, sent in his card which bore the whole list of his titles—Dr. Phil., Court Director of music to His Highness the Duke of Meiningen, etc. etc. When Rubinstein returned the visit he wrote under his name upon the otherwise blank card only the two words: "Schlavischer Semit" [Slavic Hebrew].

On that fragrant May day when we walked down Regent Street together, the world and life lay boundless before us —for me the essence of glory, of all dormant longing, of all glimmering hope. I felt inexpressively happy and proud by the side of this young man, in whose early fame I rejoiced, and who already shared with Joachim the musical

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honors of the season. Joachim and Rubinstein! These two names are inseparably associated with the recollection of those London summers which were so full of bright and lovely dreams, never to be forgotten. There also I heard Rubinstein for the first time. I see yet before my eyes the fashionable St. James Hall at the end of Regent Street, under the softened afternoon light, the most beautiful women and girls of England in charming spring costumes, crowded in the boxes and fauteuils; their heads close together, displaying this fine, elegant, truly aristocratic type—he, surrounded by them, in the midst at the piano, playing Chopin, with such melancholy sweetness and such irresistible charm that the hard hearts of the fair islanders melted in their breasts; and among them sat the little Mr. Ella smiling with delight, with his shrewd face bent upon his silver-headed cane, for he was the projector of these concerts. Just as Rubinstein was then, in his twenty-eighth year, a portrait represents him which he gave to me at parting, under which he wrote in his heavy hand and in his terse but not exactly classic German the words: "As a remembrance that the individual represented here is to receive an opera text from you. London, June 30, 1858"

Although I first made Rubinstein's acquaintance in London, the relations between us had already been prepared. When he was still in Leipzig and I in Hanover, mutual friends had expressed to me his wish that I should prepare a poem from the Bible for him to set to music. At that time my favorite study was the Bible, especially the Old Testament. For my own edification I had already put almost all the Psalms into verse and was busy with the Song of Solomon, of which I had already completed a versified translation, when that message from Rubinstein reached me. Although he had not entirely perfected the plan of a sacred opera, which he later conceived and carried out, our ideas met halfway. I do not remember now exactly which of us was more the stimulator and which more the stimulated. I know only that I brought the outline with me to London and that he received it with the greatest interest. A quarter of a century elapsed before he went seriously to

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work on the composition of the work, which should have been our first but in reality became our last.

As long as I knew Rubinstein he considered nothing worthy of greater honor than this sacred poem of the east, to whose innermost spirit his own was akin. I remember my amazement at finding him so versed in the scriptures and so familiar with the Biblical narratives. There was at the same time something touching in hearing him, the youthful, handsome and applauded man of the world, speak of these sacred things. To be sure they had for him a preponderatingly human and artistic value. Not for the church but for the stage did he wish to vivify them and present them with dramatic music.

What I offered him, however, was only a series of little songs and choruses which adhered closely to the Bible language, and which were not really, or only slightly, connected in action. While I write this, that first draft lies before me, which for many years was in Rubinstein's hands and shows upon every page the traces of his pencilling. For there was unusual stimulus in this intellectual association, in that Rubinstein always worked with his librettist, raised questions, expressed opinions—in short was never content until all stood out clearly before him. So over two years passed before I received the letter from him which will shortly be given to the reader.

At the outset I would remark that while I share with the public the letters addressed to me, I shall give them as he wrote them, with all the little faults against the German language, which it would be very easy to correct, but which become him so charmingly that it would be a shame to change them. Every one who knew Rubinstein will recognize him perfectly in these letters, for he wrote them as he spoke, with animation and feeling and with a certain impressiveness, but with an unstudied and natural manner, and always with the appropriate phrase. He shows his character himself in these better than another could do it. This may excuse me if I print them here although they were addressed to me. What I have been able or have attempted to give in general in these pages reveals only a small portion

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of his exuberant and artistic industry. It was a time when my relation to Rubinstein appeared like a part of my own life, so that I could not separate the one from the other, yet I think that even with this limitation the reader will not be unwilling to see how he expressed himself.

At that time, then, he wrote thus:

St. Petersburg, Nov. 12, 1860.

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

I turn to you with a weighty request, and hope, knowing well your great kindness, that you will not refuse me it —namely: I have begun to work on your poem "Sulamith and Solomon" several times and have always laid it aside again, because there was something in it which did not quite satisfy me.—This to be sure lies in the material itself, the traditional conception of which, though quite according to the text, is without logical necessity—the many contradictions in time, place and persons disturbed me and did not permit the inspiration of which I am capable if a subject quite meets my expectations.—After long digging and searching there at last fell into my hands a little while ago "Le Cantique des Cantiques" by Ernest Rénan, and this gave me the key to my hesitation and the persuasion that his comprehension of this mysterious theme would please me. My request is then—that you would read this work and arrange your poem accordingly tc this conception. There would be three chief characters, Sulamith, a shepherd, and Solomon, besides voices of the people, choruses of men and of women, mixed choruses, etc., appearing in it. It might add to the dramatic interest to be able to retain entirely the existing cantata or oratorio form, or else not to use it at all.

Will you do this for me and as soon as possible?—

Answer me in a few lines whether you will do it and how soon I can have it, for I should like very much to set about this task with the least possible delay.

With great respect,

Yours with friendly devotion,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

But even Renan did not finally help us much; the time

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for the song of Solomon was not yet come. It was constantly put away and constantly taken out again. Meanwhile, however, a new idea appeared. Rubinstein wrote me on the sixteenth of February, 1861 from Petersburg.

My dear Rodenberg:

I rely upon your promise respecting the "Song of Solomon" and will gladly wait until May, at which time I will either get it (sc. the text) or will write you where you may send it—for I wish to finish this work this summer.

Where shall you be at the end of May? I should like to try to hunt you up with another request—an opera text! Write me a few lines. Till the end of April I must stay here, unfortunately—but then I shall be a free bird.

Entirely yours, Ant. Rubinstein.

This opera was "Feramors." In regard to this, too, I can not say exactly whether the thought originated with him or with me. Long before Rubinstein I had known and loved my Tom Moore, had translated the greater number of his Irish Melodies (though only a small part were published) and, further on the English sea coast of Deal his lovely "Lalla Rookh" had been my companion. This poem had furnished Spontini with the text of his opera "Nourmahal" and Robert Schumann with the text of his oratorio "Paradise and the Peri." We drew from this inexhaustible source of musical inspiration—Félicien David also at the same time had composed a Lalla Rookh—the setting, and made the young king a peddler, who upon the bridal journey, clad as a singer under the name of Feramors, wins the heart of Lalla Rookh who is destined for him. Rubinstein had an especial pleasure in the figure of the comical old man, the courtier Fanladeen, upon which he bestowed some of the finest humorous touches. At the bottom of his soul Rubinstein was full of humor (although he did not succeed in writing a purely comic opera). But this Fanladeen is drawn with a master hand throughout, and if the whole opera had been like the first act with its incomparable ballet music, the *Lichtertanz* and the original and effective closing quartet, it would surely have a permanent reputation.

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But I will not anticipate my little narrative. On the first of June in the year 1861, in which our account still finds us, I received the following letter from Vienna:

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

Today I am going from here to Switzerland in order to be able to work a little quietly, and I am expecting from you the material for work. But I beg you if you have not yet undertaken the "Song of Solomon" to lay it by and begin at once upon "Lalla Rookh," for I have a great leaning upon this subject and should like above everything to set to work on an opera again. I beg you to send first of all an outline of the opera in order not to lose too much time.

Probably I shall not go to Ostende this year, for I am promised a performance of opera [sc. "*Die Kinder der Haide*"] at this time, so we can not see each other before the middle of September in Berlin. Therefore I request you urgently to send me something as soon as possible and I remain with hearty greetings,

Your devoted

Anton Rubinstein.

But to his impatience the work did not push forward rapidly enough *par distance*. A few weeks after this letter Rubinstein came to Berlin, rented an apartment in the Französische Strasse diagonally opposite me, and O! the delightful period when I went to him daily at midday with the yet fresh manuscript and, after we had read and discussed the verses, we went gayly to dine in a little restaurant in the Jaeger Strasse where Robert Radeck, Louis Ehlert and Ferdinand Laub were our companions, and Rubinstein applied himself to beef and sour cucumbers! So "Feramors" progressed finely and with the finished book my composer, happy and satisfied, went to Petersburg in the autumn. But the spring sun of the next year had not been shining long when he appeared to me one morning at about six or seven o'clock, in furs, with the score under his arm. He had come directly from the station to me and his first word was: "It won't do, dear Rodenberg, it won't do! You must still do much on it." He then laid the score upon the table,

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turned over its leaves, and, still in his fur coat, seated himself at my poor piano [which under his heavy touch whimpered piteously], began to play and sang "Rats, mice, rats, mice" for twenty or thirty pages, one after the other. I stood in amazement but he said: "I have only written that so underneath,- because your words were lacking. You must make something out of it now." And indeed out of this came one of the most beautiful arias of the royal singer. But the rats and mice were not all, there remained much besides, partly to alter, partly to compose new; and Rubinstein, who just then at the invitation of her Royal Highness, the Baroness Frederick William of Hesse, Princess Anna of Prussia (to her the piano score of "Feramors" was afterwards dedicated) went to Copenhagen, invited me to follow him thither which I did in June. There we lived four never-to-be-forgotten weeks, filled with music and poetry, under one roof, in adjoining rooms in the comfortable apartments of the Konger of Dänemark. Opposite the hotel stood the castle, gray with age, in which the baronial family lived. The homelike red and white interested me deeply and with a strange sensation I looked over at my future landlord who lived here in exile, because he was refused a dwelling and court state in Cassel. Oh the sudden changes in affairs! How much, how much we experienced, and how good it is to go back in memory to those days when we were young and could still make ourselves innocently happy with beauty! Long drives—for Rubinstein was not fond of walks—along the wooded shore, past graceful villas adorned with Thorwaldsen's reliefs, through the lonely spots in the Thiergarten; or evening hours in Niels Gade's modest summerhouse, himself at the piano, playing northern rhythms; or music performances in Rubinstein's salon at which the venerable Hartmann did not fail to be present—add to this the easy life in the rich, artistic city, with whose friendly, cultivated residents a German could still associate without constraint!—Yet the morning hours until noon belonged to work, and however early I came—and I was no late riser—Rubinstein already sat at his writing table, having completed part of his day's work, breakfasted frugally, finished

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his morning reading (the newpaper and a novel, at that time "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo,) and smoked I know not how many cigarettes.

In the course of the month in which the roses bloomed we had closely united our princely pair of lovers in Schalimar, the Vale of Cashmere. At the beginning of the year 1863 I decided, before the composer, to be present in Dresden at the first performance of "Feramors." Meanwhile I became a bridegroom. Krebs directed the work and next to me in a little box sat Rietz of Leipzig, Rubinstein's teacher, who, listening intently, pressed my hand particularly in the second act, perceived the length with restlessness. The great march in the third act especially failed to please him. "He must change that" said Rietz time and again—"he must write a new one instead. He can do it—music fairly pours in upon him." And really the general manager placed this request before Rubinstein and he at first undertook it Then he gave it up, because he was not willing to agree to abridging it. As it was, so must it be, he could neither take from it nor add to it. Rubinstein could not change his ideas. Indefatigable in work, full of earnestness and enthusiasm as long as he was at work, he was unable to take up anything that he had once laid aside. He wanted something new, always something new.

Meanwhile I could still truthfully write him of the deep impression his work had made in Dresden, and not least upon me, as one will readily conceive, whose thoughts, at the charm of those melodies, drifted to the south, to the shore of the Adriatic—to the land of my belonging, which I was soon to tread no longer alone.

My Dear Rodenberg:

I can get away from here in the first part of June and shall be obliged to be mostly in Germany.—I should like to meet you somewhere, but where?—and at the end of August I must be back here again—and should like to have the "Song of Solomon"—if it be possible to compose it next winter! How shall we manage that? To follow you on your honeymoon—is that possible? Lovers are dead for the rest of mankind, and they ride fast—how shall we man-

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age that? At any rate it is better for us to be together during the task. Therefore write me once more when and where you intend to be in Germany in the months of June, July and August, and I will seek you out.

From Hülsen I have received nothing, and it does not appear as if he wished to have "Feramors," otherwise he must have asked me for the score. [Note. As a matter of fact "Feramors" was not performed in the Berlin opera house until much later, in the year 1879].

The opera by David* has injured me more than I thought at the outset; the most of the German theaters will produce it—I am having vexatious times Pech with my operas—what is to be done—always something the matter, write something new—have you something? It would rejoice me. But now we must have no more lyric—it must be extremely dramatic—that will hardly do for you just now—but I will gladly wait [don't show these lines to your wife].

Perhaps upon looking it over changes which may be necessary can be made by correspondence—if not finish the "Song of Solomon" and send it to me.

My best greetings and wishes for a happy summer, etc.

Yours, Ant. Rubinstein.

We did not meet that summer, but I remember the day when I received the following letter on my way home over the Alps, still in the diligence over the Gothard, in Brunnen, on the Lake of the four cantons:

Dresden, July 23, 1863.

Dear Rodenberg:

Yesterday I heard "Feramors" here and rejoiced for us both—the music has faults, the text has length—but the work is no disgrace to us, and we can give it to the world with comfort, and it will do wrong to spurn it. The performance here was brilliant in many respects, the setting surpassed my expectations. Yesterday evening inspired me to write another opera, and that is, it seems to me, a good sign for the work.

Have you something of the kind—only not anything

(*Note.* It appeared almost simultaneously with Rubinstein's work and, if I am not mistaken, at the Karnthnerthor Theatre in Vienna first after Paris.)

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more oriental,—for the present one work of this kind is enough—now something European—of general and exciting interest—the salvation of my soul for a good opera text!—

How is the "Song of Solomon?"—have you read Mendelstamm's work upon it? still a new conception, but interesting and not without truth—Get it for yourself. It has appeared in Berlin, it is called "The Bible" and this part is dedicated to Meyerbeer.—I am longing already to receive it [sc. the poem], for it is going to be a splendid work, I promise you.—I shall not see you this summer, for I am about to go to Odessa [Note. His mother lived there.] and from there in two weeks to Petersburg, and you are to stay the whole time in Switzerland—but send me this thing as soon as possible, for I have a real longing for it. If you could only come to Petersburg, it is now so easy—and how nice that would be for me!—

But goodbye, my best remembrance to your wife and with most friendly greetings to you and your muse,

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

During the four years immediately following, our intercourse both in person and by letters was less frequent, for Rubinstein had in 1862 established the Petersburg Conservatory, as director of which not so much leisure remained to him for travel and composition. Still he recurs once more to our old theme even now.

Leipzig, June 16, 1865.

Dear Mr. Rodenberg:

I stayed in Berlin so short a time that I was absolutely unable to hunt you up—therefore I must write you from here concerning my "Song of Solomon." It is certainly time that I applied myself to the task—and you too—have you thought of it? I must have it this summer, and beg you to send it to me in the care of Bartholf Senff in Leipzig —I am longing for it—I do not believe that we shall meet anywhere this summer—I really do not yet know myself where I shall be, but I will not go back to Russia this time without having the "Song of Solomon" in my trunk. Farewell and send it to me as soon as practicable—I have

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already promised it for the next music festival in Königsberg—you see then I must get it *coüte que coüte* and you too!—?

My best greetings to your wife—

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

The reader will ask—and I ask myself—why I let my friend, to whom I was glad to do a favor, wait so long for the poem; why I at least did not make the effort to fulfil his urgent and often expressed wishes. The blue paper from the Hanover time with my yellowed verses and his pencil marks gives me only the one explanation; that the new idea of the text presented difficulties to which I did not then feel equal.

But now a new thought had come to a head between us, and this time we both set to work upon it with greater energy to carry it out. It was the "Tower of Babel."

The first letter which concerns this is dated at London on the twentieth of June, 1867:

Dear Mr. Rodenberg,

The plan and the poem will be very fine and I am unutterably happy over its composition—only I think the manner must be altered; it must not begin by night, but the first number must be the chorus of laborers—"Let us roll stone upon stone, it is soon finished, soon the building will stand in full glory, up, on, at work." etc. etc. Second number: Joy of Nimrod that the building will be done, that he shall at length see God, etc.

Third number: Invitation of Nimrod to Leila, a prayer to fire to judge—Prayer of women with Leila.

Fourth number: as the second in your plan begins, nothing more to alter to the end. The beginning seems too philosophical to me, and so I propose the alteration, as to the rest I am quite agreed.

I shall stay in London until July 3, and should be very glad if I could have it by that time. I am counting upon your promise and with best greetings, etc.

Entirely yours,

Ant Rubinstein.

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London, July 4, 1867.

Dear Rodenberg:

Tomorrow I leave London for Paris, where I shall remain a week and then go to Baden-Baden—You will do best if you have anything to send me, to address it to the latter place, to the book and picture establishment of Marx. But thanks for what has been sent— I think the whole will be very good—if I only succeed in producing something good—!—

Auf wiedersehen in Berlin—until then, etc.

Yours,

Anton Rubinstein.

We saw each other that summer, worked much together on the "Tower of Babel" and met in the evenings in one of the garden restaurants Unter den Linden, and made excursions—one to Charlottenburg with Tausig and Ernest Dohm—both these two also now long among the dead!

On the third of October, 1867, Rubinstein wrote me from Leipzig:

Dear Rodenberg:

At last I have received your text and am delighted with it—if I can only find time to compose music to correspond! ——I shall ask you to have patience with me, I am no longer in Russian service.

When will you revise the "Song of Solomon" for me? I think more of that than ever.—I hope to come to Berlin next January for concerts, then I hope that we can talk together oftener and bring our affairs into order.

With best greetings etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

The words that he was "now no longer in the Russian service" refer to this, that Rubinstein in this year 1867 had resigned the direction of the Petersburg Conservatory and had begun anew those concert trips, which resembled triumphal tours through Europe and later through America. Now he came regularly to Berlin again, and each time for a longer stay. I have never seen, either before or since, such genuine, warm and demonstrative enthusiasm in the classic

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atmosphere of the Berlin Sing Akademie as on those evenings when Rubinstein appeared—stilll with youthful elasticity, with the head which I had formerly admired in London surrounded by an abundance of brown locks, but already with furrows ploughed in his forehead, the sign of intense intellectual labor. After the concerts Rubinstein's friends would assemble for a jovial symposium around the table in the Hotel de Rome, among them always Rudolf Löwenstein, the charming composer of the "Kinderlieder" and with Ernest Dohm—editor of "Kladderadatsch," who years before, when Anton Rubinstein with his mother and his brother Nicholas were here in Berlin to study with Dehn, had given both boys instruction in German. Löwenstein spoke with great respect of the mother of his former pupil, whose eagerness to learn he could not sufficiently praise, while he, in white necktie and—after the excitement of the evening—wrapped in his furs, was full of unrestrained gayety. We, his guests, revelled in all good things of the season; he had enough with an apple, a glass of red wine and—his cigarette.

The year 1868 was devoted to the composition of the "Tower;" Rubinstein's letters begin again in the summer of the following year, when I was spending the summer with my little family in Thuringia.

Berlin, Aug. 4, 1869.

Dear Rodenberg,

As you see, I am already in Europe (!) Friday I shall go from here by the train which goes to Halle at 8 A. M. —and shall today find out at what hour I shall arrive at Arnstadt.—A thousand thanks for your friendly invitation to spend a few days with you—but I must decline it—I am the unendurable guest whom you can picture to yourself—and you shall not exact this from your wife—I beg you to engage me one or two rooms in an endurable hotel for next Friday and shall expect you at the station, if it is not too inconvenient for you. Hoping to see you very soon,

Wtth best greetings,

Yours, Ant. Rubinstein

How is the "Song of Solomon?

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So Rubinstein arrived at the little country town, his entire luggage a hand trunk, in which were the score, a plaid and the Bible, in which he read during the journey.

In our little country house which was situated near the town, in a large garden, with a murmuring brook shadowed by old trees, we first heard the music to "The Tower of Babel"— and another person besides listened to those strange sounds with moist eyes, which are now closed, but which at that time in those August days shone with pride and joy—my mother. Unconstrained she approached the great tone poet, she from whom I inherited my love for music, and who to the end was the truest friend of Heinrich Marschner. Rubinstein long cherished a friendly recollection for her.

Meanwhile I had gone to Berlin and he to Petersburg, and from there I received the following letter, which is concerned with the fact that the Stern Singing society wished to perform the ballet music with the choruses from "Feramorz."

Sept. 20, 1869.

Dear Rodenberg:

Will you be so good as to say to Mr. Stern that I grant the permission with pleasure, but that, although the score is at Rock's in Berlin, three or four sheets are missing exactly in the dances, and consequently the only way for him to get them is to write to the court theatre at Dresden to send him a copy:—if you hear anything in regard to the "Tower," please write it to me at once—it is important on account of the copying of the score.—The work is quite finished and I can say that as yet it gives me great pleasure (probably until the first performance!?) Do not forget my "Don Quixote"—the "Song of Solomon"— and "Job!"—

Farewell etc.—auf wiedersehen in January.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

Together with the Song of Solomon, Job and Don Quixote [Rubinstein wrote later a musical character sketch of Don Quixote]. long remained his favorite subjects—Two themes more opposite could hardly be conceived of, one would think, and both still human plays in the highest sense.

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Such things constantly occupied Rubinstein. Always in the mood for composition, he was at the same time a critic hard to please, one who read much and thought more. For this reason we find him on so many paths, which apparently run away from each other, while he in reality was only seeking mankind where nature was strongest—this intractable nature which rebels against God and wrestles with devils. This seems to be the central point in his compositions, the central thought which was brought to so clear an expression in no other work as the "Tower of Babel." He wished to take the drama back to its religious origin; before him always hovered the Mystery Play of the Middle Ages with its threefold stage—Heaven, Earth and Hell. To see his creation set thus would have been the goal of his wishes, and the work was planned for this. Only if this be known is the direction in the text intelligible, which is printed: "Heaven with God's throne opens," only then can the listener understand the three choruses of angels, men and evil spirits which close the work with a magnificent simultaneous fugue. Rubinstein lived in the firm belief that "The Tower of Babel" which is designated a "Sacred Opera in one act," with all its scenic apparatus would still win approval on the stage, but it has remained as yet confined to the concert hall and has even there offered the greatest technical difficulties in its performance. The work waited ten years for its performance in the Sing Academy in Berlin on January 6, 1880, under the unsurpassed direction of Max Bruch, at that time the conductor of the Stern Singing Society. The "Tower" had its first performance at Königsberg, the art-loving city to which Rubinstein was always attached. There at the end of 1869 they had prepared a festival week for him, in which "Feramorz" was also performed. Then followed the Vienna performance under the auspices of the association of music friends and its director John Herbeck, on February 20, 1870. The day of the performance a mutual friend wrote me from there:—

With great joy I can assure you of the exceptionally brilliant success of the oratorio. It was a spontaneous, genuine and evident triumph. The first chorus succeeded

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well, the three small choruses raised a storm of applause and the chorus of Japhetites had to be repeated. The tenor aria and the closing chorus were furiously applauded. The war chorus also made an impression—in a word the success could not have been more evident. At the close Rubinstein was recalled with enthusiasm four times.

Of this year 1870 I have only one more letter of Rubinstein's:

Bad Liebenstein, Thuringia, June 8, 1870.

Dear Rodenberg:

It is very kind of you to think of me—a thousand thanks for the photograph and still more for the news that you will work for me. I can not begin the composition of the "Song of Solomon" for a year—but I should like to have it at hand as soon as possible—for you know how it is with composing—you sometimes have a mood and good thought for a work and write it down as a sketch and go at another work. So I hope soon to receive "Cain" from Heigel, but shall not work on it yet.*

[Note. It is known that the composition of "Cain" was the last work that Rubinstein was engaged upon before his death and that he left it unfinished.]

This summer I have several things to finish which were outlined long ago, the winter I hope to spend in Italy, which ought to serve as text to a symphonic (?) work, and then I will go at my dearest work—the sacred opera—if Paris does not hinder me in it.—Finish it then for me, and make *yourself me* completely (*vom Halse*)—only that I urge you to remember that in all the dramatizing I want the characters of the chief actors as well as the atmosphere of the whole to be sacred—i. e. *per majorem Dei gloriam.*

I shall go to Oberammergau the first of August, until then I shall stay here.—If you would walk over here some time (it is not far) my wife and I would be very glad to greet you. I can never offer you a room in my house.

With best greetings to you and your wife from me and my wife.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

[Note. Rubinstein had been married some time in the

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sixties, and we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with his wife at the performance of the "Maccabees" at Berlin 1875.]

But Rubinstein neither went to Oberammergau nor I to Liebenstein; in the following month the Franco-Prussian war broke out, which gave a set back to all artistic undertakings and put upon me especially other duties.

Upon the conclusion of peace I received again a short letter from Rubinstein:

Vienna, Nov. 4, 1871.

Dear Rodenberg:

I am very sorry that I can not now undertake [über oder unternehmen] anything and still sorrier that I must release you from your promise—if you will do it for me in the spring it will be very welcome to me—although according to all human reckoning I shall not be able to go at this favorite work of mine for two years—that is your fault. The chief thing is that I should not undertake the composition of a work treating of love when I am become an old man; for in that case only the will but not the power would succeed.

With best greetings etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

And now after the great disturbances of our country had reached a glorious end and all began to shine in a new sun, I at last began with fresh courage our Biblical poem and received in reference to it the following letter, without date, but apparently belonging to the early part of May, 1872, which was written from Vienna, whither Rubinstein had gone to hear the rendering of his "Feramors."

Dear Rodenberg:

The sketch of the "Song of Solomon" is very good—but—but—it is almost without exception the repetition of "Feramors"—with the single difference that Sulamith is a vintager and Lalla Rookh a princess—yes even the Hochzeitsnarr is no other than Fadladeen, and the scenic effects are also the same as for example the presenting of gifts.——what is to be done about it—yes, even the coloring is

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Oriental, musically it is hard to make the Jewish different from the Persian or Arabian—I am quite unhappy over it —what is to be done about it? You must give advice— perhaps all this is a reason for choosing one of the many interpretations of the Song of Solomon which does not correspond with that of Mandelstamm! We must talk it over in Düsseldorf where I hope to arrive on the 12th of this month.—Perhaps you will already have found something by that time.—

My dear "Feràmors" has had no success here and if the management has to have much "*vis artistica*" in order to keep the opera in its rèpertoire—I suppose I can take it for granted that it will be given no more.—

I must admit that I am mostly to blame for this, for in the first place I declined to direct the opera myself, which led to many mistakes in tempo and conception; and secondly I insisted upon a cast of parts which proved an entire failure —thus Fadladeen was quite ruined and Feramors inadequate, the Hafiz was seen from the beginning to be sacrificed, for there is no selection for this part here, and only an artist can play it, but this one is by nature stupid, awkward and clumsy—and although the setting was ravishing, the orchestra and choruses beyond criticism, Lalla Rookh and Chosru good, yet the whole was a failure—I am very sorry, for I love this opera dearly in spite of everything.—

There are still other weighty reasons in this case—the Wagner association set up a demonstrative opposition to the opera, then criticism, with which I am in general on bad terms everywhere, took the opportunity to make me feel the entire weight of its arm, and in addition the public is now so led away with all the brochures over Opera and Drama, over Principles, New Paths, the Future, and however all these phrases may be, that a harmless, purely lyrical, specifically musical composition, add to that a Russo-Jewish composer, must leave the people cold, or agrees to opposition from the start.—The time is an evil one—but I live in the conviction that it will pass sooner or later, and then my "Feramors" will gain his right—if it must be that people can no more enjoy a simple melody beautifully performed

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—then surely woe to music, woe to the musician, woe most of all to me.——

Farewell, hoping to see you soon, etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

What Rubinstein remarks in regard to the relationship between the "Song of Solomon" and "Feramors" in this letter and in the next, dated May 7, 1872, also from Vienna, appears to me entirely aside from the question, for we had laid the difficulty upon the fact that the king had resigned and I ultimately succeeded in persuading Rubinstein of it, if not by means of the scenarium, later by means of the text. He wrote:

Dear Rodenberg:

I now vote decidedly for the plan of Umbreit [Song of Solomon, Heidelberg, 1828.] or Rénan—Especially the abduction of Sulamith, her longing for her beloved shepherd and the release by Solomon—more scenes of greater effectiveness are to be found, thus her nightly seeking for her beloved and the strokes? which she receives from the night watch. [Chap. 5, verse 7.] her longing —very musical character, etc. etc.

At all events I should be for the wedding poem, if the likeness to "Feramors" did not draw me away from it.

Hoping to see you soon,

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein.

Think also of Job, two acts with a prologue in Heaven.

The Lower Rhine music festival drew him out of this troubled mood in which he was. This, about Easter time of the year 1872, "happily joined" the choruses of the towns connected by art and kinship, and its climax was reached in the performance of the "Tower of Babel" under the personal direction of Rubinstein. It closed with a stormy ovation for the composer, who, upon the stage, almost buried in a sea of foliage and flowers, and surrounded by a crowd of young, enthusiastic Rhinelanders, sank upon a footstool and, pulling to pieces a great laurel wreath, gave a leaf of it to each one of the hundred outstretched hands.

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Those were the loveliest May days, full of joyousness and friendliness, such as can be experienced only on the Rhine. Hastened by their influence our work proceeded faster and already on June 8, Rubinstein wrote me once more from Vienna.

Dear Rodenberg:

A thousand thanks for the beautiful poem—if I could only begin composing immediately! I think I shall make a great hit with it. Now don't forget my "Job." I will give you respite for a year, but no more—it will give you much less trouble than the "Song of Solomon" (in which one must first find the dramatic part, then compose it.)

Once more hearty thanks, etc.

Yours,

Ant. Rubinstein:

On the fourth of November, 1871, Rubinstein had written me that "according to all human reckoning" he could wait two years before beginning his "favorite work" i. e. the "Song of Solomon;" in reality they became eleven years, the years of the "Demon," the "Maccabees" and "Nero." During this time we saw each other often enough, the last time in June, 1881, in London, where the "Tower" was performed in the Crystal Palace of Sydenham—the same Crystal Palace in which I had dreamed such lovely dreams in my youthful years. We exchanged reminiscences of every kind, and I especially recollect one tableful, at which the famous painters Sir John Millais and Alma Tadema with their wives, Lady Effie and Mrs Laura, were present. Still the talk was not of King Solomon. Then suddenly, more than a year later, I received in the wooded solitude of Jugenheim, to which I had gone for a few weeks during the autumn, on October 23, 1882 the following telegram.

"Must talk with you about Song of Solomon without fail. Have opera at Leipzig, impossible to leave. Shall expect you at Leipzig between Oct 28 and Nov. 11.

Rubinstein.

It was the "Maccabees," for whose second performance in the Leipzig city theatre we, my wife and I, came at just

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the right time. After the close, at a later hour, Rubinstein assembled at a formal supper, as he always did on such occasions, the numberless acquaintances whom he had everywhere, those who took part and the guests who came from a distance. All together numbered about sixty persons, among whom it was especially interesting to me to see Karl Reinecke, the composer and director of the Gewandhaus concerts. Wherever Rubinstein went he held court like a prince and one might almost say kept open house. In the rooms which he occupied there was a constant going and coming, and they were often so full that a person could find no chair to sit on. It was necessary to come in the earliest hours of the morning if one wished to see him alone. Then he would seat himself at the piano and play and sing what had been finished of the "Song of Solomon;" it was about half of the work and much remained for me to do still. Several scenes were to be enlarged, different passages to be altered; finally his "wunschzettel" was set free, and we could leave Leipzig together, separating in Vienna. The hours of the journey thither were the most restful and pleasant we had had during this period of intercourse. Besides us there were only Frl. Marianne Brandt, the gifted portrayer of Leah in the "Maccabees," and the orchestral director of the Leipzig orchestra in that intimate travelling party. They were going all three to Liszt, who was waiting for them at the station. In Weimar I had seen him for the first time in the year 1856; and here at the station I saw him again for the last time. He had indeed grown older in the many years which had passed since then, but he did not yet look like an aged man. The long white hair and the priest's garb clothed becomingly his seventy two years; he appeared stouter and less quick in his movements than when I had known him before, but perfectly vigorous. Liszt loved Rubinstein dearly; he embraced him at meeting and they kissed two or three times upon the cheek. Then we alone remained behind and the train went on, through the autumn landscape of Thuringia into that of Hesse.

A new spring and May had come and we found ourselves again in our dear Jugenheim, when suddenly one evening

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Rubinstein stepped into our quiet country life—the last touch was to be put to our work. A week followed, during which we were sometimes with Rubinstein in Frankfort, sometimes he with us at Jugenheim—again much work, many friends, many social hours in the "Frankfurter Hof" and under the trees in our garden, the intervals filled with wonderful trips through the fir woods to mountain peaks, from which we could look away over the sunny landscape, outlined in the distance by the silver ribbon of the Rhine.

Tantae molis erat—and still the end was not reached. Hardly had Rubinstein gone home when he expressed the last of June the urgent wish that I should come to him at Perterhof, otherwise he could not finish the work; and as the long journey was impossible for me at that time, Rubinstein made a hasty resolution and we met in Berlin in the middle of July. Out of the Song of Solomon, as it hovered before me in my youth, something quite different had been gradually evolved, from the cantata form had grown an opera. Upon three very detailed outlines ("*exposés*") which filled seven closely written pages and bore the dates Leipzig, Nov. 5-7, 1882, Jugenheim-Frankfort, May 10-18, and Berlin, July 16, 1883, Rubinstein had indicated numerically his scruples and hesitations in the lapidary style peculiar to him. I will here quote some which are especially characteristic of his exactness and his fine perception.

Old Testament Shepherd play? Idyll? Drama?

A Shepherd play (Pastoral) appears to me not a good name for the piece, for it is played too much in palaces and towns—Opera I would rather not call it either—what then?

"Where my lover tarried"—would not "my friend" be more poetic.

"Like a rose among thorns.

So am I among the crowd of maidens"—

Sounds really self conscious—in the Bible it reads: "So is my love among daughters"—in the third person!—

In the first chorus it reads: "The king draws thee into his chamber for silent repose" is that not somewhat *lasciv*?

"I have put off my shoe. I am in the clothing of the night"—what sort of a thing is that for the stage and s-

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pecially for the flight? She has had no time to dress herself!

A shout with the meaning of "Juchhe!" but in Old-Hebrew form is necessary for the first chorus.

Is the designation "harem" admissible for Hebrew life?

In regard to both of these last two inquiries I knew no better way than to turn to the best authority in Semitic languages and literatures, Prof. Theodore Nöldeke in Strassburg, who willingly gave us the following information:

"Considered from a purely prosaic standpoint the expression 'harem,' according to my opinion, is just as suitable in connection with Solomon as with his father (compare for example 2 Sam. 16, 21). The question is only whether the word in the particular place does not give an aesthetic shock, since it easily conveys an unintended impression to occidental listeners. In so far as I dare give a judgment without knowing the connection I should prefer a paraphrase. In an historical presentation I should speak of Solomon's harem without reflection and without connecting any accompanying sense of blame with it. That a prince should have a collection of wives was simply in accordance with his rank. Your objection to "Juchhe" I share, but I have searched the Old Testament in vain for another suitable exclamation. A "Heah" which appears in the Old Testament as a cry of joy and also of pain will not do. I find as a cry of joy at the wine-presses jâhâi in Syriac (according to another pronunciation jôhôi, both dissyllables); but this looks strange. Would not the word must suitable for the purpose be i—ô, i—ô? That is in Greek the favorite outcry in pleasure and in pain, and was adopted by the Romans also, and such a simple cry of nature suits every land."

We decided, however, upon "Jâhâi" (in the chorus of the people), and our learned advisor, who will pardon me for mentioning here his share in our labor, would have been delighted if he could have heard what wonderful music Rubinstein composed to it.

What we had begun in Margaret street, London, in June 1858, was finished in Margaret street, Berlin, in July, 1883.

Upon the completion of the work it received the title:

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"Sulamith.
A Biblical drama in five pictures.
After the Song of Solomon."

On one of these late summer evenings a small circle of friends assembled with Mr. Hugo Bock, the young head of the old firm of Bote and Bock, between whom and Bartholf Senff in Leipzig, Rubinstein had faithfully divided his works. "Sulamith" fell to the former, who set up the piano score dedicated to the Queen of Roumania, as well as the libretto, with a truly affectionate generosity. Here, in the cosy rooms in which we had already passed so many happy hours together, Rubinstein first performed the completed work. While he played, lightly indicating song and action, Paul Meyerheim drew the characteristic group; Rubinstein at the piano, surrounded by the intently listening audience, his head bent over the score, his brow shadowed by his overhanging hair. He was not fifty-three years old; his face was furrowed, his walk and bearing suggested already the premature approach of age; but as soon as he touched the keys, he resembled Antaeus who derives the power of rejuvenation from contact with his mother earth, the fading light of the eye became bright again, iron strength and endurance showed in every motion, and from him went out that electric current, which, without substance, alone indicates the neighborhood of genius.

In those days Rubinstein made a flying trip to Bayreuth, to hear a performance of "Parsifal." After his return I found him as I had never seen him before, sitting idle for two hours at a stretch with his cigarette before him. "Why should I write any more?" he cried, nothing remains for me further than never to take a pen in my hand again." He gradually became calm, we spoke of "Sulamith" and the next morning he was himself again. In one week he had spent four nights in a railway carriage.

Finally the evening of Nov. 8 came, when we were to see actually before us in the Hamburg city theatre the work of so many years. Rubinstein conducted and was overwhelmed with enthusiastic applause and wreathes, as always when he was present in person. A melancholy feeling took posses-

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sion of me, a sort of farewell mood, when I thought of the beginning, which lay about a quarter of a century behind us—some of the songs, however, were exactly as I had written them before I knew Rubinstein. For him as for me the better part of life had passed, since that time when in those London spring days we sought inspiration for the beautiful shepherd child of Lebanon; now it was autumn, November —and did the result correspond to so many hopes and so much love? We still thought so on that evening, and my happiest moment was when Rubinstein came to me, pressed my hand and said, "I thank you."

"Sulamith" was performed once more in the royal opera house in Berlin (May 1887), but as an oratorio and without scenery. But the color was lacking to the pictures, warmth to the dramatic inspiration; "Sulamith" was not written for the concert hall, and if it should ever be revived, it can be only upon the stage.

Two years after the completion of "Sulamith" we planned a last new work; and it was a strange coincidence that the suggestion of it should come from England, the land of our earliest common recollections. Rubinstein had promised a secular cantata for the great music festival at Leeds, and it was on the 20th of February, 1885, that he asked me for the text. His request came unexpectedly but he found me ready---it was as if I heard Huon's magic horn and the words with which "Oberon" begins: "Once more saddle me the hippogriff, ye muses, to ride into the old, romantic land."

Nothing seemed more appropriate than to look for the subject in the early time of Britain, in that dawn of history, full of secret murmurings of oak forests and hymns of Druids, whose late echo I myself once heard in the mountains of Wales and upon the legend-haunted Mona, the present island of Anglesea. The destruction of the national sanctuary gave the signal for the uprising of the British folk, who had been conquered by the Romans, at their head Boadicea (Boudicca) places herself, the queen of the Iceni. In fearful glory emerging from the bloodshed, she stands with both her daughters upon the war-chariot, "to con-

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quer or to fall, that shall be the woman's decision---men and slaves might live''—Tacitus makes her say, when she leads the countless host, drunk with hate and passion, to the fight of despair. The Romans were unable to muster to the spot more than one legion and a few hastily equipped auxiliary forces. But the overbalancing weight of barbarians was shattered against their invincible discipline. The dragon standard of the island Celts sank in the dust forever before the Roman eagles, and Boadicea drank the cup of poison.

Rubinstein embraced my proposition with the warmth which was inspiring in itself, and I wrote without pause to the conclusion. For even more than his accustomed impatience when he was engaged upon some congenial theme, did the consideration urge me on that I had in view for the next month a journey to Italy. With the Annals of Tacitus before me and Mommsen's five volumes which had just appeared, filled with the thought of Rome which I was to greet for the first time in a few weeks, my task succeeded as never before, and in only six days, upon the 26th of February, I was able to read to Rubinstein the completed outline. This was the last time that we sat together early in the morning, as we used to do in Copenhagen, and I remember with sadness this hour which seemed to open before me a new, wide perspective, and to join the past and the future in the union of England and Rome. Upon the journey to Rome "Boadicea" was my companion; she went with me over the snow of the Alps, and in Trent I put the finishing touches upon the poem. Before me, pointing out the boundaries of the foreign land with its walls, gates and towers, lay the old Tridentum; in the valley was the budding springtime, the chestnuts and almond trees were blooming and the snow fields on the mountains gleamed like silver. Never more than in those March days at Trent did I have the blissful feeling of the traveller who comes from the gray of the northern winter into the lovely sun of Italy. In this mood I wrote the closing song of "Boadicea," from whom I parted forever at Bologna, almost in the sight of Rome. At the appointed time Rubinstein received the poem, read it, expressed to me his entire satisfaction with it and

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never composed music to it. It will be found among his possessions just as I sent it to him from Italy. Rubinstein wrote no more letters, but he told me at our next meeting that it had been impossible for him to set to work on it. Meanwhile the political dissensions of the two great empires had begun, whose interests clashed in Eastern Asia, and Rubinstein was too genuine a Russian to be able to compose under the strained conditions a work which closed with a glorification of England. He turned again to the Bible, composed "Moses" and "Christus," and who knows but that he now, if he were still living, would in an apparently friendlier atmosphere have warmed again to the subject which lay so far from the circle of ideas of the sacred opera with which he occupied himself almost entirely to the very last.

Here end my personal recollections of Anton Rubinstein; what he was to me I have endeavored to present here in a modest frame; what he was to the world will be related in the history of the art to whose incontestably greatest figures he belonged for a half century. Whatever of his creations may live or perish, he himself will remain. The memory will remain of a creature of the rarest gifts of mind and heart; of an artist-nature, which, if it did not always reach the highest, still ever willed it. He who has made so mighty an impression upon his contemporaries as Anton Rubinstein, will never be entirely forgotten by coming generations.

JULIUS RODENBERG.

Translated from the Deutsches Rundschau by MARY E. REGAL.

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THE ESSENCE OF MUSIC.

SO many and so great are the modifying factors belonging to music, that it becomes a little bit difficult, especially in our day, to recognize wherein consists its essential constituent, its bottom fact. So true is this that some of our most intelligent writers on music err in this respect. I quote here from Miss Helen A. Clarke and Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, in this magazine. Miss Clarke says —"The very bottom fact of music is the sensuous pleasure derived from sound and rhythm;" and Mr. Perry—"Form and color are the two main features of the pictorial art, as tone and time are of music;" the two statements expressing one and the same thing—a non-truth.

The essential basis of music is *Tune;* and when Helmholtz, in one of his Prefaces, says that that basis is *Melody*, he comes just near enough to the true science to mis-state it; that phase of Tune called melody, although so prominent and even apparently fundamental in music, is secondary in musical science—melody being a derivation from harmony. Although doubtless a great physicist and physiologist, time may show that Helmholtz, as a musical philosopher, is a very unreliable authority; and those who quote and approve of his errors, on account of his well earned distinction in other respects, cannot claim great notice.

If scientific men have ever been prone to fallibility in musical science, we surely cannot expect better of those who are artistic rather than scientific. As for myself, I really seem to have taken kindly, through many years, to the examination of the numerical laws of Tune; and I am very musical in ear and feeling; yet how artistic I am I dare not attempt to say, and the less said the safer; and I may even be odious when I state that I have not as much interest in musical art as now existing as I would if there existed in our age a recognized and tangible science of Tune, Tune being the *sine qua non* of music, both as a science and an art.

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The musical *relationship* of tones—this is indeed the bottom fact, the essence of music. Music, however could not be very pleasing without other qualities besides this all-essential one, yet it would be music in embryo; but give me some musical instrument, say a good pianoforte, and I will so carefully and intelligently untune its beautiful tones (although keeping each tone itself as good in quality as if the piano were in tune) that the best possible artistic use of it could result in not one grain of *music* either good or bad. Neither could any one make me believe that human ears could ever be *educated* to delight in such a performance, in any such sense as we delight in music; and if any people should by means ever be led to profess pleasure in such terrible noise and call it music to them, I could not feel under obligation to admit that it is music to them, but only something which they have got used to and can at least hear without pain, or, in some cases, even enjoy from association. Such persons could not be normal judges of what music is.

I know there is a figurative use of the word *music*, as of thousand of others. According to this figure of speech music is anything which pleases the ear or gives sounds welcome to the heart. Thus we hear of the music of nature, the music of birds, "the sweet music of speech," or of the dinner bell and so on. But there is literally no music in any of these things, save in very rare instances. Few of us ever heard a bird really *sing*, they sing figuratively—however ridiculous this way of putting it may appear. Their shrill chirping, with their beautiful artless inflections and inarticulations, is wonderfully pleasing. I am sure that I love and enjoy the figurative music of these delightful figurative songsters; but I am just now so severely scientific that I will not call it music without a qualifying word—that is, not now, in these pages; for here we are serious and true, even though we be otherwise as soon as we get out of doors.

Tune, tone quality, rhythm, expression, *et cetera*, make music itself a great reality, however inadequate its terminology and undeveloped its science. Mr. Ellis finds the old

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expression "quality of tone" on the whole least objectionable for designating that third property of tones which does not refer to either their pitch nor their force. We speak of a good or a poor tone, meaning of course quality of tone, without reference either to pitch or loudness. The three properties of tone may advantageously be distinguished more carefully than heretofore in studying the nature of music.

Although not a special student of the laws of tone quality, these being in the domain of acoustics, and I am not an acoustician, I am impressed with this property of music, I suppose, very much as other musical persons are. There is certainly a tremendous difference in favor of music which has some kind of a rich quality of tone as against that which, although possessing equally good intonation or tune, is poor in tone quality. There is also some difference in taste as to quality of tone, and there is in fact some difference in ourselves, in different moods, tenses, and circumstances, as to just what tone qualities are pleasing. These matters, however, are of a physical, physiological and psychical nature; and being no philosopher in any of these directions, I can of course be excused from taking up such subjects but should *not* be excused nor forgiven for writing essays on subjects in which I am ignorant.

I have often noticed how most persons, even among the musical, confound quality of tone with tune. The musical property with them *seems* to be tone. A piano was poor-toned before tuning, and now it is fine-toned, even though no change has been made in the tone quality. Of the relationship of tones, that is, intonation or tune, they have scarcely a conception. The two ideas are not probably very distinct in their minds. "In tune" and "out of tune" are indeed expressions often heard; but if an instrument be really of excellent *tone*, that is, tone quality, and be quite a little out of tune, it is usually called in good tune; while if it be actually in good tune, but of a poor tone quality, it is called "out of tune" by most people. The most meritorious piano-tuner, therefore is never sure of praise, even though he can often greatly *improve* the tone quality of a piano by skillful

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work on the hammers, as well as tune it; while he is sometimes highly complimented by merely doing what is to him a rather simple thing, if he be a real master of tuning, namely, to tune the strings. In the majority of cases, however, it is neither simple nor easy to him; for in most pianos, and even in many good-toned ones, the strings will not adjust well in tuning.

A still greater piece of musical Philistinism which a tuner often meets with, is, when a piano rattles, jars, buzzes or rizzles, or else makes some other indescribable noise—on account of a pin or such a matter, or a larger article lost on the sound-board (of a square or grand), or something loose or cracked pertaining to the sound-board, ribs or bridge, or the loose contact of two wire ends somewhere, or a screw or a nut loose, or something pertaining to the case or fretwork, or something outside of the piano altogether, on the stove, or on the piles of toys or bric-a-brac, or a loose windowpane, or some one of ten thousand other things, and there is really no end to the list. Any number of people will pronounce a piano "out of tune" if someone of these infinitely varied causes make a *noise* in the piano where there ought to be silence—and "silence," being one of the greatest of "kickers" against this state of things. Being wholly a tuner and what there is left of me in that capacity being considerably given to the natural or numerical laws of tune, I find myself somewhat out of joint with a large part of the present musical world, but we may come together in a few hundred years.

But I have written to great length in this magazine on this phase of music, and am bound that this present contribution shall possess the merit of brevity. Yet there is much more that I wish to publish concerning these "merely numerical" laws, and in a near future I may present something to show that the present attitude and status of acoustics—*in relation to Tune*, in which phase of acoustics I am alone concerned—is a ridiculous if not a mischievous one.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

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A SONATA OF THE WOODS.

"MERCY on us! What on earth are you doing lying directly across the path in everybody's way?" As somebody stumbled over him, Mr. John R. Phelps arose from his recumbent position to see who was anathematizing him in such a fashion, just in time to receive into his lap what at first closely resembled a bundle of white muslin, but which worked itself out to be a most charming pretty girl.

"I humbly beg pardon and crave forgiveness for any awkwardness I may have caused," he commenced, helping her to a more comfortable seat, "I do hope you are not hurt, but if you don't want a fellow to lie down and dream in the woods, you shouldn't have such woods and such perfect afternoons, and such peace on earth, and such glorious singing as I heard a few minutes since, co-mingling with the distant twitter of the birds. Are you the singer? By all that's fine, whew! What a fine voice you have, and let me tell you, Miss," waiting for her to fill in the pause, "Miss."

"Continue, sir, wont you?"

And, baffled and a bit embarrassed by the girl's tact, Mr. Phelps stumbled round and finally said, "I was merely going to remark I've met Swinburne, the author of your song a couple of times.

> 'Ah there's nae lark loves the lilt, my dear,
> There's nae ship loves the sea,
> There's nae bee loves the heather bells,
> That loves as I love thee, my love,
> That loves as I love thee.'

Jove! isn't that pretty? Isn't it beautiful?"

Now the girl was interested. Her hopes and ambition lay in her voice and she was too poor to cultivate it; she was so hopeful, so ambitious, she plodded along by herself until she could get away to study, so looking up at this stranger as he certainly was, or she would at least have heard of him, and recognizing in him a gentleman, she said:

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"I beg your pardon, sir, for being rude. I am Miss Helen Hinsdale. My father is the priest of this parish, and he and I—I have no mother– live at the Parsonage in Melville. I wish I might stay and have you tell me about Swinburne and all the people of his world, how I envy you, knowing them, but it is getting toward sun-down and I must get home for tea. Goodness! Look at my gown. Have you a pin?"

Mr. Phelps produced a small carryall of pins and needles and buttons which he always carried around with him in his wanderings, and while the girl pinned up her torn flounce, he introduced himself.

"Miss Hinsdale, as I am helping to repair what I most unintentionally have done, I want you to do me a favor. I am Mr. John R. Phelps, Jr."

She bowed, with her mouth full of pins.

"I started out to get rid of work and New York, where by the way I am junior partner of the law firm of Phelps, Dodge & Phelps. As I say, I started out to get rid of work, and I've been wandering around the country, doing nothing, sleeping at night wherever I could get a bed."

"And in the woods in the day time," she broke in.

"Exactly, and enjoying myself in my own quiet way. Now here I am, near Melville; its six o'clock, and no thought of a night's lodging."

They both laughed.

"So I'm going to ask you to help me out and tell me where I will be apt to find a room and a comfortable bed, and something most important, something to eat. I'm starved!"

"A question, certainly. Help me up, will you please?" then, gazing at her gown. "That doesn't show much, does it? Let me see—there's Mrs. Goodale has a room and a clean one at that, but unfortunately, it is taken by the man who came down from the fair at Frederick to sell pigs, so that will not do. Farmer Smith's wife has a boarder, an artist I've just met, so her room is taken. Well I declare, with the exception of the Melville Arms, our one and only inn, from which may the Lord preserve you, I cannot think of a single room in the village."

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"There's a pleasant prospect; what am I going to do?"

"I can only suggest one more thing, and if that don't suit, I can't help you. I've got to go home. It's late. Supposing you come home with me and father can tell you better than any one where you will likely find a room. If things come to worst, and there are none, we can take you in for the night ourselves, but you'll have to submit to being cramped. Our home is not huge."

"I'm a lucky dog, certainly, who'd have thonght a mere stumble conld be so productive of good results?" muttered Phelps, sotto voce, as off they started, he, a tall, strong, intelligent looking man of from twenty-five to thirty, and she a dark-haired, blue-eyed, bright complextioned, tall, graceful girl of about twenty—both talking away as if friends of long standing.

After twenty minutes walk across well kept fields, climbing a fence or two, stumbling, laughing and talking, they come upon the parsonage with its little ivy covered church beside it. It was close on to seven o'clock. The sun was going down and the entire western heavens were one blaze of gold and copper. The rays of the sun striking upon the windows made them gold too; everything glowed; everywhere was content, and from the organ rolled the evening vesper.

"That's my father playing," whispered the young girl, and involuntarily her voice rang out with:

> "Peace, perfect peace, in this world of sin
> The voice of Jesus whispers, peace within."

suiting words to the accompaniment.

Alas! Cupid had his eyes on Mr. John R. Phelps, Jr. and John R. realized it. For, as the girl stood beside him, utterly oblivious, breathing true religion, he experienced one of those rare moments so seldom felt in life, but when felt, never to be forgotten. I will not exactly say Mr. Phelps knew himself to be in love, but he himself, was perfectly contented and wished the scene would not change, which seems next door neighbor to love, doesn't it?

However, the scene did change, the sun kept sinking further into the west shining forth a golden requiem. The

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evening vesper had stopped, and now, long, low, rambling chords, beautiful, full of solemn grandeur rolled out, taking its place.

Aimlessly the man and the girl had wandered toward the church.

"Just peep in and see papa," she said, "he plays beautifully. He plays sometimes for hours, learned as a mere child—his mother taught him—don't make a noise. I never disturb him when he's at the organ."

Phelps peeped and saw an elderly, scholarly looking gentleman sitting at the organ, playing without music, and with closed eyes. A moment, and then they noiselessly withdrew.

"Papa's had the blues lately, he wont be home till later, so we'd better be getting home and have some tea. Intruding was it, you suggested? If you only knew how delighted I am to have a real live city man to talk to, you'd think yourself an angel in disguise and have your head turned. So taisez on that subject and come on."

How that evening flew. They had tea together *en tete a tete*, and just as they were finishing Mr. Hinsdale joined them. Later, Phelps and Mr. Hinsdale arranged that Phelps should at any rate stop over night with them at the parsonage. Then Miss Helen sang, while the men smoked, running from one plaintive ballad to another, without pausing between the songs.

It was a scene of great quiet. The outside world seemed fast asleep, except for the chirping of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, and once in a while the hoot of an owl as he winged his way in the darkness.

The clearness of the night atmosphere accentuated the steeliness of the stars, as one by one they budded out, the forget me nots of the angels. Inside the room sat the two men smoking and listening to the sweet girlish voice as on and on she sang, Scotch and English ballads, old Norwegian and Welsh melodies, and even a German love song, but all tending toward the quiet, restful, minor.

One of the men, the elder, drowsed, the other dreamed; and dreamed such dreams as only a combination of Cupid's

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warnings, a good strong, thick stupefying tobacco smoke, and a state of blissful content can produce. Finally, the singing stopped, and then there came the inevitable pause, consequent upon the ceasing of exquisite music. Helen left the piano and tip-toed over to Phelps so as to avoid awakening her father's snooze, whispered, "I'm going to bed. I'm tired; you'll find your lamp outside the door when you want it, and remember your room is just at the top of the stairs. Gute Nacht," and laughing, she went off.

Phelps dreamed a while longer. Then ahemmed to wake Mr. Hinsdale, and having succeeded, they talked a while, locked up the house, took up their lamps, and not many minutes after, Morpheus and Somnus were the reigning spirits.

Phelps did not continue his wanderings the next day, nor the next, nor the next. In fact, he stayed on and on, until three weeks time had been consumed, in helping Helen at her duties in churning butter, driving home the cows at night and to the pasture in the morning for the farmers, making all the old men and women, young men and young women, boys, girls, the youngsters—everybody in the village like him, and lastly, in learning to admit to himself his love for Helen Hinsdale. There was the rub. She did like him; she told him that every day, but she couldn't, so she said, and wouldn't, according to him, love him. Indeed, she admitted her intense friendship, her preference to him over everyone else, and she realized how she would miss him when he went; as of course he would sooner or later, but she would say.

"You know, Mr. Phelps,—"

"Why don't you call me John? ' always an interruption.

"Against my principles; shall I continue, or are you going to interrupt again? Well, for the fiftieth time, I have told you I honor and really love you as well as I ever expect to love anybody, but I am not willing to marry and give up all my ambitions. I must, before I marry, see the world, learn how to sing. Only think, to be able to sing with your whole soul as all the fine singers do, and then after I've done that, picture your mother's consternation. Why, she'd throw up her hands in holy horror 'to think of my

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son marrying a public singer!' "

"If you'll manage me, I'll manage her," he interrupted, only to be squelched by a most determined look.

"No, do as you suggested to papa, get me some sort of a position in your town, and let me have my fling as you have said. I don't want to get married. I want to enjoy myself my own way. Why don't you go to work? What are you? A good looking man, I'll admit, but a frightfully lazy, listless individual who does nothing while his father works at law. Make something of yourself. Be ambitious and make us honor you always, and I for one, won't, unless you do something and do it quick;" and so the position never changed, the conclusion was always the same.

At last Phelps realized her firmness, and the best of the bad bargain. At least, "better go to town, and get her a position and be near her, and have a sort of brotherly right to look after her; let her go ahead and work and succeed. She'll admit her independence not wholly satisfactory, some of these days. We all come to it, and then I'll get in my fling," reasoned the rosy-minded youth. "I'll do something if I die for it; won't I astonish my goodly parents? Well, we'll see how things turn out?"

He left, liked by all, and missed especially by Mr. Hinsdale, who, dear old man, could not understand Helen. John seemed to him to be all that a girl could wish for in a husband, and yet she didn't want him, and preferred her voice. It had taken Mr. Hinsdale a long time to become accustomed to his daughter's ambition. Indeed he had only acceded to it, thinking that she would never have a chance to cultivate it, and therefore his consternation was really pitiful, when, a few weeks later, Phelps wrote, saying he had succeeded in getting Helen a position as private secretary to a Mrs. Holden, the principal of a large private school, and a woman of considerable prominence, who agreed to permit Helen to take singing lessons, and to practice at any time Mrs. Holden did not need her. The salary though not large was sufficient, and Helen planned to get a church position as soon as possible.

There was great rejoicing for a time in the hearts of the

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inmates of the parsonage at Melville. That is, Helen rejoiced and her father pretended to.

"It isn't papa, as if I were going away for good and all. In a year, or perhaps a little longer—that'll pass soon—don't you think it will, papa? Say in two years I'll be a fine singer," accent on the fine, "and then I'll make money and come back home" and her face would beam, "and then we'll be together again forever. You don't think you'll miss me dreadfully? I mean,—of course you'll miss me—but you can—you know—you can—"

"Sort of exist, I should say you mean," broke in Mr. Hinsdale with a smile. "Oh yes, my daughter, I shall miss your bonny face and your dear self, especially at nights; but it is right you should go, and well, I will manage to get along somehow I think, dear, until you come back," looking at her with that indescribably pathetic smile that told a tale of sorrow in itself, and which made people somehow love and honor Mr. Hinsdale, but which completely upset his daughter. Looking up into that dear face, her eyes would fill with tears, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, she would cry as if her heart would break. Ah, this ambitious young woman had a heart, too. Poor, dear, generous-hearted Phelps, how his ears must have tingled at such times. Helen would go around calling him names and wishing "he'd never come to Melville, and been such a bother," while he, poor chap, was busily marking off days till she would come, beaming on humanity in general and on his own personal friends in particular.

Gradually the month of preparing grew into a week, then five, four, three, two days, and now the good bye.

It was right sad to see the old man watching his daughter prepare to go out into the world —as we all must, sooner or later—to fight the battle of life alone. The world from which he dreaded so much. But she had inherited her mother's restless disposition and could not be held back and yet be satisfied; so he let her go.

The train which was carrying her into the vague smoke beyond was fast passing out of sight. He stood there, an aged man, his head uncovered, dejected, lonely, sorrowful.

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As the last car of the train swung out of view, raising his voice, he prayed, "Oh my heavenly Father, protect and follow this, thy child in her path through this life which she has chosen. Guide and advise her in her hour of need, and bring her back to me with as beautiful and pure a nature, unspotted from the world as she now has. Lend her aid, that through Thy heavenly guidance she may blossom out into as lovely a flower of womanhood as is now the budding promise of her youth."

The quiet afternoon sun shone down its golden benediction. Mr. Hinsdale started for his comfort, the ivy covered church, the organ. Seating himself he played as though his fingers were following the dictates of his heart. Gradually the broken passionate chords toned down into a restful melody and when the rays of the sinking sun had turned the little stained glass windows into gold, and had sent various colored humpty-dumpty's around the interior of the church, Mr. Hinsdale played the evening vesper.

'Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.'

Then he closed the organ, locked the church and went home.

After what seemed to Helen an interminable journey, the train slowly puffed into a very pandemonium of sounds. Screams, bells, hurrying men, scolding and excited women, crying babies; officials here, there, everywhere, innumerable quantities of small boys in everybody's way, Bedlam let loose. She dared not move. In fact, she was completely upset, or how are we to account for the tearful hug with which she received Phelps, and which for a second or so bereft that young man of his senses. He succeeded in getting her into a carriage, took charge of her boxes and bundles, and then they started for Mrs. Holden's. They talked on the way naturally, she despondently, he encouragingly.

"It would do your heart good, Helen, to see me work. I verily believe that my goodly mother would object, only the head of the house assures her it wont last long, but," here a sudden, unexpected and successful assault made Helen retire into her corner of the carriage in hot haste, and say in her most dignified manner, meanwhile putting barriers

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between them in the shape of bundles, bag and an umbrella, "None of that, John Phelps. Don't take advantage of my countrified, confused reception. We are only friends. Remember our bargain."

"I'm to work and you're to wait," he broke in.

"Of course," she answered, composedly. "But no nonsense between whiles."

Unfortunately for Helen's dignity, the rig at that moment stopped in front of Mrs. Holden's unpretending but dreadfully substantial residence school, and her assumed attitude instantly changed from the stabbing-with-icicle kind to one of most delicious dependence, (yours most truly, John R. Phelps).

Before he dared venture to ring the bell, he had to restore to her some of her old time independence.

Mrs. Holden was what one would call a versatile woman. A clever writer, a successful manager of a school, a good mother; and she had been a most devoted wife. Helen had pictured her pedantic, angular, parchment colored and eye-glassed. Therefore this bright complexioned, plump, jolly little woman, took her so completely by surprise she could find nothing to say for a minute or so, and she fell in love with her completely, as with a nod to Phelps, she came toward Helen, put her motherly little arms around her, gave her a kiss and said, "Excuse the kiss, honey, you are one of my girls, now, you know. Stand back and let me look at my young secretary. I'm from Virginia myself, my dear," still with her arms around her and with the most winning, encouraging smile on her kind face, she looked at the bright young girl; and then said: with a nod to Phelps

"I see you didn't exaggerate, John. Excuse me children, while I see after the room and the bundles. I'll soon be back," and off she trotted.

Helen found her tongue and asked quantities of questions. John explained, how Mrs. Holden had known him for years and what a lovely woman she was. Helen was delighted; John at least seemed satisfied with her thanks, so 'tis enough. He stayed until he saw she had recovered her self possession, then he left, telegraphed to Mr. Hinsdale of

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Helen's safe arrival—always the same thoughtful fellow—and then went home and wrote sonnets to his lady love. "Who'd have thunk it of 'im?"

Time passed rapidly. Mrs. Holden's correspondence was in a dreadful muddle and Helen spent her first week in settling that, arranging her room, becoming used to the routine of the school life and learning to know the inmates of the house. Everything was dainty and refined and worked with no clashings. Helen had a class of youngsters in English grammar and one, more advanced, in English literature, so she had enough to do to keep her from homesickness, and soon her music would commence.

A week or so after her arrival, Mrs. Holden took Helen with her to a reception of the literati, I might say, and introduced her around as "My young secretary, charming girl, has a beautiful voice."

Here, as everywhere, Mrs. Holden was a great favorite, so Helen's introduction was timely; and then her own bonny face, as her father called it, her commanding height and fine figure, made her attractive and noticeable in herself.

It came to pass that during the evening the hostess asked her to sing. Encouraged by a bright smile and 'do your best,' telegraphed across the room by Mrs. Holden, she seated herself at the piano. Running her hands carelessly over the keys, she thought a moment and then commenced that dramatic passionate Time and Tide of Rodney's. Forgetting herself she sang out, and her glorious round voice, her musical appreciation, her extraordinary dramatic ability were heard and seen at their best.

The room became quiet. Here and there a quick, restive sigh would be heard. A few of the elder women wiped away furtive tears. The men's faces were thoughtful; then the instantaneous applause dramatic music demands, and it was over.

There happened that night to be in the room a celebrated musician, and Helen commenced for herself unconsciously a new era in her life. An odd, quaint, nervous little man was Pietro Gascagni, but a recognized genius. He had met Mrs. Holden in various places, so turning to her, said:

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"That girl has genius. I would like to know her."

Mrs. Holden, active little manager, led him up to Helen, and then and there they arranged a meeting for the next day, per consequence for months of hard work.

Yes, the study of singing is hard work as Helen soon found out. Gascagni knew his art, and being as emotional as the rest of his nation he immediately fell in love with his talented pupil, so took extra interest in her progress. The exercises they went through were awful. Scale after scale, thirds, octaves, trills, staccata, and all the fancy work which goes to make a fine singer; but it seemed that in the oratorios she felt most at home, and them she loved the best. During her leisure hours, Gascagni would talk old music to her, explain motives, teach her harmony, and in that way she became familiar with our great masters. He introduced to her numerous musicians of the town for whom she sang, besides having become essential to Mrs. Holden, who always insisted upon Helen going with her to various teas, receptions, musicales, so that before long that "charming Miss Hinsdale" became very popular.

Thanks to Mrs. Holden her story was told. So she soon found herself in demand as a songstress, at private entertainments. But Gascagni was inexorable, and would not permit her to sing. Indeed he said:

"Zey will be tired off you befo you are a zinger. Vait till you know how to zing."

So she waited and worked, had her ups and downs, but still kept on. John Phelps' mother called on her soon after her arrival, and she had been entertained at their home, but it was always to Mrs. Holden she went for motherly advice, and generally when downhearted, after a hearty cry on that dear woman's lap, would feel happy and encouraged.

As for John,—indeed he was radically changed.—He worked away at law like a Trojan, studied law, tried suits, won cases, revolutionized himself in general, went to church, tried to study music, was seen at receptions, (things he detested) and no one could understand him, except himself.

Well, the time came when Gascagni would permit Helen to sing. Meantime she had been back to Melville for a

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short visit and John had run down on the last Friday night unexpectedly, and together they persuaded Mr. Hinsdale to leave his church in charge of his deacon, to rub off the cobwebs of time a bit, and return with them to town. So on the night of her concert, her father was there to hear her.

The hall was crowded with the best people of the society world; the literati, musicians, artists, a cosmopolitan assemblage. To half the audience she was known either personally, or as Mrs. Holden's young southern secretary. But the other half knew neither her nor her history, nor cared to know. They had paid their money to hear music, and would criticise pro or con as things might develop. Therefore, it was a trying ordeal and would be a certain test of her ability.

At precisely at eight o'clock, as Gascagni came into the manager's box, Monsieur Hubert, the eminent leader, raised his baton, and the concert commenced with the overture of Wagner's Tannhauser; its great and solemn chords bringing the house, by the majestic splendor, from the noise and chatter a crowd make, to an almost ominous silence.

Mr. Hinsdale, Mrs. Holden and John Phelps sat together toward the middle of the parquette; all three excited, but the excitement of each venting itself in absolutely different ways. Mrs. Holden's eyes fairly sparkled; her color was brilliant, and she could not keep still. Mr. Hinsdale, calm enough outwardly, would now and then pass his hands over his forehead, as if to relieve an anxiety, and give sort of a quick sigh. Phelps sat rigidly straight, his lips firmly shut, breathing in long drawn breaths which shook him as he took them.

Well, that ever magnificent overture came to an end, and not one note had the trio heard. Now Helen's turn. She never looked more charming than she did as she stood there, facing the vast audience. Exquisite, refined, dressed in a simple gown of white mull with a ruffle of wide lace finishing the round neck of the waist, her wavy black hair coiled low at the back of her neck, and in her white gloved hands one American beauty.

So young, so girlish, so pure. The audience paid her

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homage by a sudden quiet and then a generous applause. But it did not go well. Somehow she couldn't breathe. She forgot her intonation, her phrasing. Her one wish was to get through without breaking down; and when she finished without even a recognition of the audience, she hurried from the stage. Of course, Mrs. Holden's and Phelps' friends encored her out of courtesy to them, but it was a dismal failure without doubt and the verdict of the critical was "She cannot sing. Why will not a pretty girl be content with being just pretty? She has no voice."

And poor Phelps turned to Mrs. Holden with the most eloquent appeal in his grey eyes, and anxiously demanded:

"What is the matter? She never sang worse in her life;" while Mr. Hinsdale covered his face with his hands and kept still.

Next a Polish pianist played one of Chopin's polonaises magnificently; then a fair, fat and forty-five contralto insisted, "you're a daiszey" at the top of a dreadfully hard loud voice, meaning, the program said, "Euridice."

Then Helen's turn again. This time, "determination sat in her eye." Her walk as she came forward was positive. After waiting a few minutes for the prelude, she began, and then—clear, pure, round, sweet, flute-like rang out Marguerita's Spinning Song, from Faust. The house swayed with her as on and on she led. Great, solemn, glorious tones, full, dramatic, filling every nook and cranny of the vast auditorium, until the very air throbbed and pulsed with glorious harmonies of great music. Dreaming, sighing, crying, rejoicing, she led them until they must cry out, when—a change, and the Jewel Song with its wonderful, birdlike trills, runs, staccato movements, its great fortissimos and quiet pianissimos brought them from wondering at the voice to admiration for the master in his training.

This time the applause was deafening. Women clapped, men stamped their feet and clapped, the musicians cried aloud, "Bravo, bravo," but no response came, no encore. Still the audience insisted, and it was fully five minutes, and not until the orchestra had commenced Griegs Peer Gynt,

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No. 1, that they would consent to quiet down and listen to Anitra's dance, that weird, northern witchlike dance Grieg so vividly portrays for us.

Mrs. Holden was worried. "Why on earth didn't Helen come out and respond? Could she have felt ill?"

No sooner were the words out of her mouth before Phelps, to whom such an idea had never occurred, leaned over, taking up his hat, coat and cane from the floor, whispered, "I'll go see. Don't wait. I'll take her home. Good night, great success, bless her heart, wasn't it?" and he had gone.

Now, I have hinted that Mrs. Holden was a warmhearted, motherly little woman. She had become very interested in this game in which hearts would assuredly turn up trumps, which Phelps and Helen were playing. So in a wise, tactful way which some women have, and which others so deplorably lack, she persuaded Mr. Hinsdale to go home with her and there await the young prima donna's return. Of course there was great handshakiug and congratulating on their way out, so they were some little time in arriving home. There Mrs. Holden arranged a spread, and before a blazing fire and over a cordial cup of tea, they talked over Helen and her great triumph.

Meanwhile, Phelps, worried more by Mrs. Holden's suggestion than he would admit, hurried behind the scenes. Helen as she had left the stage had become faint. As Phelps anxiously opened the door she looked up dazedly, saw him, and then, utterly oblivious to the facts that the fat contralto was holding Crown lavender salts to her nose, that the pianist had a glass of water almost to her mouth and that Gascagni was fanning her almost frigid, she got up, staggered toward him, and before them all, like a startled child, put her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder, as with a sigh and a little of supplication and a good deal of fright, said, "Oh John, let me stay here. I want to stay a long while. Singing's all very well, but I don't want to sing any more."

A tell tale quiver crept into her quiet voice, making it tearful. The musicians quietly withdrew, Gascagni with them.

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Poor little chap. To him, this was a total surprise. He felt so proud of her success and had so much reason to be proud, and now when success was assured, the old, old story came into evidence and turned the fruits of his hopes into the ashes of matrimony. He had reason to feel down in the mouth.

They were alone in the dimly lighted, dirty, dusky little greenroom. Neither spoke for a few minutes, and in that quiet few minutes, like music so complete without words, was settled that question he had so often asked and she so often refused to answer.

Their carriage drove up to the house in a great flurry. Mrs. Holden with Mr. Hinsdale behind her met them at the door and no sooner looked into Helen's face and John's eyes, than they read there the tale which made even Emerson say, "All the world loves a lover."

Helen, dear girl, worn out, left John to tell the story in his own quiet way, giving him a good night kiss before them all with as much nonchalance as if it were of daily occurrence; and to him the picture of the tall, graceful girl as she turned her bright animated face to wish them good night on her way up stairs was the sweetest daintiest subject an artist might wish for.

It did not take him long to win Mr. Hinsdale's consent to his marrying Helen, for John was eloquent and Mr. Hinsdale admired him. So before he left that night it was arranged that Helen should marry him in two months time in the little ivycovered church at Melville, with the people who had watched her grow from the baby to the school girl, from the school girl to the woman, and now to the wife.

The morning after the concert only helped to confirm Helen in the lately decided belief that, after all, singing was well enough, but for a women to be a wife was far nobler. She awoke with a nervous headache, anxious to see her criticisms, but a dainty bunch of violets "spending their sweetness on the air" recalled to her her lover, who begged his sweetheart, in a note, to let him know when he might see her, and also if she would take a walk, a ride, or go to the theatre with him in the evening, or all three.

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She decided on the walk, notified him to that effect, had her breakfast and then hunted up the morning papers. All agreed that "Miss Hinsdale's voice was of wonderful power, range and sweetness; she would make in time one of the sweet singers who help to make our life beautiful, but through lack of experience her first number was a most decided failure. The second number, however, proved the singer's capability, and it is safe to say, Miss Hinsdale is to be congratulated on her superb rendition of Gounod's difficult music."

And Helen wavered; the glare, the excitement, the applause, the fame seemed again to conquer; but the bunch of purity, modestly demanding recognition by its sweet odor, led her thoughts back to the earnest, loving man, and John suffered none from the moments hesitation.

That afternoon, quiet John was demonstrative. Love plays queer capers with sweethearts, and Helen was completely surprised at her lover. They took a long walk, and in that walk she learned or rather began to realize what the man's character was. Original and beautiful thoughts commingling with a practical common sense, lent to his character an unexpected sentiment that ennobled; and the reverent, deep love he felt for her added a roundness which before he had lacked.

The month before the wedding taught them both many good things to be remembered. Both were so engaged with each other, time soon passed, and the wedding day dawned before either realized it. The village of Melville took on a gala day attire. The little church had received a much needed cleaning up. The parsonage windows came out strong in the glory of clean muslin curtains. Maria had waxed the floor, cleaned the brasses and polished the silver until they shone. The old furniture had been beaten and revarnished, the walls repapered, the painting retouched—everywhere everything bespoke the festal day.

Helen awoke with commingled feelings of happiness and regret. Nature turned out in her finest array to greet one of her lovliest daughters. The sun shone, flowers filled the air with sweet fragrance, the birds chirped and twittered,

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and the morning dew added its sparkle to make a perfect scene.

As the pure, sweet girl walked up the aisle of the little church, the country folks' tears and "Bless the baby, don't she look like an angel?" which half of the old women said, bespoke the loving character she had.

And so they were married. In the little ivy covered church, with the sun shining down on them through one of the open windows, with the old friends around her whom she had always known, and the broken, tearful voice of Mr. Hinsdale as he raised his hand to bless them and pronounce them husband and wife, added a solemnity that lent great dignity to the service.

In her own home she made the music which was denied the world, and on her first anniversary, she learned how full her life was made by her husband's love, when he handed to her a book entitled, "A Bundle of Songs, by John R. Phelps, Jr. Dedicated to my wife, who has lived the music, to which I suit these words."

FRANCES CORA PERCE.

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PRIVATE TEACHER VS. CONSERVATORY: A PEDAGOGICAL POLEMIC.

IN the previous issue of MUSIC Prof. Edward Dickinson, of Oberlin conservatory, presented in an admirable manner the argument for the conservatory of music, as distinguished from the administration of a musical education by private teachers. Most that he says is well taken, but there are certain considerations upon the other side which the student will do well to note when he is in quest of really superior musical education. If you read the article in question between the lines the whole contention is conceded in the clause which admits that the most important service of the conservatory is that of imparting what might be called an average musical education, and particularly in educating college students to a proper estimation of music as an art—something which our American colleges formerly ignored entirely.

Theoretically, the conservatory is a more economical place for making musical studies than one can find with private teachers. Upon this point, however, a grain of salt has to be taken, inasmuch as the great bulk of teaching in conservatories everywhere in the world is done by a grade of teachers such as no ambitious student would think of employing except when obliged to do so through the accident of their being included among the faculty of a selected conservatory. This applies to the European conservatories quite the same as those in America. In many cases there are one or two really superior teachers connected with a conservatory faculty, in one capacity or another; but the work which these men do forms but a very small part of the complete work of the school, and the average student experiences even a smaller percentage of their influence than an average undergraduate of the immediate influence of the senior professor in his department.

And this, moreover, against quite another disadvantage

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under which the conservatory is placed as compared with the university. When an undergraduate registers in a university college, he perhaps pays an annual fee for tuition amounting to $100 or $150. The instruction which he receives, however, taking the entire undergraduate body, costs the university at least five times this sum. It is true that the undergraduates in the lower stages do not receive benefit in this proportion to what they pay; for in the college as in the conservatory the tuition during the first three years is almost entirely performed by young teachers who have their reputation to make.

But in the conservatory, as it stands in most of our American cities, the student does not really get the benefit of all that he actually pays. In the great majority of schools where a pupil pays say $2.50 for a half hour, the teacher who administers the half hour receives only half the amount. And there are very few conservatory teachers indeed who receive compensation above two dollars per hour for their work. Yet the pupil is made to pay for lessons under them at least double this rate, and in some cases much more. This is an economical detail not without weight. In other cases, as at Cincinnati, the tuition fees are wholly applied in paying for instruction; the endowment funds furnishing the incidental running expenses. Something of this sort prevails at Oberlin, where at least a part of the running expenses are paid out of the endowment funds. But the great majority of conservatories in America have no endowment funds whatever. Every incidental advantage, in the way of theoretical teaching, history work, recital and the like, being so much pared off the tuition fees.

The argument for the conservatory, therefore, upon the score of economy is not valid in its full extent; but only so far as one decides certain other questions which come later.

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Every eminent private teacher will agree with me that in music the personal element probably cuts a larger figure than in any other department of education. It is well known to all good educators that even in the literary branches the personal element is very important. By this

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I mean, contact with a living teacher of incisive mental powers and educational tact. When it has happened that some superiorly educated man has devoted himself to the education of his own son, the results have been astonishing when measured against the time or the early age at which uncommon attainments have been made. This arises from two sources: The teacher is better prepared than the average teacher, and he is also more sagacious in divining the momentary state of the pupil, and is therefore able to administer instruction better, and make it more stimulative.

* * *

The great things in elementary training are two:—To awaken an appetite for knowledge, and to train the mind to intelligent application. In other words, to stimulate desire for learning, and to discipline the attention, to the end that serious acquirement may be made. In this the example of the teacher counts for a great deal, and his tact for divining the condition of the pupil and selecting things which will interest him, counts for a great deal more.

* * *

It is this element which sometimes enables a piano teacher who cannot play to compete successfully (judging by results) with others who can. When the pupil is once waked up mentally, and when the teacher is able to place before the pupil the proper material, and has enough of the art instinct and experience to start the interpretation in the direction of true expression (from within), the pupil will arrive at most of the desired qualities in the interpretation by his own exertions; the non-playing teacher then has it for his problem to finish the beginning thus made, either by his own criticism and explanations, or by the example of good players. In short, from this side, the pupil who is thoroughly waked up to an artistic idea of music is already educated, inasmuch as by application everything possible for his individual endowments will follow.

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It is astonishing to one who studies this question for the first time, how few really good teachers there are in conser-

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vatories in any part of the world. A school (literary as well as musical) tends to conservatism and uniformity. *In mediis tutissimus ibis* ("mediocrity is safest, my son") might also stand as the motto over the gates of the campus, everywhere. Look over the annual prospectus of the once celebrated conservatory of Leipsic, and you will see indeed certain well known names, such as those of the venerable Dr. Carl Reinecke, Dr. Papperitz, Dr. Paul, etc; but of real teachers of the pianoforte not one single first-class representative. No doubt good elementary instruction is given there, and among the hundreds of pupils there should be a number of fine players. But if so it is a case of good talent, and not something which the school has created. The same is true of Berlin, although there is generally at least one celebrated name kept there for the looks. The student, however, will find that his own lessons, under one pretext or another, must be taken from some pupil of the celebrated teacher for six months or a year or more, until he is properly "prepared"—after which he must wait his turn for admission to the coveted classes.

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When he has once secured admission to the classes, he then finds that either he must pay a high price for private lessons or else receive so very little of the great man's attention as to derive little or no benefit therefrom.

* * *

Education comes high no matter how we fix it. One of the best combinations that I have ever known was made by an acquaintance, or rather two acquaintances, of mine who for some years had about four lessons weekly; two from Dr. Mason in piano playing, and two from Mr. Dudley Buck in harmony and theory. The par value of this instruction was something like twenty-four dollars per week (four hours in all)—although by a fortunate dispensation of generosity on the part of the justly celebrated teachers there were mitigations, in this instance. But it is safe to say that it would have been impossible to have produced the kind and quality of musicianship combined with artistic feel-

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ing, attained by these fortunate girls, in a much greater time if ever under less gifted teachers.

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One of the most important problems in musical education has yet to be solved. It is how to secure for young pupils the advantage of contact with and direction from the great teachers, upon a scale adequate for mental awaking, without insuperable expense.

* * *

Theoretically every well trained young musician ought to be a competent teacher. Actually they are not. They do not make so many nor so serious errors as they once did, perhaps, but however well they may perform they generally lack entirely in what medical schools call *materia medica*, that is, a knowledge of the material of teaching—the studies and pieces with reference to their educational value, whether for mind or fingers, or both. For want of this kind of training or acquirement, young teachers make very serious blunders, of which one hardly knows which is worst, the unwise introduction of alleged "classical music" (music by writers following classical models without classical inspiration), the premature attack of mechanical difficulties, or the introduction of positive trash. In any case the instruction too often fails of doing the work it should do, and after several years of lessons the musical education remains so shallow that the pupil easily dismisses it to the limbo of the forgotten.

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A school situated like Oberlin, in a little town where the college is the principal and almost only excitement, is at a great advantage in certain difficult points of conservatory administration, as compared with a conservatory in a city. It is all very well to require every piano or singing pupil to take at least two or four hours per week in theory and in musical literature or analysis. But even when these are provided in the form of "free advantages" this fact does not release the pupil from the necessity of coming twice or four times additional to the college—trips which

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often involve considerable distances and the loss of at least half a day for each trip. It is this, which might be called the mechanical difficulty, which limits studies in our city conservatories to what might be called the "bare necessities of life," i. e. the private lessons. This however, is another question quite one side of the central question of this thesis.

* * *

On the whole, from whichever side we look at it, the musical student will have to make his election whether to get a good average education at a moderate cost, without any great distinguishing traits; or a superior but more specialized education under expensive private teachers. Nor is the decision simplified by the fact that the student will have to make it himself, and before he understands the real points involved. It is imaginable that a conservatory might be so managed that the directors could select all the difficult cases among the students (all the under-endowed, or the sluggish ones, who especially need stimulation) and place them for a time under the care of the directors themselves. But in practice this would not work; for the well-endowed ones are precisely those whom the director most desires (as likely to be more credit to his institution) and also the ones who are most determined to have the very best instruction that the institution affords. Nor, so long as the academic rank of the professors is measured by the size of the lesson fees, and the pupils are prepared to meet the demands of the fee list, will it be possible to avoid these difficulties.

* * *

Another point which has astonished me for many years is the very small percentage of fine players which conservatory classes show. This is true all over the world. In thirty years of activity the once-celebrated Stuttgart conservatory has not allowed one single fine pianist to get out alive. With some five hundred pupils, at least above average abilities, they never make a good player. Nor have they ever made composers. They have done nothing but give instruction which did not instruct; and they have gained an international reputation for this.

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Here in a leading musical college, for instance, with a registration of more than a thousand pupils yearly, they have had to offer free scholarships attainable by good players, for the credit of the school. The same is true of many other schools. Yet you have only to attend the musical recitals of almost any leading teacher to hear not one but a half a dozen good players, showing independence, originality, and real musical stuff. Of course our conservatory friends will tell us that this is due to the foolish preference for expensive private teachers, and that the same pupils would do much better in the conservatory. The answer to this is the fact already mentioned, that while the schools have for years had a splendid material, they have not been able to demonstrate this more excellent way of theirs. Moreover, the best players of most leading private teachers are those whom they have brought up from the foundation.

Unless there is something vital in this personal question I have mentioned, how can we account for so remarkable and so conspicuous a disparity in results, both in quality and in percentage, from a given volume of material? For, I reiterate, the private teachers get vastly better and more artistic playing, and from small classes of twenty pupils as many really superior players as large conservatories are able to evolve out of material twenty times over more abundant.

I conclude, therefore, that the tendency of the private teachers to come together under conservatory forms is more apparent than real, and that it is not yet a time when the day of the private teacher has passed, nor do I believe it will ever pass. More, I rather think it will come again to some extent in literary education. By which I do not mean that colleges will give way, but that original work, towards which scientific teaching is more and more tending, will continue to be done as it is now under the immediate supervision of a professor who is what we call in music an artist.

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Nor is it true, I am sorry to say, that the conservatory as at present administered, properly prepares the student for advanced work under a finishing private teacher. The

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methods are not in line with artistic work. This is true so far as I have personal knowledge and observation. Speaking as a piano teacher of more than forty years experience, I would prefer one of my own pupils advanced from the lower grades to any conservatory pupil I have ever had, although I have had several who had already graduated with distinction and afterwards taught successfully in their *alma mater*.

The school is conservative, *per se*, and tends to average and impersonal results; music is special; it is something which belongs to the innermost life of the pupil; and individual relations and biases toward music and away from it are what the teacher has to over-rule (upon the principal of the Divinity making the "wrath of man to praise him," as the Calvanistic idea used to be), and the highest results now show themselves in the work of private teachers, and not in conservatories; and I believe that there are reasons why they will continue to do so. Some of these reasons I have mentioned above. For we live in an age of specialization. The special teacher will not be out of a job in our day at least.

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So far I have written entirely from the standpoint of the piano-teacher, both because it is this part of the work which I have studied more carefully, and also because the piano student's standpoint is that of about four fifths of all the music students. But I am not sure but the case will appear differently when studied from the standpoint of the student of string or wind instruments. The piano student in these times deals with the whole musical idea, according to the rank of the material he studies. I mean to say, whatever he studies, it is not simply to play his instrument but to present musical ideas upon it, *complete* musical ideas, in all their ramifications and relations of harmony, melody, rhythm and feeling. Moreover, there is a well established fashion now to perform the education largely by the use of material which not only represents the best musical minds, but also these minds in their best moments. The student, therefore, in training himself in the arts of playing and interpretation through the compositions of Bach, Beethoven,

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Chopin, Schumann and Liszt (for these are the great authors of material as well as of literature for pianoforte) comes in contact with the greatest minds which have adorned the musical art, and he must be slow indeed if he escapes stimulation and uplifting from this contact.

Something of the sort may be claimed for the violinist, who at least has the leading ideas of whatever composition he may be studying. Nevertheless almost everything that he studies he takes in an imperfect form. He has the first violin part and nothing else; hence while much of the time he may have the leading idea of the composition, there are always harmonic relations, and often accessory ideas, which serve to give this leading idea a wholly different interpretation from that which the mere melody suggests. The exceptions to this lie mainly in those two great sheet-anchors of violinist education, the six violin sonatas of Bach and the Paganini caprices, which all having been written for violin alone contain, if not their own full ideas, at least enough to afford the imagination support in completing them logically according to the intention of the composer. When the violin student passes beyond these things (I mean passes one side of them—they never get beyond them), he has recourse to the solo part in violin concertos, where the work of the solo instrument is naturally developed to a point almost equal to that of the solo compositions already mentioned. Still it is easy to see that a student might master the solo parts of a dozen violin concertos without having a true musical idea of any of them, because all the elaboration, all the instrumental coloring, and all the concerted dialogue work between the solo voice and the support would be wanting. Still more, from having heard his own part and his own part alone for many repetitions, an interpretation unavoidably establishes itself in his mind, an interpretation or expectation always inadequate and generally false, which it will take much work later in life to correct.

Here I shall be met by the remark that no good student would be so foolish as to study a concerto without devoting the same attention to the complete score as to his own part, whereby he would obtain an idea of the work as a whole in

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all its relations and poetical coloring. Perhaps not; but they do.

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If the part of the first violin appears thus, what shall we say of the status of the private student upon the inner instruments, like the viola, the 'cello, double bass, horns, trombones, clarinets, oboes, and the like? In all these ensemble work is one of the most important agencies in developing a musical art of playing, inasmuch as these instruments find their artistic application only in connection with others, the powers of which they mutually supplement and contrast.

For these reasons it has been remarked that all good orchestral violinists and musicians, and all really artistic solo artists upon orchestral instruments, have been formed in conservatories, and cannot be formed elsewhere; because nowhere else can the means of elementary practice in ensemble work be found. This position does not admit of dispute, and I cheerfully concede it; and add, further, that the production of orchestral players of musical intelligence is just now the most important work which American education can do. When we get a body of good players of American habit of mind and under American direction, we will eventually have an American orchestra of significant type, just as much so as in our first class American solo artists, like Mmes. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Carreno, and Rive-King, Sherwood, MacDowell, and the like.

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To what extent superior teaching can do conservatory work outside conservatory organization in these branches I would not consider it worth while to inquire, since the number of good teachers upon the instruments is so small that practically the conservatories take up the whole of them. And with the violin, at least, the conservatory is in a very different state from that of the piano, when it has such men as Jacobssohn, Schraedick, Loeffler and masters of this grade, who are among the great teachers of the world.

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With reference to the whole question, therefore, it is

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plain that the case of the conservatory is by no means so easy as assumed, in the department of the pianoforte, and to a degree in that of the voice. In both these the private teachers are far ahead in percentage of results demonstrated from a given amount of material. But upon the side of orchestral instruments, the imperfections of the individual instruments are such as to neccssitate collecting the students into bodies where different instruments can be brought together for ensemble practice. It is also a point worth noting that the ensemble class in a conservatory si almost always taught by the director himself, or the very best musician in the school. Another point bearing upon the question of personal influence in musical deve opment.

It may also be cheerfully admitted that piano and vocal students might derive considerable advantages from association in this work, by hearing good works performed for practice. This, however, will not be so great as would at first glance be expected, for the reason that the important orchestral works are so difficult to play that student's orchestras never attempt them; a circumstance which relegates the student's ensemble performances to the easier overtures and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart and occasionally Beethoven—which is a very different thing from the grade of material upon which advanced undergraduates in piano exercise themselves.

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The truth, therefore, lies rather one side the position presented by the able contributor already mentioned, and private teachers need not altogether lose heart for some time yet. Nor need the conservatory pause to plume its feathers until it has solved the problem of so conducting its own work as to secure for piano students and young singers the advantages properly belonging to the conservatory idea, without missing any of those here pointed out as thus far the exclusive property of the private teacher.

W. S. B. Mathews.

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PEOPLE'S MUSIC WORK.

A VERY interesting musical work was begun last year in connection with the University Social Settlement in the Stock Yards district. This neighborhood is made up largely of working men and their families who make possible one of the largest mercantile interests of Chicago. The Settlement idea as every one understands is a social centre where the best things which relate to the culture and educational interests of a community can be found. Music, good music, being considered one of the best things and one which everybody can participate in and enjoy, was given a large and welcome place in the general plan of work.

Early in October children's singing classes were opened, and as soon as it was known the place swarmed with applicants. The hall being small two classes were organized and over three hundred children took part in this work during the year. The classes met weekly, and as soon as the minor difficulties of discipline and behavior were overcome sweet music and real study became the order of the hour. This children's music work is a purely educational one, yet involving the highest ethical principals of art and musical training. The children were soon as proud of belonging to the "Settlement chorus" as to an ideal base-ball nine. Other classes, both in violin and piano, were carried during the year.

During Christmas week the children met in one of the public halls of the neighborhood, inviting parents and friends to an afternoon of Christmas music and pictures. They told the Christmas story in song accompanied by wonderful visions of madonnas, Christ childs and all the most beautiful pictures which it was possible to get on that subject. It was a most unique and happy experience and the first occasion of a general social gathering of the settlement.

Early in November a series of Sunday afternoon concerts was begun in which programs of the best music performed

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by the best artists available were presented. These concerts were free to all, and were most generously co-operated with by the neighborhood as far as interest and enthusiasm were concerned. There was no desire that the program should be of a strictly religious nature; in fact what might be termed a classical program was most frequently given. In planning the work the committee had two things earnestly at heart, that while the program should give pleasure they should not be merely for entertainment. That, as far as was compatible with interest, they should contribute something to the more serious understanding of art. No difficulty was experienced in holding the attention and interest of the audiences providing the music was well rendered and the performer had something to say. A Beethoven program two hours long, the Grieg music and other programs which might be considered arranged to suit only the ears of musically cultivated people, seemed to be the most popular. Bach was a particular favorite and his lively periods were followed with great interest and often amusement. Also Brahms, the mystic of modern musicians, received his share of serious attention. Oratorio music, especially choral selections, found great response. A Messiah performance consisting of solo and choral selections, lead by Mr. Tomlins and sung by members of the Apollo Club, necessitated the opening of doors to extend the audience out into the middle of the streets. Every time choral music was presented the hall was found inadequate to accommodate the attendance.

Quite extended advances were made in the folk song and folk lore idea; the little talks which it was found effective to interject between the musical part of the program gave ample opportunity for bringing out the color and dramatic interest of the selections. Any dramatic interest which could be developed from the music itself, or by story or anecdote relative to the composition or life and history of the composer, greatly heightened the interest and appreciation of the work. This was at first begun as a matter of explanation and to help to the better understanding of the compositions, but finally proved itself suggestive as a central thought in the arrangement of programs.

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A Scotch program, an Irish program, German songs, negro melodies, etc., characteristic music of all nations and as much material as was available in this line, was used with great effect and aroused great enthusiasm, the neighborhood being made up of all nationalities.

Later in the year an adult chorus was formed which rose to the number of one hundred members. They began their work in February and were able by the middle of June to present a very good program of easier part songs and patriotic music. This was the first attempt on the part of the chorus to furnish its own music, and was greeted with a large and expectant audience of friends and neighbors. This society, under the name of the Orpheus Choral Society, is now a self supporting club exacting a small membership fee, and is looking forward to serious choral work and an extended membership next year. The club has eagerly grasped the idea of people's music, and has entered heartily into the plan of having their work recognized as an active element in general music education.

On Easter Sunday the Orpheus chorus, with the assistance of a select choir, helped render the regular concert program consisting of "O, For the Wings of a Dove," a Beethoven selection, easier sacred numbers, and an Ave Maria by Mendelssohn. They were duly applauded and praised for their spirited renditions and it was considered one of the most successful concerts of the season. It is planned in the arrangement for next year that the choral work of this society shall become an integral part of the settlement work. The organization of a Polish chorus made up entirely of people of that nationality is under consideration for next year.

It was the unanimous verdict of the artists and friends who so kindly assisted in this work that they never played better or were more inspired by appreciative audiences than those of the University Settlement concerts. The difference between an audience in a human and sympathetic mood, compared with a hyper-critical one, was felt by all. Many thanks are due to members of the Thomas Orchestra, the Apollo Club, the University chorus, and the many artists

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and music lovers, who contributed and assisted in this work. Their co-operation was an earnest and sincere one, and the response of the people was on a par with their sincere and earnest endeavors to bring to them something of the beauty and greatness of art. There was no doubt left in the minds of the most unbelieving or those who had *views* upon the subject that good music, presented with a thorough belief in its ethical worth, rendered with comprehension and interpretive power is a reconstructive and ennobling influence inclined to foster and encourage in "social sympathy" the brotherhood of man, as no other art.

WORKER

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GEO. F. ROOT, MUS. DOC.

WHEN the venerable song-writer and teacher, Dr. Geo. F. Root, breathed his last, August 9th, 1895, at Bailey's Island, Maine, the musical world lost one of its most engaging and lovely personalities. Geo. F. Root was born at Sheffield, Mass. August 30, 1820; and was therefore just approaching his seventy-fifth birthday—for which an extensive celebration was preparing, by the family and friends.

The boyhood of Mr. Root was spent at North Reading, near Boston, until he had reached the age of eighteen. While music had been his passion from earliest years, he had not opportunity to develop his taste, and at this time he had merely played by ear upon such instruments as fell in his way. In his naive and interesting autobiography ("The Story of a Musical Life,"*) he tells us that when he was thirteen he could play a tune upon as many different instruments as he was years old. The eighteenth birthday of Mr. Root brings us to the year 1838, when the Boston Academy of Music had just been founded by Lowell Mason and Geo. James Webb, and Dr. Mason himself was at the height of his fame, or approaching it. There were also certain pupils of his who had begun to make a mark upon their own account, having a following and large chorus choirs but little less noted than those under the direction of Dr. Mason himself. Foremost in this second rank of teachers was Mr. A. N. Johnson, a young man but a few years older than Mr. Root, directing a large choir in the Odeon and teaching his well-known system of "thorough bass" (or the art of playing psalmody by means of the treble and bass, and filling in the chords). A singer from Mr. Johnson's choir happened to visit North Reading, and it needed nothing more than this contact with one who was in the veritable "swim" of Boston music to finish the boy's resolution. Accordingly a few days later found the young Root at the

*John Church Company.

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studio of Mr. Johnson, seeking employment and the means of a musical education. Something in the young man's appearance or manner impressed the teacher and he made an arrangement at once, by the terms of which Mr. Root was to attend to the fires, sweep the studio, and be on hand to answer questions during the absences of Mr. Johnson, most of whose lessons were given at the residences of the pupils. Lessons were assigned upon the piano and Mr. Root was to practice during the absences of his principal. The remuneration consisted of board, lessons and three dollars per week.

This was a veritable bonanza. The fortune of the young man was made, and he entered upon his duties with such zeal that in spite of a phenomenally intractable hand a still less advanced pupil was assigned to him within six weeks from the time of his beginning. Another advance was made when he had reached the ability to play Hebron through several times in succession without missing chords. Another tune was assigned for a lesson, and he was ordered to prepare them to play at the prayer meeting two weeks later. And so he went on with always two tunes weekly to prepare for this prayer meeting. Within a few months he was ordered to play the organ in the same manner at church, taking services when Mr. Johnson could not be present. For in the same manner that Dr. Mason himself was doing the rushing business of directing three choirs at once, being present at the services alternately, (assistants carrying on the work in his absence,) Mr. Johnson also had two choirs. Still a further advance was made when an opening was found for Mr. Root in the choir of Dr. Mason himself—a personality already singularly venerated by all who came in contact with him or under his influence. Mr. Johnson was hearty in advising Mr. Root to take this chance, because the standard of performance was much better than in his own choir, and standard choruses were already used upon occasion in Dr. Mason's choir. Meanwhile the arrangement between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Root continued until the year was up, when a far more advantageous one was made, according to which they were partners for five years, the

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senior drawing two thirds of the joint earnings and the junior one third, the former having also the privilege of one year in Germany, during which Mr. Root was to carry on his work.

This agreement, and the notable advances made as above recorded throw a favorable light upon the earnestness and trustworthiness of the young musician; they also bring out in very strong light the imperfect standard of teaching qualification at that time prevailing in Boston. Of course we are to understand that in one sense the position of our young musician was little above that of the accompanist of gospel songs in an evangelizing service, while there were other circles of music in Boston where a much higher standard of music prevailed. This is quite true; but the few organists representing this higher standard officiated for a few episcopal churches, and had little or no influence upon the current advance of musical taste and education, which had then been set in motion by Dr. Mason through the Handel and Haydn society and now by the Boston Academy. Moreover it was under Dr. Mason's direction that the best oratorio singing was done in Boston; and his associate, Mr. George James Webb, directed the orchestra for the symphony concerts, which were even then begun or were just in embryo.

Among the pupils who presented themselves for a hasty "smack" of musical education at the counter of Messrs. Johnson and Root was a venerable gentleman from Farmington, Maine, the father of the celebrated Jacob, Lyman, John S. C. and one other Abbott—all of whom cut prominent figures in educational work later. Mr. Abbot had a parlor organ (pipe) in his house and desired to learn a few tunes to play upon it. His contact with Mr. Root made such an impression that when his sons had established their school for young ladies in New York he seems to have written them about Mr. Root. Accordingly Mr. Jacob Abbott came to Boston and desired to accompany Mr. Root to some of his lessons. Having done this he went back to New York, and a little later came a distinct call to the young teacher. Accordingly in 1844 Mr. Root went to

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New York, where almost immediately besides teaching his classes in the Abbott school he also taught in the Institution for the Blind, the Spingler Institute and other prominent ladies' schools. He also played the organ and directed the choir in the Mercer street Presbyterian church. In this field he labored about sixteen years. In 1851, he went abroad for some months, travelling, and taking singing lessons in Paris of celebrated teachers.

At this time Mr. Root was reaching his highest successes in the direction of elementary teaching, and at the same time acquiring musical experience of a valuable kind. In the direction of high class music he was training his home quartette, consisting of his wife (who still survives him) his sister, brother and himself, in the Mendelssohn four-part songs, and in other high class music of this kind. His work in the seminary having been warmly complimented by Mr. Theodore Eisfeld, at that time the Theodore Thomas of New York, he took occasion to have Mr. Eisfeld listen to his quartette. The commendation surpassed his most ardent expectations, and the quartette sang at one or more of the Philharmonic concerts with great success. All of which of course was due to the taste and precision and musical spirit of their training.

He was also, but unconsciously, in training for a career as musical editor and composer. He had been in the habit of improvising lessons for his classes, and writing them upon the board at the moment. He thus became very ready in melody and harmony, and quick to invent new forms for illustrating a desired point. He had also been obliged to make large manuscript collections of choir pieces and music for female voices, for use in his classes. Presently then we have the first collection of music for female voices and the first choir book, "Root and Sweetzer's Collection, both published in the late fifties. Nor was it long before his activity broke out in still another direction, where success was not looked for. The melodies of the gifted Stephen C. Foster had begun to be current, and the chord of the American folks tone had been touched. Mr. Root, to whom his gradually improving standing with the higher musical

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authorities was naturally one of his most precious possessions, wrote several songs of a popular character, and gave a number of them to Hall & Sons for publication, under the *nom de plume* of G. Friederich Wurzel. Among these were "Hazel Dell," "Rosalie the Prairie Flower," and others. The two mentioned had a great success, bringing the composer royalties amounting to some thousands of dollars within a year or two. Another of the early works which at once became popular was the charming cantata of "The Flower Queen," one of the most attractive of such works for girls schools. Then presently a new work for choirs, and so on.

Meanwhile in the later part of his New York experience he had been gaining currency in the country at large as conductor of musical conventions, three days festivals of singing. In this field he went at first as assistant to Dr. Mason; then as substitute, and later upon his own reputation pure and simple. The present writer well remembers the first time when he met Mr. Root at one of these gatherings. It was in Livingston county, New York, at Geneseo or Lima, perhaps in 1856. There was a very large chorus, some good music was sung (the society having meetings of its own under local conductors several times a year) and I remember that I looked upon Mr. Root, as next perhaps to Dr. Mason, the embodiment of more musical knowlege than any other man of my acquaintance. I met him personally and found him everything that was nice and creditable. He had no bad habits; his conversation was amusing and he had seen a great deal.

In 1858 a younger brother of Mr. Root, Mr. E. Towner Root, (tenor of the Root quartette, and very gifted musically), and C. M. Cady had established themselves in Chicago under the firm name of Root & Cady, having their store opposite the court house on Clark street. Mr. Geo. F. Root had a room there where he worked sometimes, between convention engagements, which by this time were largely in the middle west—Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Illinois. In 1861 Mr. Geo. F. Root put in some capital and became partner in the enterprise. Then with the open-

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ing of the war, the folks tone resounded in the breast of the composer; and through all those stirring and trying incidents every new complication found its echo in some stirring song of his. He had great luck, so sensitive was his feeling for the public moment. The firm manufactured and sold the copies, so the author came in for a handsome reward.

The best of the war songs were impromptu. When President Lincoln made the second call for troops, Mr. Root thought out a song at home one afternoon, and the next morning wrote it out at the store. Its chorus was "The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah," and almost before the ink was dry the Lumbard brothers came in for something new to sing at a political meeting to be held in a few minutes upon the court house steps across the way. The new song was sung to them and they took it. When the stirring voices of these magnificent stump singers had reached the fourth verse the audience was joining in with might and main "Shouting the battle cry of freedom"—and thus this remarkable song entered upon its career. A copy was sent to a nephew of the composer, Mr. James T. Murray (editor of Church's *Musical Visitor*) then in camp around Richmond, and the army caught it, and so the composer was at one bound established as his country's singer.

Meanwhile the other work of Mr. Root went on, and for several years the firm did a splendid business. The great Chicago fire closed this chapter (mainly through injudicious management on the part of the late Mr. Chauncey Marvin Cady) and the composer found himself almost penniless in spite of all that he had done. Then he made the arrangement with the John Church company, which has continued ever since, through which he has enjoyed an independent and sufficient income for the comfort of his active old age.

Nothing is permanent in this world. But if any part of Dr. Root's work can be considered permanent, it will be his progress towards greater exactness in elementary musical terminology. In 1856 he began to hold summer schools for teachers in New York. Later several sessions were held at North Reading, Mass., where a building had been provided, and the class was prolonged to three months.

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Dr. Lowell Mason and Mr. Webb were the prominent figures in this work, but the active management and the live man of the enterprize was Mr. Geo. F. Root. Almost every summer since he has carried on a work of this character—for the last few years at the Silver lake Assembly at Perry, New York. The present writer was a member of two of the faculties—that of 1869 at Janesville, Wis. and that of South Bend, Ind. 1870. At the latter the head teacher of piano was Dr. William Mason.

This work of systematizing elementary teaching and of clearing up ideas and the terminology, was carried on not alone in these classes, but still more in some scores of elementary books which followed each other at frequent intervals until the entire list of this kind and cantatas for classes, numbers more than sixty titles. One of the latest has lately been noted in these columns, called "Don't," being corrections of common faults in elementary speaking about music.

Considering his religious character, his simple and sincere habit of mind, and his unquestionable gifts of melody, it is rather remarkable that Dr. Root was not more popular as a writer for Sunday Schools. Probably the true reason is that the lessons of the Sunday schools and the comments upon them, under the international agreements prevalent for the last twenty years, were not altogether in sympathy with his religious views; for he had been for about thirty years before his death an active and earnest member of the New Church (Swedenborgian), whose cheerful optimistic habit of mind strongly appealed to him. Moreover the Sunday school field also became controlled almost entirely by the denominational supply houses and a sort of Sunday school book trust, which got itself together after Dr. Root had practically retired from this part of the field. That the Root melody was quite in line with Sunday school work is shown well enough by his perennially fresh "The shining shore," "Come to the Saviour," and some scores of other tunes to be found in the Gospel songs.

Personally Dr. Root was one of the most lovable of men. Sincere, straight forward in mind, educated to broad views of life and personal duty by years of contact with

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minds of every character and calibre, he was one of the most attractive of men. Of good height, straight, alert in movement, and with clear-seeing eyes, looking straight into your own, Dr. Root was a personality that immediately attracted and retained attention.

Without ever having been intimate With Dr. Root, it was my privilege to number him among my friends for about thirty years. And now that "the silver chord is loosened, and the bowl broken at the fountain," I recall with rare sense of personal loss the innumerable kindnesses which I have experienced at his hands (some of the most important at a period when they were very needful); and I think of the noble character which, according to the terms of his own beautiful religious faith, is now in the heavenly world, where all is pure, sweet, and sunny; and "the Lord is the light thereof." And instead of the customary "May he rest in peace," I prefer to bid farewell in terms more in consonance with his own faith, and hope that his life is now brighter than eye hath seen or ear heard, and the growth in knowledge and love like that becoming "brighter and brighter until the perfect day."

W. S. B. Mathews.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

A VERY interesting experiment is about to be tried in Pittsburgh. Mr. Carnegie has presented the city with a fine building for art gallery, music hall, etc., and in it a magnificent concert organ. The city has called the eminent virtuoso, Mr. Frederic Archer as town organist. It will be his duty to play recitals twice a week, and probably to perform other musical duties. A symphony orchestra is in prospect, the director not selected at last accounts, and thus in several ways the wealthy city is about to enter upon a career of improvement in art.

The experiment of the organ recitals will be watched with interest. As an instrumentality for educating musical perceptions the organ is subject to grave disadvantages, not alone in it impassive and unemotional tone-form, but perhaps even more in the want of really emotional music written for it. The dignity of organ music resides in the serious tone-form peculiar to the instrument, and in the preponderance of contrapuntal interest, (intellectual,) in the music especially written for it. In many of the great fugues of Bach there is a distinct emotional quality, and in some of the pieces, such as the great G minor Fantasia, a distinctly modern and enharmonic spirit. But this grade of music is effective for unaccustomed hearers only after several times hearing, with perhaps quite a little help in the way of standpoint for the one or two times. Mr. Frederic Archer is one of the first organ virtuosos of the world, and his repertoire is very large. He is also a brilliant exponent of the English school in registration, for which reasons he will be as likely to make an impression in the new duties as any man who could be named. It is understood that the committee sounded Mr. Clarence Eddy, at one time; but naturally this great artist would hardly feel like settling down in a city short of the first class.

With reference to the proper selection of material for

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popular organ concerts of the kind here proposed, my own opinion would lead me to a principle of selection different from that which will probably actuate Mr. Archer. He, to judge by his record, will lean towards the pleasing, the ear-tickling, and the bright. Arrangements of little songs, gavottes, and other trivial if clever pieces will be likely to cut quite a figure in his ministration. While selections of this kind may please for the moment, I do not believe that a taste for serious organ music or an appreciation of the place of the organ in musical art—will ever be formed by such means. One really strong and deep-reaching master-work, played several times within a short period, will go farther to educate the habitual hearers than a dozen or twenty of these little pieces, the reason being that the little pieces do not touch the deeper springs of feeling, and were not intended to do so. They please upon the surface, and awaken only the superficial gratification due to the well managed and piquant. The master work, on the other hand, was intended to reach the deeper springs, and having been written by a master in his best moments, *does* touch the feelings of all who have ears to hear. It is obvious that much aid might be given in serious attempts of this kind by properly prepared analytical programs. Anyway the Pittsburgh experiment is one of the most interesting which has been tried, and its outcome will be watched with interest.

* * *

Now and then one sees remarks in the trade papers which suggest the idea that the pianist has what is sometimes called a "snap" in his engagement to play the pianos of a great firm. But there are occurrences which look in a different direction. For example, here is the old and highly celebrated firm of Weber, which has within the past year turned out a new scale grand of singularly broad tone, and of such rare quality that its friends are divided in the opinion whether it is not something distinctly in advance of anything which has as yet been produced. But although it has been examined by experts with profound admiration, it has hardly yet been heard by the public. Because the simple

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fact is that a pianoforte of this calibre is only to be truly tested when its artistic capacity is fully demanded, as it is only when an artist of the first class plays it. If that Brunhilde of the piano, Mme. Carreno, or that Paganini of the piano, Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler, could be brought forward upon this instrument for a series of recitals, we would then be in position to recognize the unique powers of the instrument to the fullest extent.

Where would be the Mason & Hamlin, for instance, in so far as the complete illustration of its powers is concerned, but for the services of Mr. William H. Sherwood in playing it under all sorts of conditions and in all kinds of music? And where would have been the Steinway reputation but for the work of the great artists who have played their instruments?

Go to! The piano maker needs the pianist as fully as the pianist needs the piano maker. And here is where comes in the value of a musical touch. For it is lack of musical touch which makes the great majority of good players valueless to the piano makers in this kind of work; because they do not know how to elicit musical tone and variety of color.

* * *

I have had it in mind for some time to write something about that curious instrument, the Auto-harp. The auto-harp is something like a zither, a sort of stringed instrument which one plays by means of a finger-board and a plectrum, like a mandolin, except that the zither has more strings. The auto-harp saves the player the trouble of stopping the strings himself, with the consequent liability to wrong notes, and by an ingenious arrangement gives the player the chord he wants and at the same time damps all the unemployed strings.

Have you never been so fortunate as to have an idle hour in a country hotel? In the parlor there is a sympathetic gentlemen at the piano. The care with which he takes his bearings and the narrow limitations within which his musical performances are carried on, at once show that he is by no means to the manner born. In his lower poten-

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tialities he begins with a tonic chord. After some search, and not a few miscalculations, he at length alights upon a dominant. Perhaps by this time he may have lost the bearings of his tonic. Finally he drops again upon this. Secure in knowing his whereabouts, and very likely humming a bass, he alternates these two chords by the half hour together. Tonic, *one*, *two*, *three*, dominant, *four;* repose dominant, *one*, *two*, *three*, tonic *four*. Repose. After fifteen minutes of this he varies the preceedings:—Tonic *one*, dominant *two*, tonic *three*, dominant *four*. Or, tonic, *one*, *two*, dominant *three*, tonic *four*.

Or perhaps the player has a slightly augmented aptitude, and his ministrations include also the subdominant chord. To you, if you are musical, this is tiresome in the extreme, and you regret that the laws of the land to do not permit you to "shew" him out of the room—like a stray hen or a fly in a well regulated house. It would be unkind to kill him. But the piano makes a great deal of noise, which pervades the flimsily constructed building, so that even in your own room this eternal tonic and dominant go on their inconclusive dialogue.

But what comfort the deluded musician takes in his work! Note the unction in the bass which he hums, and note the absorption in the artistic delight. Is there anything higher in music which affords purer joys than this individual seems to get out of his great discovery of the alternation of tonic and dominant?

Now the auto-harp man has provided a still easier instrument for this grade of musical pleasure, and with thoughtful foresight has enlarged the dominion of this pleasing meditation. For not content with the tonic and dominant the simplest autoharps gives the neophyte three chords; and the best autoharps give six, whereby pretty much everything is available if one knows how to get it, until the music modulates out of the key, when of course the instrument fails. If men will modulate, why let them find their dreary way upon the unfenced keyboard of the pianoforte; or with still greater finesse discover it upon the trackless expanse of the finger-board of the violin. But for the simple, unadulter-

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ated, simon-pure musical capacity, the Autoharp is the instrument. And best of all its tone is small and controllable, whereby it will not greatly disturb the neighborhood. I do not wonder that it sells by the hundred. I have never learned the art of its use. Now that the wheel begins to simplify, I have an idea of taking it up and of finding out what can be done upon it and what not. Meanwhile it is a curious evolution, a musical do-do square upon the touch of the modern electrical enharmonic, self-playing symphonium. Verily, extremes meet.

* * *

In another place there is an interesting but brief account of the musical work carried on at the College settlement under the auspices of the University of Chicago and others. Among the forrmost workers in this undertaking must be mentioned Miss Marie Hofer, formerly assistant to Mr. Tomlins; Miss Ethel Roe, a fine pianist and accomplished young lady; and Mr. George Schreiber, the artist. These earnest-hearted philanthropists, with Miss Amalie Hofer, one of the editors of Kindergarten Magazine, made their residence in the settlement, and have devoted no small patience and affection to it. They have been handsomely supported also by many prominent musicians, players in the Chicago orchestra, and singers, whereby they have been able to provide really interesting programs from Sunday to Sunday. The editor visited this work upon more than one occasion, and not having proper direction was obliged to ask his way in the vicinity. The information he received, and the tone of it, left no doubt in his mind as to the gratifying impression the work was making in the neighborhood. Of course many things have been impossible for lack of funds. But when once the merit of this undertaking is known, and the highly interesting nature of the experiment, funds surely will not be lacking. Chicago always supports a good thing, if the good thing lives long enough. May it be so in this case.

W. S. B. M.

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ENGLISH MUSICAL NOTES.

WHAT may be called the literature of music increases with us abundantly, and several works of an interesting nature are promised for the near future. Sir George Grove, freed from his duties at the Royal College of Music, is now engaged on an exhaustive biography of his beloved Schubert; and he is also understood to have in contemplation a lengthy and complete analysis of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. A full English biography of Schubert is much wanted, and nobody is better qualified to make it than Sir George. Then Mr. J. S. Shedlock, one of our leading musical critics, is to give us a book on the Sonata. It promises to be highly interesting, more especially as the author, writing more or less from the pedantic point of view, proves that Beethoven, instead of perfecting the sonata form, ruined it. There will be some little commotion when our dear old theorists have rubbed their eyes and taken in the meaning of that passage. Mr. Shedlock is also busily engaged translating Dr. Hugo Riemann's "Dictionary of Music" for Messrs. Augener, and has got as far as the letter M. That veteran organist, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, is now often to be seen burrowing about the British Museum, and the initiated know that this will mean by and by a new edition of the indispensable work on the organ which he first wrote many years ago in conjunction with Dr. Rimbault. "Hopkins and Rimbault" indeed sadly needs bringing up to date, for what with electric actions, tubular pneumatics, and one knows not what all, the English organ is speedily being transformed into a practically new instrument. What has become of the long promised Life and Letters of J. W. Davison, husband of Arabella Goddard, and erstwhile musical critic of the *Times*, no one seems to know. It was spoken of as nearly ready more than a year ago, and still we wait. Another work for which we have been looking is the Reminiscences of the veteran Henry Russell, who at one time made England melodious with "Cheer, boys, Cheer," "There's a good time coming," "A life on the ocean wave," and hundreds of other once popular ditties. Mr. Russell, who, by the way, is the father of Clark Russell, the novelist of the sea, is still hale and hearty in his eighty-second year. His Reminiscences must make a highly amusing volume, even if they deal only with the songs by which he used to stir his audiences. On one occasion he was invited to Hanley to give a benefit entertainment for the Staffordshire potters. After he had sung "There's a good time coming, boys," a man in the crowd got up excitedly and shouted, "Muster Russell, can ye fix the toime?" Another artisan in the reserve seats stood up and said quickly, "Shut oop, man; Muster Russell 'll write to you." In early days, when Russell was singing "Wooodman, spare that tree," an old gentleman cried, "Mr.

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Russell, was the tree spared?" "It was, sir." "Thank God for that," he answered with a sigh of relief. The realistic character of Russell's songs and the impression of actuality which they gave to the minds of the people are shown in another anecdote. On the "Newfoundland Dog" being sung, a ditty which described how a dog had saved a child's life, a north-countryman exclamed, "Was the child saved, mon?" "It was, sir." With the anxious look of one asking a great favour, the man pleaded, "Could you get me a pup?" Yes. Henry Russell's Reminiscences ought to be amusing, and one hopes that the publication of the volume will not be much longer delayed.

* * *

That eminent musician, M. Widor, the organist of St. Sulpice in Paris, has certainly original views on the subject of his art. He has written a preface to a new French Work by M. Pirro on "The Organ of John Sebastian Bach," and some things in that preface are interesting enough to be worth quoting. To begin with, M. Widor declares against anything like a rapid *crescendo* on the Swell organ. He thinks the use of the Swell should be confined to an almost imperceptible increase or decrease of tone, or to a rapid change from *forte* to *piano*, or *vice versa*, accomplished by closing or opening the box during a pause. Then he condemns the common English habit of "fining down" the last chord by taking up the fingers and feet successively, instead of simultaneously, in the continental manner. Again, he has a curious suggestion to make on the best mode of acquiring pedal accuracy. Students find a difficulty in mentally fixing the pedal measurements: M. Widor says this can be got over to a great extent by keeping the knees touching. He regards the normal Pedalier as having been constructed in accordance with the natural measurements suggested by the legs and feet: the stretch of the legs together gives an octave, the heels united guide the toes to a fifth. But this is a delusive business altogether. Pedaliers differ in many respects; and if one organ student is only some five feet five in height and another is as tall as Mr. Frederick Archer, what becomes of your fixed calculations from the touching knees? Besides, who could play the pedals without constraint while keeping the knees touching! M. Pirro himself discusses the very interesting question of how organists should "register" the fugues of Bach. The composer as we all know, has but one term—"Organo pleno"—for indicating the expression, and that term is met with in only one or two instances. It is used indifferently with the form "Volles Werk" by Mendelssohn; and M. Pirro says it did not comprise manual reeds—and observation which applies also to the French form, "Plein jeu." In Bach's time it seems to have been an article of faith that a reed stop should not be combined with the flute on the claviers, though it might be added on the pedals. The one exception to the rule, according to an author quoted by M. Pirro as having written in 1758, occured in the last verse of the hymn, and was justified by the necessity of awaking the dormant priest and admonishing him to

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resume the prayers! Now-a-days, of course, the reeds are freely used in playing Bach. Mr. W. T. Best indeed gives a registration which may almost be called orchestral; but there is no doubt that Mr. Best overdoes the thing, and on the whole the "roast beef" registration of Dr. Bridge's edition is to be preferred. Moreover, Best's Bach, as a rule, can only be played on a very large organ; and even then it requires an artist like Mr. Best himself to do justice to the varied and constantly changing registration.

* * *

On the fourteenth of May, Johann P. E. Hartmann, the most famous of living Danish Musicians, and the *doyen* of European composers, completed his ninetieth year. Probably there is no instance of any musician of equal eminence attaining the same age, and after a career of so much activity. Auber indeed came very near it, but Auber was scarcely known till he was forty; and while Franz Lachner makes another very close approach, Lachner was never the typical musician of his country that Hartmann has been for half a century. Nor did his activity extend over so long a period, for Lachner went into comparative retirement at the age of seventy, while Hartmann was still active both as an organist and composer, at eighty! Yet, notwithstanding his age, activity and great merits as a composer, Hartmann is less known than scores of musicians who are much his inferiors. He has not been a traveller, he has taken no pains to make himself known, and no good biographical account of him has ever been published. Grove's Dictionary disposes of him in twelve lines, Riemann gives him less than a column, and the "Norsk Conversations Lexikon," the latest authority, furnishes but an incomplete and not very satisfactory account. The London *Musical Record* now steps into the breach, and from the very full details there given we learn much that is fresh and interesting about this illustrious musician, who was born before Mendelssohn and Chopin and Schumann and Liszt and Hiller, and has outlived them all. The history of the Hartmann family would seem to be a tolerably complete history of music in Denmark for the last hundred years. It begins with the Johann Hartmann, a German musician from Silesia, who settled in Copenhagen between 1770 and 1780 and made himself famous as the composer of the Danish National Anthem. In 1852, Gade, who was his junior by twelve years, married the present Hartmann's eldest daughter, who unhappily died within three years. There can be little doubt that if Hartmann had taken the trouble to make his works known, Gade would have had to take a second place as representative of Scandinavian music in Europe; for, judging by such tests as we can apply, not only was Hartmann the first to introduce the spirit of the North into musical art, but his genius is far more original, masculine, and versatile than that of Gade—a luckier, but not a greater musician.

* * *

In the matter of hearing, an aesthetic optimist has prophesied for the music of the future an almost boundless scope, or at any

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rate a very large increase of the faculty. The prediction has set a writer in one of our musical journals speculating as to the probable results when we have thus, as Tyndal remarks of the murmur of the shell, a "reinforcement of feeble sounds with which even the stillest air is pervaded." The ear is said to be capable of receiving a sound produced by 38,000 vibrations in the second: but the highest note ever employed—the high D of the piccolo—is the result of only 4,752 vibrations, so that we have between the actual and the possible a difference of some 33,000 unaccounted for vibrations. It is perfectly evident that there is an infinite possible music around us that beats around our ears in vain; but whether an acquired normal auditory power would make that music a source of pleasure to us may very well be doubted. If we are at present relatively deaf there must be some good reason for it; and the C *in alt* of the singer which we applaud probably makes life better worth living in the concert room than the Z in heaven knows where. But there is another consideration. An increase of acoustic power of this kind would very likely mean the loss of pleasure at the other end. An acute musician's ear can detect the 16 vibrations as distinct from their affiliated vibrations—in the C C C C of a thirty-two-feet metal open organ pipe; but if he were to receive the power to appreciate finer vibrations the notes of the organ pipe would resolve themselves into noises. Coleridge has some idea of this kind when he said that "the razors edge becomes a saw to the armed vision, and the delicious melodies of Purcell and Cimarosa might be disappointed stammerings to a hearer whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours." On the whole, we do well with what ear we have. Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter—unheard!

* * *

The recently published "Letters of a Baritone" by your countryman, Mr. Francis Walker, have excited considerable interest here. Mr. Walker left New York some time in the eighties and went to Florence for a course of vocal study. In a style which is at once lively and picturesque he tells us everything of importance that happened to him, and gives much information of a practical kind which cannot fail to be helpful to the singer who means to study abroad. His first teacher charged him ten francs per lesson of an hour, which is the highest sum paid in Italy by students going in for the profession; amateurs pay more. A second teacher, Signor Cortesi, charged him 150 francs a month for daily lessons of an hour each. "That amount," says Mr. Walker, "would afford me in New York five lessons of equal duration, so, saying nothing of the difference in the cost of living, you see one reason why students should come here. We hired a piano for fifteen francs a month, and got tuning done for sixty cents." He paid twenty francs a month for rooms; got his breakfasts for fifteen francs a month; and for two good meals a day at a restaurant he paid fifteen francs a week, with a franc thrown in to the waiter. Mr. Walker found in talking to the Florentine teachers that they are specially anxious to have American students because these are almost certain to

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have bright, fresh, vigorous voices. Of English students not much is known in Florence; most of them go to Milan. In any case they are mostly males: few English women go abroad to study. There is perhaps still too much caste feeling prevailing here to encourage young women of the best blood and education to enter upon professional work as singers, and when that is overcome it is not considered safe and right for an English girl to live in the isolation and independence which is permitted to her more "emancipated" American sister. Mr. Walker, however, admits that there are things to be said on both sides of this question, and he is even constrained to remark that the so called "independence" of American girls abroad is "often painful to see." He complains sadly of the time dissipated by the foreign student. Ladies go about the galleries, churches, and museums until they are so fagged out that they have no energy left for their lessons; young men turn Bohemian, get lazy, and then blame the climate for their lack of assiduity. Mr. Walker advises every one to learn Italian who means to be a singer. "If there is anything of special value in the Italian method of singing," he remarks, "it probably has much to do with the language;" and he adds that it is not so much the fact that it contains only the five vowel sounds represented by the a, e, i, o, u, but that there are no "compound vowels," to mislead the student and constantly disturb the throat. Mr. Walker's cure for a cold ought to be quoted. Here it is: inhalation of *catrame*—tar-water—atomized by a jet of steam from a little boiler set over a spirit lamp. This is a favorite remedy with Italian singers, and it is said to succeed admirably in reaching and healing the affected tissues.

* * *

By the time these lines are in print it is probable that we shall have got over the merriment caused by the foolish act of the London Philharmonic Society in presenting Patti with a gold medal for—what do you think?—for "distinguished services rendered to music." Assuredly that time is not yet. In England Patti is still a fetish with the public: but serious musicians have long been disgusted with the whole sordid business, and the Philharmonic circus exhibition has been received in critical quarters—when it has been taken any note of at all—with a smile of good humored contempt. It was indeed a ludicrous exhibition. Patti had just sung a poor song by Rossini, and after the inevitable encore, the voice of Mr. W. H. Cummings was heard breaking through the applause to tell us about those "distinguished services," begun, he remarked, when at an early age Patti sang in *La Sonnambula*. And then, handing over the medal, the speaker begged that Adelina, when looking upon it, would remember the old Philharmonic, "whose only *raison d'être* is to promote art by associating the noblest music with the most gifted executants." The noblest music—Rossini, and "Home, sweet home" (which, of course, Patti presently gave us), and *La Sonnambula!* Well, well. No wonder the half of the Philharmonic's patrons were on the broad grin. The subject is of more than ephemeral interest; for, as one of our critics has remarked, if Patti can go through life singing "Home, sweet home" and much worse stuff, and find her path—the path that leads to a castle in Wales—

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strewn with roses, and towards the close of her career is flattered by a respectable old body like the Philharmonic—why then there is no need for singers taking art seriously or walking the flinty rode made cheerful only by the songs of Beethoven and Schubert and Wagner. Ninety-nine out of every hundred young vocalists, confronted on the one hand with the prospect of a hard life with noble music, and on the other with the prospect of an easy life with ignoble music, and seeing that the Philharmonic approves the choice of those who, like Patti, took the easy path, will be strongly tempted to do likewise, and probably succumb to the temptation. It may be urged that Patti was brought up in the dark ages of music. That certainly is an excuse for her, but it is none for the Philharmonic Society, which has not only made a fool of Patti but a fool of itself.

* * *

You remember how Haydn, being once asked according to what harmonic rule he had introduced a certain progression, replied that the rules were all his very obedient humble servants. You remember, too, that story of Beethoven, to whom a pair of consecutive fifths in his Quartet in C minor was pointed out by his pupil, Ferdinand Ries. "Well, what of them?" asked Beethoven. "Oh, but they are forbidden," replied Ries. "Who forbids them?" "Why, Fuchs, Marpurg, Albrechtsberger, all the authorities." This was too much for Beethoven. "Very well," he thundered, "*I allow them.*" And then there is the anecdote which tells how Handel served the hypercritical person who, after a very rigid examination of the chorus, "Envy, eldest born of hell," in *Saul*, showed the composer with a chuckle of triumphant conceit, two consecutive fifths between the tenor and the bass at the close. "Vell, sare," said Handel. "de fifths produce *my effect*; here is a pen, please to make it better." One recalls these stories in reading Professor Prout's inaugural address to his students at Dublin. The Professor, as you know, is the most eminent English theorist we have. But he is not a pedantic theorist. He recognizes that the great composers have always been in advance of the theory of their day; and now that he is himself in the way of making composers—so far as a University degree can achieve that result—he declares that inborn musical talent in a candidate is to be considered at least as much as musical technique. That is to say, Professor Prout would not "pluck" a candidate for a degree merely because of a few grammatical slips, if the examination of the candidate's work showed that he had the root of the matter in him. This is a more important concession than appears on the surface. There are still a few musical fossils in England who swear by Marpurg and Albrechtsberger, and other ancients who wrote when music was comparatively young; and talented musicians are often rejected at Oxford and Cambridge because, in the excitement of the examination, they have allowed one or two consecutive fifths to slip into their exercise. Professor Prout's wise policy at Dublin will no doubt lead to a large accession of graduates of the Irish University. The Professor by the way, is just about to complete his monumental series of theoretical works by a volume on "Applied Forms."

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

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NOCTURNE.

The dim, mysterious moonlight scarce displays
  The outline of the gloom-enshrouded shore;
The sea beyond is hidden in the haze
  That bounds the realm of dreams and fairy-lore.

A thousand visions from the outer gloom
  Await the dreamer by the silent sea;
A thousand memories from beyond the tomb,
  A sad, sweet solace, drift across the lea;

And down the moonlight pathway from on high
  Tranquilly resting o'er the sleeping wave,
Throng the departed, who can never die,
  But wait our coming there beyond the grave.

* * *

Somehow that pathway of reflected light
  That shines so peacefully across the sea,
Telling the sun still glows beyond the night,
  A symbol of our soul-life seems to be.

So each particular soul that here we know,
  That sometimes thinks itself to be the whole,
Is but reflected, and must always show
  Eternal light beyond:—the Perfect Soul.

* * *

Thou art the moonlight of my soul, my love,
  And shining o'er its surface dark and drear,
Soft as that other moonlight from above,
  Causest as wondrous beauty to appear.

So I, discovering the beauty there
  Where thou illuminest, heed not the rest,
For in the Eternal there can be no best;
  Beauty in part means beauty everywhere.

JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

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SUMMER SCHOOL IN THE NATURAL COURSE OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.

A VERY intelligent body of teachers of music in public schools has been in attendance at 521 Wabash Avenue, at the summer school conducted by Messrs. Frederick H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper, the authors of the newly published Natural Course in Music. The time of the school has been mainly occupied in expounding the principles and methods of the new course, and making the class familiar with the excellent musical material that it contains. The School has brought together the best teachers and supervisors of music for leading cities of the South and West. The high character of the class made it unnecessary to occupy time with rudimental teaching, except in so far as directly connected with the new material here offered.

Mr. Frederick H. Ripley made a very fine impression upon all by his intelligence and simplicity. He has been for many years a prominent educator; and as such has had much to do with the best courses in school music. The present course is the combining in one system of the practical advantages of all the others, together with a better lot of musical material, both in the songs and in the exercises.

A very pleasant feature of the school was the lectures given from time to time by that splendid musician and interesting and clear-headed talker, Mr. Thomas Tapper. In this young man (for he is still in the vicinity of thirty) the class came in contact with a musician of a grade seldom seen in connection with school music.

Another interesting and attractive feature of this session was the singing of Miss Mary H. How, of Boston, a very fine contralto, formerly from Cincinnati. Miss How sang during the school a very large range of songs. Her voice is peculiarly rich and full, and her style matured by years of musical experience. Another pleasing addition to

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the exercises was the singing of Mr. Harry J. Fellows of Erie, Penn. Mr. Fellows has a beautiful tenor voice of good range. He is a singer of promise.

During the course several addresses were made by musicians from outside, among them two by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews. The school abounded in many other attractive features.

The Charts of the Natural Course naturally attracted much attention, since it is by the aid of these that most or all of the new ideas are introduced. Mr. Ripley's idea is that by beginning with the staff the pupil at first gains only a general idea of the exact meaning of the notation; and the successive steps are directed towards making this conception more complete and exact. Meanwhile the eye is becoming more and more accustomed to all the signs that enter into the representation of musical ideas. Another valuable peculiarity in these charts was found in the synonymous representations of the same idea in different manners of notation, as they occur in different connections, signatures, etc., whereby, the eye is rendered more discriminating. Of course the central difficulty in employing a notation so complicated and so inexact upon the tonical side as the staff, in the early grades, is that of obtaining exact tonical concepts of the musical ideas. This, however, cannot depend upon the notation but upon the work of the teacher and upon his fertility in illustrating his ideas. The charts merely afford material.

This school and the summer term at Boston were under the management of Mr. C. C. Birchard, formerly with Ginn & Company, whose understanding of common school music and the requirements of a practical course of text-books in it, probably surpasses that of any other practical worker in the field. As Mr. Birchard has a very large personal acquaintance and influence, the advantage of his association with the Natural Course will at once occur to the reader; or if not to him, certainly to the opponents of the new system.

Another season an attempt will be made to organize the work more perfectly, and to conduct an elementary course —designed for aspirants who as yet have not had the advan-

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tage of musical normal training. What is wanted is to unite in the training for this course refined and musical intelligence with advanced ideas in pedagogical methods generally. Judging from the present success an evolution of this kind is now underway.

The class—representatives from all the leading methods and Schools—has proved a unit regarding the superior merit of this course.

Testimony as to its general attractiveness and merit has already been received from eminent sources. The following given jointly by Herbert Griggs, Supervisor of music, Denver; C. H. Congdon, Supervisor of music, St. Paul; Caroline V. Smith, Winona (Minn.) State Normal School; P. C. Hayden, Supervisor, Quincy, Ill., is a fair example.

"The undersigned after giving the Natural Music Course a thorough review and examination from an unbiased standpoint submit the following recommendations:—

1. We heartily commend the method of developing the scale and tone-relationship as outlined in the Series of Charts.

2. The Chromatic development is excellent and based on pedagogical principles.

3. We recognize in the arrangement of the material in both books and charts a plan most progressive, leading through symmetrical development to a high degree of musicalp roficiency.

4. We heartily endorse the use of such a variety of themes taken from the best Classical compositions.

5. The songs used as to both music and poetry are especially well apapted to Child life.

6. The Footnotes, Suggestions and Dictation Exercises are especially valuable as an aid for the regular teacher.

7. The early introduction of part singing and the continuation of unison singing throughout the *entire* course is strictly in accordance with our belief.

On the whole we believe that the authors of the Natural Music Course have taken an advance step in the development of School Music."

Mrs. Emma A. Thomas, director of music in the public

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schools in Detroit, expressed herself in an interview as follows:

"I attended the Natural Music School to investigate thoroughly the Natural course in music.

I have examined it carefully and critically. It has more points of superiority than any other course. I believe to a certain extent it is going to revolutionize music teaching in this country. There has been for a few years back marked dissatisfaction on the part of many teachers with the courses they have been teaching. This course so far as I am concerned is about right.

It is stronger than any other system in that it contains the most beautiful music of a classic order, the best poetry, and is, in my opinion the best graded and arranged. The treatment of chromatics is new and very effective in overcoming the difficulties usually found in dealing with modulations and passing chromatic tones. I regard this course the best yet published— the natural outgrowth of all which has preceded."

Miss Mae E. Schreiber, of the Wisconsin State Normal School spoke of the course as follows:

"I most heartily recommend the Natural Music Course.

This course presents a systematic development of the subject of music based upon true pedagogical principles. Its educational value is shown in the fact that it requires the child to think. It will make the child expert because it emphasizes drill, and it will cultivate its artistic nature because it is truly musical. I believe it is a practical working course that will make sight singers of our school children.

It impresses me as superior to other courses in that it selects the essentials, gives drill exercises on them, and then embodies these essentials in exercises and songs. To the inexperienced teacher, or the grade teacher who often has to do this work, this is invaluable, for it requires a broad knowledge of music to know what is essential.

The arrangement in cycles is most admirable. When a subject is once commenced it is continued throughout the course, growing more difficult as the work advances. The attention is directed to one element, then to the other ele-

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ments in their natural order, the first element reappearing at the time when the child is ready for it—when his experience in other elements has prepared him to undertake to greater advantage this advanced stage.

One thing at a time is taught,—an important item in all drill work.

Relations are shown by exercises which present that which is already familiar under new forms; thus the child knows and practices before the *why* comes.

The treatment of accidentals as accidentals, and of the chromatic scale, is one of the finest features of the course.

The literature is good and most of the exercises are selections from our best composers, thus putting the child at once into touch with that which is best in music.

The course is a decided advance in school music."

Miss Nannie C. Love, Director of Music at Muncie, Indiana, says:

"The adoption of the Natural Music Course in full into Muncie Public Schools on my recommendation is sufficient proof of my substantial recognition of its merit.

The development that must follow with grade teacher and pupil through its books and charts at once impresses the progressive teacher of music and educators generally.

I believe it is to be a course of study that will meet a great want *just now*, and after having listened to the analysis of the course from the eminent authors, Messrs. Ripley and Tapper, am more than ever convinced that *the one great musical truth* is carried clear through and presented with a scientific simplicity heretofore unattained."

Miss Mari Hofer, of Kindergarten Magazine, says:

"I was very sorry not to see you again before leaving the city to express to you my pleasure and satisfaction with your new books and charts. There seems to be nothing lacking in the logic of development to make it a valuable course to place in the hands of intelligent teachers."

From Mr. P. M. Bach, Supervisor of Music, Colorado Springs:

"As in the child brain the idea of color, form, and outline is devoloped from the primary concept, light, so the devel-

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ment of music, in all its phases, should grow from one central thought or concept—melody—in order to be inductive.

When at the Denver convention of the N. E. A. in July, I first saw the series of music readers and charts of the "Natural Music Course" by Messrs. Frederic H. Ripley and Thomas Tapper of Boston, I received the new system with some degree of suspicion, but upon closer examination I discovered sufficient merit to warrant its use in the Colorado Summer School of Language, Science, and Philosophy, at Colorado Springs in July.

This occasion gave me ample opportunity to make a rigid test in the class room, with such results that I can confidently say that it proves to be a natural course, indeed, and up-to-date with the foremost thought on educational matters.

As soon as the child's power to hear and to render correctly simple melodies has been awakened by the use of well-selected rote songs, the course properly begins. The scale is presented as a melody, and as soon as its tones are perfectly familiar, the presentation is shown upon the chart. Thus the child is at once brought in contact with perfect representation of music in accordance with the accepted notation, so that from the very first he reads music from the staff.

Having gained the power to connect each tone of the scale with the note which represents it, and to follow the teacher's pointer freely as she moves it over the notes, he next learns that this representation is relative, that is, that the scale as a whole may be moved up or down upon the staff at the will of the writer, but that the tones sustain the same relation to each other, wherever expressed. Thus by practicing upon the scale, beginning on different staff degrees, he at once gains the power to sing in all keys with equal freedom, removing permanently the difficulties which arise from allowing children to sing too long in one key.

The power gained from this study of the scale is immediately applied in little melodic phrases of musical merit, written without meter. After sufficient practice upon the

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simplest elements of melody, the second element, namely, meter, is introduced.

While this elementary work is in progress the child's sense of melody, rhythm, and a love for the beautiful in music is being carefully cultivated by the use of the choicest rote songs. Rote singing in this course occupies the same relation to music culture that memory gems and conversation lessons occupy in the cultivation of language. In presenting a subject to a child the technicalities underlying the presentation should be withheld, to prevent confusion in the young mind. This principal is adhered to throughout the entire course, covering all the technical difficulties to be overcome in the acquisition of the art of prima vista singing.

While the exercises, tunes, and songs, in their pedagogic sequence throughout the course, are gems of melody and counterpoint, the beautiful verses used in all the songs for the various festive and other occasions, form another important factor in favor of the Natural Music Course, for only the best is good enough for our school children.

I wish this course wide-spread circulaton."

* * *

Altogether this has been a very remarkable school. And the Natural Course seems to fill a long felt want. It goes straight to the heart of the subject, and proceeds logically and artistically, without any fuss or ceremony.

From appearances, and from the general nature of the work, it seems destined to have a revolutionary effect upon school music teaching throughout this country. Let the good work go on.

W. S. B. M.

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THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

CREED OF THE WELL-TAUGHT PUPIL.

1. I believe that the composer knew what he wanted in the way of tones; therefore I will play exactly what he wrote, so nearly as I can.

2. I believe that the bar is intended to show the place of the strong pulse; therefore I try to place the accent upon the tone written next after the bar.

3. I believe good rhythm is at the very foundation of music; therefore I will endeavor to keep an even time, without hurrying or slackening. And if any differences in movement are to be made between the easy and difficult parts of a composition, I believe that as a rule the more difficult parts should go more rapidly than the others, inasmuch as they indicate greater intensity, and perhaps bravoura.

4. I believe that music is essentially a Message from the composer; or a picture painted in tones; in short that it represents the ideal in tonal forms; and therefore I will try to play it as if I knew what the message was, or as if I had the picture in mind. In other words, will play it with expression.

5. The foundation of playing with expression is to make a piece *sing*, and when I play I will try to *sing with fingers*, and help out their singing with discreet use of the pedal.

6. I believe that the pedal may be used at any place in a composition where the effect is improved by so using it. These places will be where there is a tone of melody to be held after the fingers are taken off it (in order to do something else), or where it is desired to improve the resonance of the pianoforte.

7. When I haven't any reason for using the pedal I will leave it alone, for few things are more objectionable than the absent-minded lingering upon the pedal which we often hear from badly taught students.

8. Inasmuch as music is a message, or a picture, from the imaginary world of the ideal, it follows that there must be great differences in the quality of pieces of music, according to the nobility and purity of mind in composers, and according to the especially noble mood of a great composer at the moment of writing some choicest work. And it shall be my endeavor to know as many as possible of these pieces of music best with knowing; and when I know them, to play them with all possible appreciation and in such a way as to inducc my hearers to love them and enjoy them.

9. And since musical playing is the object of my study. I will esteem all kinds of technical exercises and studies according to

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their value in making me more and more master of the resources of the instrument, to the end that I may fitly interpret music worth knowing.

RECENT MUSICAL WORKS.

A writer in *Le Guide Musicale* speaks of the new works performed at the Festival of the General German Musical Union, at Brunswick, in June last, in terms which are not atogether complementary. Of the festival as a whole he says so unsatisfactory was it that it is likely to be followed by the total dissolution of the society. Among the new compositions played there was absolutely nothing remarkable. I will except the overture to the opera "Donna Diana" of Von Reznicek which to me appeared interesting. As to the cantata of Eugene D'Albert for chorus and orchestra, "Man and his Life," confused, tormented by a polophony exaggerated, it tired me profoundly, and the public seemed to partake of my emotion. His sonata for piano and violin is very much more to be preferred; but on the whole D'Albert, who is one of the greatest of contemporaneous pianists. does wrong to pose as composer. As director of orchestra D'Albert also proved again at Brunswick that he has still very much to learn. In contrast M. Nicodé of Dresden showed himself a director of the first order, and, even while directing forces not yet disciplined together, was able to secure very good execution.

The performance of the Bach Cantata and the Requiem of Berlioz, directed by the official director, Riedel, was only mediocre. The choruses left much to be desired, the intonation often doubtful and the orchestra defective in rhythm and unity. I prefer not to speak of the "Tragic Symphony" of Draeseke, still another composer enormously protected by a certain coterie, nor of the prologue to the opera of "Ingwelde" of Schilling.

Two works had the effect of a beam of light amid all this dismal obscurity; the Quintette of Brahms, Op. 24, and the Quatuor of Dvorak, played to perfection by the admirable Frankfort quartette Messrs. Heermann, Bassermann, Konig and Becker, and by D'Albert as pianist. They also saved by their splendid playing a trio of the Scandinavian, Sindig, who does not arouse my enthusiasm.

Among the singers, a series of mediocrities, except the charming Holland trio, Messrs. Jong, Corner and Snyder, who made an immense success. It is stated, but I cannot confirm it, that the president of the General German Musical Union, the baron Von Bronsart von Schellendorf will resign, and that D'Albert will be named in his place, If this fact should be confirmed, it will be the beginning of the end.

G. H.

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A NEW MAGAZINE OF MYSTIGISM.

URIEL, The Uriel Publishing Co., Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

UNDER the tittle "*Uriel*" Dr. Naphtali Herz Imber presents this month the initial number of a new magazine devoted to mystic science. Mr. Imber is well known to the readers of music through his articles on the relation of music to mysticism tnat have appeared from time to time in this magazine. By birth a Polish Jew, he has lived during his life among the Spaniolen, or Jews of Northern Africa and the Jews of Jemen, in Arabia. From his boyhood he has been familiar with the traditions of the Polish Jews, and in his wanderings he has become equally well versed in those of the Jews of other parts of the world. From his long residence among the extreme oriental peoples he has become imbued with the truth of the Cabbala, and has devoted his life to the study of it. To this study, too, he brings a most intimate knowledge of the Talmud and the Bible,—especially of the Old Testament, which he quotes readily in the Hebrew. After wandering from one to another of the American cities, Mr. Imber has finally found the time ripe for the establishment of the new magazine in Boston.

The articles in the present number are devoted to the discussion of different topics from the Cabbala, mysticism and theosophy. In view of the constantly recurring claims of "hypnotism," "mind-reading" "thought transference," and kindred sciences, the new magazine will probably prove of great interest to the public at large. It may even be that we shall have Trilby explained on a scientific basis in the near future.

Remembering the time when its own first number was put forth in fear and trembling, MUSIC wishes the new-comer the best of success.

ANECDOTES OF GREAT MUSICIANS. Three hundred anecdotes and biographical sketches of famous composers and performers, by W. Francis Gates. Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.

Books of this character appeal to a very large public and have their use in affording glimpses of eminent composers. Of course the great majority of the three hundred anecdotes herein contained have been written at one time or another by energetic reporters, for which reason the percentage of truth is somewhat below a fair historical level. Nevertheless, upon the principle that where there

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is much smoke there must be some fire, it is impossible to suppose that three hundred anecdotes can be brought together from reputable sources, especially as the author states that he has performed a sifting operation in the material, without containing more or less which are true—or if not true ought to have been true. With this modicum of encouragement to the reader, and above all with the caution not to build any opinion concerning any composer upon any anecdote herein contained, but to take it merely as amusement and interesting reading—with this trifling reservation, the book is one to be heartily commended. It is a peculiarity of literature of this class to accumulate prodigiously many years after the composers are dead to whom the anecdotes relate. Instances which the contemporaries of the composers never heard of emerge after thirty or forty or fifty years and, being well written up, afford interesting reading.

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W. S. B. M-

DEALERS' NOTES.

The personnel of the Hallet & Davis Company was incorrectly given in our last, owing to a vexatious error of proof reading. It should have been this:—

Geo. Cook of Boston, President; R. K. Maynard of Chicago, Treasurer and Manager; H. J. Strong of Chicago, Secretary.

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MUSIC

OCTOBER, 1895.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARTIST.

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF CHARLES GOUNOD.

IN the *Revue de Paris* for June 1st, July 1st, and August 1st, are contained the memoirs of Charles Gounod. In spite of the fact that they are broken off at the very beginning of Gounod's career as composer of dramatic music, such memoirs cannot but be of great value, not alone to the student of the life of the artist but to every musician as well; for through them such glimpses of the artist life and thought of Gounod are obtained as must have a very decided effect in the interpretation and understanding of his compositions. And more than that, they are also interesting as presenting the views upon art of a great artist. The sidelight they throw upon the life of the time, and on the personalities of his successive masters and associates, is also interesting and valuable.

Charles Gounod was born June 17, 1818, and was the son of Francois Louis Gounod, one of the most noted artists of his day. The maternal grandmother of Ch. Gounod was also an artist, and was, as the composer says, gifted with an extraordinary intellect and wonderful gifts as poet and musician. From them both and from his mother, a quite gifted pianist and pupil of Hullmandel, he inherited his predilection for art. His father died when the young Gounod was not yet five years old, though he had already shown such aptitude for drawing that had his father lived he "would without the slightest doubt have become a painter

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instead of a musician." But by the death of the father the mother was thrown upon the necessity of supporting the children, Ch. Gounod and his elder brother, by giving music lessons, at which she was very successful. With her was begun the musical education which was to shape one of the greatest lives of the nineteenth century. From his earliest childhood he was gifted with a marvelously correct ear. His mother could not resist the temptation to display this before some of the musicians of the time, so she sent for one Jadin, certain of whose romances were the vogue at that time. Of the meeting Gounod says:

"Jadin seated himself at the piano and began improvising a series of chords and modulations, demanding of me at each new modulation, 'In what key is that?' I did not fail a single time. Jadin was thunderstruck. My mother was triumphant.

Poor, dear mother, she did not suspect then that she was developing in her son the germs of a determination which was, a few years later, to cause her grave disturbance on the subject of my future, upon which, probably, great effect had already been made by the hearing of "Robin des Bois" at the Odeon, where she had taken me when I was six years old."

At that time the Gounod family was living in the house at Versailles appointed to them by Louis XVIII, when the elder Gounod was professor of design at the "Pages." They continued to reside there after his death, through the reign of Charles X, until the time of Louis-Phillipe. From there the young Gounod was taken, each morning, to a neighboring school, where among other things he studied solfeggio under Duprez, himself scarcely fifteen years old at the time. This was the same Duprez who was in later years so noted as a great tenor, at the Opera. From this school he was sent to the Lyceum Saint-Louis, at the age of twelve. There he was under the musical instruction of Hippolyte Monpou, to whose indiscretion in making the boy sing while his voice was changing, Gounod owes the loss of a voice which was in his youth very sweet and true. The Revolution of 1830 made a change in the management of the Ly-

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ceum, and there was finally appointed to the principalship one M. Poirson "under whose control," says Gounod, "commenced the events that have decided the direction of my life."

Among the school festivals was a holiday given to those who had received one first grade or two second grades in composition since their entrance into the school. The holiday was preceded by a banquet and on the second day of the celebration the fortunate pupils were permitted to go home to see their parents. Having had the good fortune to be one of this number, Gounod was taken by his mother, as a reward, to hear Rossini's "Otello" at the Italian theatre. Malibran was cast for Desdemona, Rubini for Otello, and Lablache for the father. They were compelled to stand in line over two hours for their tickets, which cost them very nearly a dollar a piece. He says: "At length we entered. Never will I forget the impression made upon me by the sight of that hall; it seemed to me as if I found myself in a temple, where everything divine was to be revealed. The solemn moment arrived. The customary three raps were heard, and the overture commenced! My heart beat against my breast. It was a dream, a delirium, that representation. Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini (who sung Iago), those voices, that orchestra, the whole thing drove me literally mad."

From that moment he dreamed only of becoming a musician, and spent many hours when he should have been studying, trying to compose an "Otello" of his own, — though without any startling success.

"I had, for a moment, hesitated between painting and music; but finally, perceiving a greater propensity to present my ideas in music, I made that my lasting choice.

My poor mother was overwhelmed. She had seen before what the life of an artist was, and probably foresaw for me something like a second edition of the unfortunate life she had shared with my father. So in great grief she hastened to consult the principal, M. Poirson.

He reassured her:

'Fear nothing; your son will never be a musician. He

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is a good student; he works well; his professors are satisfied with him; I will undertake to send him to the Normal School. I will make it my affair; rest easy, Madame Gounod, your son will never be a musician!'

My mother went away satisfied. The principal called me to his private office. 'Well,' said he, 'what is this, my child? You wish to be a musician?'

'Yes, sir.'

'But come, you must not wish that; there is no glory in that.'

'What, Sir! Is there no glory in being called Mozart? Rossini?'

And in replying to him I felt my fourteen-year-old head thrown far back. On the instant the face of my questioner changed.

'Ah!' said he, 'that is what you mean? That is well; we will see if you have the making of a musician in you. I have had my box at the Italians for ten years, and I am a good judge.' He wrote some verses on a leaf from his note book and gave them to me, saying: 'Take that and set it to music.'

I was jubilant. I left him and returned to the study; having closed the door I read with feverish anxiety the verses he had given me. It was the story of Joseph, 'A peine au sortir de l'enfance. . .'

I knew neither Joseph nor Mehul. I was neither inspired nor intimidated by any remembrance. One can easily imagine the little ardor I felt for the Latin theme in that moment of musical fervor. At the following recess my romance was done. I hastened to the principal.

'Well, my child?'

'Sir, my romance is done.'

'What, already?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then sing it for me.'

'But, sir, I need a piano, to accompany myself.'

(M. Poirson had a daughter who took lessons on the piano, and I knew there was one in the next room.)

'No, no. It is useless. I need no piano.'

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'But I need it, sir, for my harmonies!'

'How? Harmonies? Where are the harmonies, then?'

'Here, sir,' said I, tapping my head.

'Oh, well. It is all the same. Sing. I can understand the harmonies.' I saw I must yield, and sang.

I was not very confidant in the first strophe, but gaining firmness from the look of my judge, I continued. I perceived victory pass to my side as I sang. When I had finished the principal said: 'Come, now to the piano.' And so I triumphed. I recommenced my little composition, and at the end the poor M. Poirson, conquered, with tears in his eyes, took my head between his hands, and embracing me, said:

'Keep on, my child. Make music.' ''

* * *

Of course Gounod's mother, whose resistance, he says "was a duty dictated by solicitude," yielded, and secured permission for him to spend a certain time each week in study under Antoine Reicha, then professor of composition at the Conservatory, where Cherubini was director.

So Gounod commenced the study of harmony, counterpoint, fugue and all the preliminaries of the art of composition. Soon after this he went with Reicha to hear "Don Juan" at the Italians. The effect produced in him by this master was wholly different from that produced by "Otello." "It seems to me that there must be between these two sorts of impressions something analogous to the effect upon a painter who passes all at once from contact with the Venetian masters to Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michel Angelo." The same year he heard for the first time Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, and symphony with chorus.

But the time for his military service was approaching, and his mother was far too poor to pay for a military substitute. So when she mentioned it to him he replied.

"Very well, mother. Don't say anything more about it. I will make it my own affair. I will take the Grand Prize of Rome."

Gounod passed his examinations for the degree of B. L. when eighteen, and immediately began work towards the

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"Prix de Rome." "There was not a day to lose," he says. "It was a question of life or death for my future."

An experience of his at this time will find many sympathisers among music students of today. Reicha had just died, and it was necessary to find another master. His mother took him to Cherubini, to demand entrance to the Conservatory. Upon hearing that he was a pupil of Reicha, the director exclaimed:

"Very well! he will have to commence all over again, in another manner. I do not like the method of Reicha. He was a German. The boy must follow the Italian school. I will put him in the class of counterpoint and fugue under my pupil Halévy." But far from being discouraged Gounod was delighted with the chance to study the school of Palestrina, as he had before that of Sebastian Bach. For the study of lyric composition, he was put under Berton, the author of "Montano et Stephanie," and a number of other things that were much played in his day. Berton was a man of fine spirit, amiable, delicate, and a great admirer of Mozart, of whom he recommended assiduous study. "'Study Mozart,' he always repeated; 'study the "Marriage of Figaro!"' He was right; that should be the breviary of musicians. Mozart is to Palestrina and Bach what the New Testament is to the Old in one and the same Bible." At the Conservatory he also studied composition under Paër and Le Sueur.

All this while Gounod was studying for the Grand Prize. The first year in which he could compete for it (he was then nineteen), he obtained second prize. The second year he failed. He was twenty, and the time for conscription had come. But the second prize he had gained gave him a years respite, and after a short vacation in Switzerland he returned to his work, and won the Prize with a cantata, "Fernand." It was after that time, and before he went to Rome that his first Mass was produced.

"The Chapel-master of Saint-Eustache, Dietsch, who was leader of the chorus at the Opera, said to me one day, 'Write me a Mass before you go to Rome; I will have you direct it at Saint-Eustache.'

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A Mass ! from me ! in Saint-Eustache ! I thought I was dreaming. I had five months before me; I put myself resolutely to work, and on the appointed day I was ready, thanks to the assistance of my mother in copying the orchestra parts, for we had no means to pay a copyist. A Mass for grand orchestra, if you please! I had dedicated it to the memory of my dear and regretted master Le Sueur, and I directed the production at Saint-Eustache myself.

My Mass was certainly not a remarkable work. It showed the inexperience a novice in the management of the rich colors of the orchestra, skill in which demands long practice; as to the value of the musical ideas considered in themselves they were sufficiently true to the sense of the sacred text. But in the firmness of design there was left much to be desired."

* * *

"It was on the 27th of January, 1840," writes Gounod, "that we entered that Rome which was to shelter us, educate us, and initiate us into the grand and severe beauty of nature and of art."

The Director of the Academy at that time was M. Ingres, who had been a very intimate friend of the elder Gounod, and who was very determined that the student should follow his father's steps and become a painter instead of musician. Gounod was very fond of sketching in the city and the surrounding country, and on his rambles always carried his album with him. On one occasion, returning from a walk, he met M. Ingres at the door of the Academy.

"'What have you there?' he demanded.

'Why. . . M. Ingres, . . it is, that is to say, it is. . a sketch-book.'

'A sketch-book? What for? do you draw?'

'Oh !. . Monsieur Ingres ! . . .no. . that is to say. . . yes,. . . a little. . . so very little.' I stammered.

'Indeed! Let us look at it.'

And opening my album he chanced upon a little figure of Sainte Catherine that I had just copied that day from a fresco attributed to Masaccio, in the old basilica of Saint Clement not far from the Coliseum.

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'Did you do that?' demanded M. Ingres.

'Yes, sir.'

'All alone?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why! But, my boy, don't you know that you draw as well as your father!'

'Oh! Monsieur Ingres!"'

The next day, having looked over more of Gounod's work, the master said to him:

"If you will, I wish you to return to Rome with the Grand Prize in painting."

"Oh! Monsieur Ingres," replied Gounod, "To change my career at the very outset? And leave my mother again for a long time? No! I could not do it."

* * *

"However, as I was in Rome after all to study music and not painting, it behooved me to look around a little more seriously for opportunities for hearing music. These occasions were not exactly frequent, but on the whole unadvoidably profitable and salutary.

In the first place, in the matter of church music, there was hardly more than a single place that one could visit with profit, and that was the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. What passed for music at the other churches was something to make one shudder! Outside of the Sistine chapel, and that called "des Chanoins" at St. Peter's, the music was worse than nothing,—it was execrable. One can hardly imagine such an assemblage of inconveniences (in like case) as were there brought together in the honor of Heaven. All the finery of profane music was displayed in the performance of this religious masquerade. So I did not revisit these places after the first experiences.

I went ordinarily, on Sunday, to hear the musical service at the Sistine chapel, most often in company with my comrade and friend, Herbert. But the Sistine! To describe it fittingly would be beyond the power of any man, save, perhaps, the authors of what one sees and hears there, or rather heard there then; for, alas! though one can still see there the sublime work, but destructible and al-

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ready very much altered, of the immortal Michel Angelo, yet the hymns of the divine Palestrina no longer resound under those vaults which the political captivity of the sovereign pontiff has rendered mute, and the silence of which mourns eloquently the absence of their sacred host.

I went, then, as often as possible to the Sistine Chapel. The music there, severe, ascetic, calm and even as the horizon line of the ocean, monotonous in its serenity, anti-sensual, and yet with an intensity of contemplation which reached sometimes to ecstasy, produced in me at first a strange, almost disagreeable effect. Whether it was the style of composition, entirely new to me, or the particular sonority of those particular voices which my ear heard for the first time, or indeed the attack, strong almost to rudeness, that sharp beating that gives such a relief to the execution by laying stress upon the diverse entries of voices in those combinations of voices so full and so compact,—I can not say. Yet that impression, strange as it was, did not discourage me. I returned again and again to the same place, until I could no longer stay away.

There are some works which one must see or hear in the place for which they were produced. The Sistine chapel is one of those exceptional places. It is a monument unique in the world. The colossal genius that decorated its vaults and the sides of the alter with those incomparable conceptions of the Genesis and the Last Judgement, that painter of the prophets, who seems to treat with them as equal with equal, without doubt never had his like, any more than had Homer or Phidias. Men of that character and greatness are never seen twice; they are syntheses; they embrace a world—they create it, they end it, and what they have said no man can ever say after them. Palestrinian music seems to be a translation in song of the vast poem of Michel Angelo, and I can almost believe that the two masters shone with the light of a mutual intelligence; the painting calls up the music, and the music the painting, reciprocally, so well that after a time one is led to ask if the Sistine Chapel, music and painting, is not the result of one inspiration. Music and painting blend in so perfect and so complete a

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unity that it seems as if the whole must be the double exposition of one and the same thought, the double voice of the same seer; one might say that what one hears is the echo of what one sees.

There are, indeed, between the work of Michel Angelo and that of Palestrina, such analogies, such a similarity of impressions, that it is difficult not to assume that the same ensemble of qualities, I almost said virtues, belonged to those two privileged intelligences. On both sides, the same simplicity, the same humility in the use of resources, the same absence of preoccupation of the effect. One perceives that no account was taken of the material proceding, the hand, and that the soul alone, its gaze immutably fixed towards a higher world, strove but to reproduce in a form submissive and subjugated all the sublimity of its contemplations. There is nothing, even to the general and uniform atmosphere in which that painting and music are enveloped, that does not seem to consist of a sort of voluntary renouncement of all atmosphere; the art of those two men is, so to speak, a sacrament, wherein the sensible sign is no more than a veil thrown upon the living and divine reality. Neither the one nor the other of these two great masters has succeeded in pleasing at first sight. In all other things it is the exterior that attracts us; here nothing of the kind; here it is necessary to penetrate to the soul of the work from the visible and sensible.

Hearing a work of Palestrina creates something analogous to the effect produced by reading one of the grand pages of Bossuet; there is nothing difficult on the way, but at the end of the road one finds himself carried to prodigious heights; docile and faithful servant of the thought, the word has neither turned nor interrupted him, and he has come to the summit without diversion, without turning aside, conducted by a mysterious guide who has hidden from him his path and laid bare his secrets. It is this absence of visible procedure, of mundane artifice, of vain coquetry, which makes these superior works absolutely inimitable. To accomplish them requires nothing less than the spirit which conceived, and the sublime power which dictated them.

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As to the immense, the gigantic work of Michel Angelo, what can I say? What Michel Angelo, inspired by a genius not alone of painter, but of poet, has conceived and depicted on the walls of this place unique in the world, is prodigious. What a powerful assemblage of facts and personages, that symbolize the capital and essential history of our race! What a conception of that double line of prophets and Sibyls, of seers whose intuition pierces the veil of the future and brings across the ages the Spirit before whom all is present! What a story in that vault decorated with the origins of humanity, and joined, by the colossal figure of Jonah escaped from the belly of the whale, to the triumph of that other Jonah, the conquerer of death, freed by his own power from the shadows of the tomb. What an exultant and sublime hosanna springs from that legion of angels in the transport of their enthusiasm as they sweep across the luminous space to the heights of celestial glory, while in the lowest depths of the painting the assemblage of the lost, sad and despairing, gazes upon the last livid rays of a day that seems to say adieu forever! And upon the same vault, what an eloquent and pathetic depicting of the first hours of our parents! What a revelation is that painting of the creative act, where the Father has just breathed into the inanimate body of the first man that "living soul" which is about to put him in conscious relation with the principle of his being! What immaterial power arises from that wide space, so free, and of such deep significance, that the painter has left between the Creator and the creature, as if he had wished to say that the divine will knows neither distance nor obstacle, and that for God, to will and to do are but one and the same thing! What grace in the submissive attitude of the first woman, when, drawn forth from the sleeping Adam, she finds herself in the presence of her Father and Creator! How marvellous is that expression of filial devotion and gratitude with which she bows beneath the hand that blesses her with a tenderness so calm and so sovereign!

But to describe it one must stop at every step. One might say of this great assemblage of paintings of the Bible that it is the bible of painting. Ah! if the younger genera-

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tion knew what an education and what a delineation of the future was in the sanctuary of the Sistine Chapel, they would pass there their entire days, and neither the solicitations of interest nor the hope of fame would have power over characters fashioned after a school of such lofty fervor and inspiration.

Beside this great service of sacred music maintained by the pontifical chapel, I had, as pensioner, to devote a part of my time to the study of dramatic music. The repertory of the theatre at that time was almost entirely composed of operas of Bellini, Donizetti and Mercadante, all works which in spite of their own qualities, and the occasional personal inspiration of their authors, were, in their whole style, by their conventionality, or by certain forms that had degenerated into formulæ, no more than vines growing about the robust Rossinian trunk, of which they had neither the beauty nor the majesty, but which seemed to disappear under the momentary glory of their ephemeral foliage. There was no musical profit to be gained by hearing these,—very inferior as regards execution, to those offered at the Italian Theatre at Paris, where the same works were interpreted by the best contemporaneous artists. The staging itself was often grotesque. I recall having assisted at the Apollo Theatre at Rome, in a production of Norma, in which the Roman warriors bore breast-plate and helmet of lead, and nankeen pantaloons with red sashes; it was absolutely comical.

On this account I went rarely to the theatre, and found more advantage for studying at my own house the parts of my favorite masters,— the Alceste of Lulli, the Iphegenie of Gluck, the Don Juan of Mozart, and the William Tell of Rossini."

* * *

During the stay at Rome Gounod wrote many melodies, many of which he afterwards adapted in one way or another. Among these were several that were incorporated into "Sappho," notably two in the assembly scene in the first act. Of the personal life at the Academy he writes:

"Our Sunday evenings were habitually passed in the grand salon of the director, the freedom of whose house

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was given to the pensioners on that day. Much music was heard there. M. Ingres had formed an especial friendship for me. He was very fond ot music; he loved passionately Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and especially Gluck, who, through the nobility and pathetic accent of his style, seemed to him a Greek, a descendant of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. M. Ingres played the violin: he was by no means a virtuoso, but he had, in his youth, played the violin in the orchestra at the theatre of his native town, Montauban, where he had taken part in the execution of Gluck's operas. As for "Don Juan," I knew it by heart, and while I was not a pianist, I played well enough to please M. Ingres with that work, which he adored. I knew also by heart the symphonies of Beethoven, for which he had a passionate admiration; we frequently passed part of the night together in the company of the great masters, and I soon became well established in his graces.

Who has not known M. Ingres intimately has an inexact and false idea of him. I saw him familiarly, often, and for a long time, and I can affirm that his was a nature simple, straightforward, open, full of grace and candor, and of an enthusiasm that often amounted to eloquence. He had the tenderness of a child, and a remarkable naivety, touching sensibility and freshness of emotion. Sincerely humble before the masters, he was sufficiently worthy and proud in the presence of self-sufficiency and arrogance; he was like a father to the pensioners, whom he regarded as his children, and whose rank he guarded with a jealous affection in the midst of visitors, who were often admitted into his salons. Such was the great and noble master from whom I was to have the happiness of receiving precious counsel. I loved him well, and will never forget that he let fall before me some of those luminous words which brighten the life of an artist when he has the fortune to understand them. Everyone knows the celebrated saying of M. Ingres, "There can be no grace without force." It is true that grace and force are complementaries, in the total of beauty, force preserving grace from becoming mincing, and grace preventing force from becoming brutality. It is the perfect harmony of

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these two elements which marks the summit of art, and which constitutes genuis. ''

So in the close friendship of his beloved master, and in the midst of a band of fellow art-students, Gounod passed in Italy a typical artist-life. Wandering from one to another of the Italian cities in company with his associates, more often to Naples than to any other, he was constantly imbibing more and more of the spirit of the beautiful.

* * *

"It was in the winter of 1840-41 that I had, for the first time, opportunity to see and hear Pauline Garcia, sister of Malibran, and who had at that time just married Louis Viardot, then director at the Italian Theatre at Paris. She was then not eighteen years old, and her debut at the Italians had been a great event. She was on a wedding journey with her husband, and I had the honor and pleasure of accompanying her in the salon of the Academy, in the celebrated and immortal air of "Robin des Bois." I was astounded at a talent already so majestic, in that child who promised to become some day a most illustrious woman. I was not destined to see her again until ten years later. There was in this connection a curious coincidence. At twelve years of age I had heard Malibran in Rossini's "Otello," and had borne from that hearing the dream of consecrating myself to the art of music; at twenty-two I made the acquaintance of her sister Madame Viardot, for whom I was destined, at thirty-two years, to write the rôle of Sappho, which she created, in 1851, upon the stage of the Opera.

The same winter I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Fanny Hensel, the sister of Mendelssohn. She passed the winter at Rome with her husband, painter to the king of Prussia, and her son who was then an infant. Madame Hensel was a musician far above the ordinary, a remarkable pianist, a woman of superior spirit, little, but with an energy which showed in her deep eyes and her sharp glance. She was endowed with rare faculties as composer, and it is to her that are due many of the Songs without Words published in the pianoforte works of her brother and

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under his name. M. and Mme Hensel came often on Sunday afternoons to the Academy; Madame Hensel took her place at the piano with the sweet grace of those who make music because they love it, and, thanks to her great talent and prodigious memory, I was introduced to a large number of master-pieces of German music which were to me, at that time, absolutely unknown: among others many pieces of Sebastian Bach, sonatas, fugues, preludes and concertos, and a number of compositions by Mendelssohn which were to me revelations of an unknown world. M. and Mme Hensel left Rome to return to Berlin, where I was destined to see them again, two years later.

Before leaving the Academy M. Ingres was pleased to leave me a souvenir which is doubly precious to me as a token of his affection and as a relic of his talent. It was my portrait in crayon, and represented me seated at the piano and having before me the "Don Juan" of Mozart.

I realized deeply the void which his departure would leave for me, and how much there would remain for me of the salutary influence of a master whose faith was so living, whose ardor so communicative, and whose doctrine so sure and so lofty. There is in the arts something other than the knowledge of technic, special ability, knowlege and possession, even perfect, of methods; all that is good, and even absolutely necessary; but all that constitutes nothing more than the materials of the artist, the envelope and the body of a particular and determined art. In all the arts there is something which does not belong exclusively to each, but is common to all, back of all, and without which they would be no more than simple methods; that something which one can not see, but which is the soul and life, is Art.

Art is one of the three great transformations which realities undergo in contact with the human spirit whenever it contemplates them in the ideal and sovereign light of one of the three great aspects,—the Good, the True, or the Beautiful. Art is no more pure dream than it is pure copy; it is neither the Ideal alone nor the real alone; it is as man himself, the meeting and union of the two. It is the unity in the duality. The Ideal alone is above us; the real is be-

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low. Morals is the humanization, the incarnation of the Good; Science is that of the True; Art, of the Beautiful.

To this apostolacy of the Beautiful belonged M. Ingres; that was his life; one perceived it in his conversation as well as in his work; and more yet, perhaps, than in his work, as men of faith are more than men of desires, and as the effort of aspiration raises them above the travelled way. From that height he reflected more light upon a musician than upon a painter, and revealed to all the common ground of superior truth. In teaching me that this was Art he had done more for my own art than any number of purely technical masters could have done.

What little I had received from this precious contact, had sufficed to leave in me an imprint which was never to be effaced, and a memory which was ever to remain to me in lieu of the real presence.

In the month of April, 1841, M. Ingres was replaced by M. Schnetz, the noted painter, who owed his success and his popularity principally to his qualities of sentiment and expression. M. Schnetz was an amiable, affectionate man, full of natural spirit, very cordial with the pensioners, very gay, and with a face very sweet and benevolent in spite of his heavy eyebrows and hair that almost entirely covered his forhead. M. Schnetz was, above all, the type of what one calls "a jolly good fellow."

I passed under his direction the second and last year of my sojourn at Rome. M. Schnetz had for Rome a predilection that circumstances had particularly favored. Three times he had been director of the Academy of France, where he had left the best of remembrances.

My time of residence in Rome was to expire with the year 1841, but I could not bring myself to leave, and prolonged my stay, with the consent of the Director; I remained at the Academy nearly five months after the expiration of my alloted time, and did not leave till the last extremity, having no more than the funds strictly necessary to take me to Vienna, where I could draw half of my third year's pension.

I will not attempt to describe my grief when it was necessary to say adieu to the Academy, to my dear com-

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rades, to Rome. My comrades escorted me to the Pons Milvius and after embracing them I mounted the voiture which was to tear me away from those two years of Promised Land. If I had been going to find my poor mother and excellent brother, the departure would have affected me less; but I was going to find myself alone in a country where I knew no one, of whose language I was ignorant, and the prospect made me very gloomy and sad. While the road would permit I kept my weeping eyes fixed on the dome of St. Peter's, that summit of Rome and center of the world. Then the hills cut it off from me all at once. I fell into a deep reverie and wept like a child."

* * *

From Rome Gounod journeyed through the cities of northern Italy, staying a short time at Venice, and finally reached Vienna, where he was next to study. There the first thing he heard was Mozart's "Magic Flute." He says of it:

"I had taken the cheapest seat in the top of the house, but modest as was my seat I would not have traded it for an empire. It was the first time I had heard that adorable work. I was enchanted. Otto Nicolai was director of the orchestra. The role of Queen was well supported by a cantatrice of great talent, Madame Hasselt-Barth; Sarastro was sung by an artist of great reputation, gifted with an admirable voice which he used with a grand method and style: it was Staudigl. The other roles were all taken by a very fine company, and I recall yet the charming voices of the three boys who took the parts of the three genies."

Gounod went behind the scenes to find the conductor and introduce himself, and was then introduced to the whole company, none of whom spoke French; and he spoke no German. By good fortune the first corneter spoke French,—one Levy, father of Richard Levy.

It was Levy that introduced Gounod to influential patrons of music in Vienna, and secured for him the production of his second Mass, which he had written and produced for the church of Saint Louis of France, at Rome. Its success was great, and he was called upon to write a requiem

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mass, chorus, soli, and orchestra, for the church of St. Charles. It was produced with great success "thanks to generality of musical education which I have found only in Germany; even the boys in the schools read music as if it were their native language." One more mass he composed at Vienna, for the same church. His life there was more one of hard work than it had been at Rome. From Vienna through the cities of Germany he journeyed, to Berlin, where he again met Mme Hensel, and from her to Leipsic with a letter to her brother, Mendelssohn.

"Mendelssohn received me admirably. I use the word from necessity, to describe, or qualify, the condescension with which a man of his worth must meet a child who can in his eyes be no more than a student. During the four days I was in Leipsic he was occupied with nothing but myself. He questioned me upon my studies and my works with the sincerest interest; he wished to hear upon the piano my last compositions, and I received from him most precious words of approbation and encouragement. I can only mention a single instance. I had just played for him the "Dies Irae" of my Vienna Mass. Putting his finger upon a part for five voices without accompaniment, he said:

'My friend, that part there might be signed Cherubini.'

Words like these from a master like Mendelssohn are the true decorations of an artist; one wears them with far more pride than the most celebrated ribbons."

Translated by JOHN LATHROP MATHEWS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

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"IL BEL CANTO."

WHEN Svengali in Du Maurier's beautiful story speaks of Trilby as "il bel canto, come again after a hundred years" and "il bel canto that was lost to the world, but I found her again in a dream, I, Svengali," he is referring with all an artist's love and regret to that lost golden age of music, that indescribable outburst of melody which was Italy's contribution to the eighteenth century. Strange as it may seem in that time of storm and stress, elsewhere so worldly-wise, so skeptical, so wearily, feverishly, desperately prosaic, here in Italy there dawned a genuine golden age, "impossible, priceless,"—a little visit of the Muses among their chosen people, a green oasis in the shifting sand of Philosophy, a happy, happy, but too brief day when "il bel canto" lived and sang and the world grew young again at the song. "Truly the gods work in strange ways!" The memory of this time is ever dear to the artist. From what has been he infers what may be and so gains hope for the future.

Italy had just awakened from a long sleep. The night of the previous century with its horror of war and oppression was over. The Italian mind always ready to throw off disagreeable impressions, turned with fresh vigor to revel in the new day just dawning. But merely to revel was not enough. The joy of deliverance, of the fullness of life after the bitterness of death must find expression. Italy had endured, had despaired and, being delivered, poured out her soul in music. So in Venice and Naples and Rome, the three centres of Italian life, all was music. The day was set to it. There were concerts in the morning at the famous schools of Porpora, of Leo or Jourmelli, open-air concerts at sunset, when the squares were tinged with rosy light. Barges full of musicians floated up the canals, there were mandolins playing in the coffee-houses, songs sounded from the windows of palaces and solemn chants from the doors of

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churches. In the evening the theatres flung open their doors to waiting crowds, and the opera with such accompaniments of melody and voice as the world may wait forever to hear again, filled the night hours. Venice, Naples and Rome—how they throve under it! They opened their houses wide to the benignant influence. Each domestic hearth became a shrine for the worship of the common divinity, each composer became a priest of art, each singer a god.

Books and memoirs are full of the indescribable fascination of this period. After a lapse of more than a hundred years they call up before us shadowy images of composer and singer, more unreal, more intangible than the visions of a dream, vague, mysterious personalities, touched with a sublime radiance, crowned with undying laurel. We of this ultra utilitarian, fin de siècle period to whom there sometimes comes a vision of different things are fain to cherish even these dim faded images of a glorified past. We are conscious of a wistful sense of envy for what it has not been our lot to enjoy. We feel a sort of despair that, pore as we may over music book and memoir, reconstruct as we may these figures of long-forgotten singers until they fairly haunt us with the persistency of ghosts, we never can regain the faintest tone, the least rich, trembling note of all that wealth of genius lavished upon happy Italy in her golden age. Alas, we were born a century too late. For us "il bel canto" lives in name only.

But who was "il bel canto," the beautiful singer whom Svengali found again in a dream? Art, divine goddess when she will bestow her gifts at all, is never niggardly but lavishes them with restless generosity. The beautiful singer was not one but many, men and women both, with voices each perhaps not more beautiful but differing in beauty from the others. There was Farinelli, the genial, simple-hearted man with whose praises all Europe rang, the idol of his own Italy, who paid the price of his genius for the favor of the half-mad king of Spain. There was the Gabrielli, haughty and beautiful, Aguzari, who coined her golden notes into golden money, Guadagni, the Faustina,

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the Cuzzoni and others as famous. One might linger indefinitely among such names as these. Not until the distant dawn of another golden age will the world again see such a group.

Among them all one name stands out pre-eminent, stamped greatest in an age of great artists, Pachiarotti, "the divine." He it is who joined to a voice of indescribable beauty such ideal qualities of heart and soul as made him something more than human. Most mysterious and most perfect, he of them all was in truth "il bel canto;" he swayed the European world alike with his personality and his voice. Though but a tall, gaunt fellow and plain of feature, there was about him a wonderful charm. It lingers in every record of his sayings and doings, it breathes in every mention of his name and one finds it hiding between the covers of memoir or music score like a pressed flower. He was always an honored guest wherever he appeared and would have been overwhelmed with eager attentions had he allowed it. But he was shy and silent, loving to stand apart and watch the world from the outside, in it but not of it. If he spoke at all it was to pour forth in moments of excitement a strange sort of prose-poetry, beautiful but grotesque. His countrymen loved to talk of him and we catch glimpses of him in his own Italy through Beckford and Stendhal. Even more interesting is his sojourn in London. Madame D'Arblay, whose devotion to him was like that of a novice to a master, pictures him frequently and lovingly in her journal, where he appears a strange and unexpected companion of Garrick or Burke, of Dr. Johnson or Sir Joshua Reynolds. He was a frequent guest in Dr. Burney's parlors or at Thos. Thrale's afternoons and while few of the gay London world really understood him, all reverenced and some loved him.

So Pachiarotti the man awakened universal interest, Pachiarotti the singer was more than man, he was divine. His voice while wonderfully clear and full possessed a subtly pathetic quality, so strange and sweet that it carried those who heard it beyond all limitations of time or space. Then the real soul of the singer was laid bare, his passionate love

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of all things beautiful, his yearning for perfection, his profound knowledge of the joy and sorrow of the world and of men. While he sang everything grew dim and faded into the back ground except that spiritual world where his own imagination had its home, of which he was the interpreter. Then the shy, dreamy youth, so sensitive that he trembled like a leaf before the wild enthusiasm of an Italian populace, was transformed and became a god. The faces of those who listened grew pale with his at the infinite pathos of his song. Perhaps it would happen as once in Rome at the Teatro Aliberti, that dreaded Rubicon of the eighteenth century artist, when Pachiarotti had shaken the very souls of his audience with the sorrows of Arbaces. Suddenly he failed to hear the usual orchestral interlude and turning to the orchestra—exclaimed impatiently. "What are you about, there?" and the composer from his harpsichord answered simply. "We are crying."

Perhaps nothing can explain the character of the man better than this remark of his own making. "Alas, our glorious art! it is too long for a life time. When we are young we have the voice but do not know how to sing. When we are old we begin to know how to sing but we no longer have the voice." Ardent, patient genuis, holding perfection even before his eyes, a Heaven-born artist with a soul to match his song, il bel canto, alas, when will he ever come again?

GRACE ATHERTON DENNEN.

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ROBERT BROWNING AS A MUSICIAN.

THE sisterhood of the Muses in Grecian mythology was but a simple symbolification of a fundamental truth. No art exists that has not principles and purposes, possibilities and limitations in common with some other art. The resemblances thus shared by any two may be more or less numerous according to the nature of the respective arts and again according to the stage of development to which each may have attained at the time of comparison. An exact grading of affinities is hence a very difficult, indeed impossible task, even Lessing and his school having found themselves unable to assign definitive positions to poetry, painting and sculpture with reference to their inter-relations.

The most intimate and universally-admitted affinity, however, seems to be that which exists between Music and Poetry. By the ancient Greeks, the most exquisitely artistic people of the world both by instinct and education, the recognition of that affinity was almost unanimous, and this consensus of criticism from such a source must be of great weight to modern Aestheticians.

Moreover, if we consider the origin of the two arts, we find that, as nearly as we can discern through the indistinctness and haze which envelopes that ancient unlocated home of the Aryan race, Music and Poetry were twin-born. Simultaneous appear to have been the inceptions of their existence in the solemn altar-hymns of our distant forefathers; and hand-in-hand the two came down the ages, joining to commemorate the prowess of mythical heroes and the beauty of wondrous women in the famous chant-intoned Rhapsodies, combining to perfect the pomp of state celebrations, assisting in the worship of the Gods, and finally forming the foremost factors in the most perfect art whole of all time—the Greek Drama of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. To be sure they were then by no means coördinate in point of development and were soon parted en-

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tirely by the inevitable divergence of their respective paths from the implicit to the explicit; but the fact of their close and essential affinity remains indisputable.

The first thing then that strikes the observant student of Art is the present anomalous position of music in the sisterhood of the Muses and of her devotees in the artist-world. She has been made to a great extent a Cinderella whom her sisters have, if not ridiculed and railed at, at least patronized and failed to understand. Nor have they apparently sought to do so. That is the most surprising anomaly in the whole matter. While a great artist is always expected to possess some acquaintance with the arts outside his own especial province, music seems to have been generally considered as superfluous and inconsequent. Take our great poets, for instance, from the Elizabethan era down, or the greatest poets of other languages. When they speak of painting—sculpture—architecture they speak as connoisseurs, *Fachkenner*, and are thus able to interest, instruct and ennoble us by side-light glimpses at some beautiful truth seen the more translucently through the medium of artistic allusion or metaphor. What a painful contrast is presented in the treatment of music at the hands of these same men! Every influence, every allusion bears the fatal stamp of a gross ignorance of their subject at least as concerns any degree of special knowledge at all commensurate with that displayed in the other arts. "But" it may be objected "have not most beautiful things been written about music in profusion?" To be sure! But these are almost without exception generalities or subjectivities. We find charming examples of this kind scattered throughout the pages of most of the great poets—at whose head, in this as in all else, stands the divine Shakespeare. But even he, great enough to recognize his lack of specific musical knowledge, confined himself exclusively, I believe, to allusions of a general or subjective nature. Others have been less wise and the result has often proved disastrous in the extreme. I might adduce numerous illustrative examples from a dozen great poets—even from Milton, the son of a musician, who, it seems to me, is at his weakest when he begins to enthuse

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over music. But such catalogue would be comparativly purposeless since my object is not to discuss the failures of the many but rather the grand success of one.

For there *is* one poet who speaks of music "as one having authority and not as the Scribes" whose words are afire with the passion of an artist yet tempered by the discrimination of the connoisseur and fraught with the solid wisdom of the erudite musician. That poet is Robert Browning who, in this respect at least stands solitary and unapproachable among men of letters. He is the first who has comprehended or fitly expressed the higher, subtler, diviner significance of music and the first who has been able to employ the technical parlance of that art as freely and safely as when treating of printing or architecture.

Four short poems in particular attest this pre-eminence in Browning because they are on subjects specifically musical; though all through his works are scattered beautiful allusions to the "Divine Art" which are always forcible and always pertinent. These poems are "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," "Abt Vogler," and "Charles Avison," upon the first three of which only shall I attempt animadversion in the present article.

"A Toccata of Galuppi's" is a phsycological meditation occasioned apparently by the hearing or perusal of some old Italian composition for the clavichord. In the Venetian music typified by his poem's title, Browning sees mirrored the superficial, unspiritual genius of the Venice of that day, discerns the emptiness, vanity and fleshliness hidden beneath a polished and courtly exterior, the utter absence of aims beyond today, of aspirations for the eternal and divine. The thought makes him shiver.

> "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent what Venice earned:
> The soul doubtless is immortal where a soul can be discerned."

If I may be pardoned for a slight digression at this point I would like to call attention to what seems to me a mark of the finest discrimination on Browning's part—viz.,

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that while conforming in these poems to his almost invariable style of dramatic monologue, and giving his poetic concepts "a local habitation and a name," he has in each instance chosen a personality of comparatively little importance *per se*. This has often been misunderstood. I have in mind a well known musician in Berlin who is as well a highly educated man and master of the English language to an exceptional degree, and whose view will serve to illustrate the misconception just referred to. I called his attention to Browning with whom he was entirely unacquainted and later desired his opinion of "Abt Vogler." "Ja" said he "die Gedichte ist wunderschön aber ich finde sie inconsequent. Abt Vogler war doch kein so grosser Geist" ("Well" said he "the poem is most beautiful but it seems to me inconsistent. Abt Vogler was no such great genius.")

He had failed like many others to appreciate Browning's fine poetic insight in purposely choosing a personality which should stand in no danger of overshadowing the aesthetical import of the poem.

Accordingly it is no one of the renowned composers whom he apostrophizes in the poem now referred to but Venice herself in the person of one remembered rather as a member of the Venetian school than as an independent and significant composer. And how finely he repaints in words the picture in Galuppi's music:—

"Did young people take their pleasure when the sea was warm in May?
Balls and masks begun at midnight burning ever to mid-day
When they made up fresh adventures for the morrow, do you say?
Was a lady such a lady, cheeks so round and lips so red—
On her neck the small face buoyant like a bell flower on its bed
O'er the breast's superb abundance where a man might base his head?
Well, and it was graceful of them—they'd break talk off and afford
—She to bite her mask's black velvet—he, to finger on his sword
While you sat and played Toccatas, stately at the clavichord.
What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh

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Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions
'must we die'?
Those commiserating sevenths -"Life might last! we can
but try!"
'Were you happy?' 'Yes'--'And are you still as happy?'
'Yes, and you?'
—'Then more kisses!'--Did *I* stop them when a million
seemed so few?
Hark the dominants persistance till it must be answered too.
So an octave struck the answer.--"

And so Browning brings home to us in still another way the same life-lesson which forms the grand text of all his sermons—for such his poems are every one. If soul reach out no father than body can grasp then death is death indeed.

"And for Venice and her people merely born to bloom and
drop,
Here on earth they bore their fruitage, mirth and folly
were the crop;
What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to
stop?"

"Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," is a powerful and subtle discussion of the question whether an art-form may not become so highly developed and complicated that it ceases to be a medium for the expression of mood or emotion—Art's true province. The old organist remaining alone in his loft after the service is over, apostrophizes the author of the fugue he has just played as postlude. He has been trained in the strictest classical school, has studied and mastered religiously the severest polyphonic compositions. But now as the last pedal-tone dies away a long-fomenting doubt wells up in his soul and flows over.

"Hist! but a word fair and soft
Forth and be judged Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft
What do you *mean* by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft."

Then follows an original and witty description of a fugue which even in prose would do honor to a professional contrapuntist. It is in fact so unique and unparalleled in all literature that it deserves reproduction in its entirety. I would like to call particular attention in a purely literary way to the fifth stanza of those here quoted which contains

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such an example of alliterative onomatopœia as can hardly be found outside of Homer and other works of Browning himself.

"First you deliver your phrase,
Nothing propound that I see
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise.
Answered no less where no answer needs be:
Off start the Two on their ways.

Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help.
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,
Argument's hot to the close.

One dissertates, he is candid,
Two must discept—has distinguished,
Three helps the couple if ever yet man did;
Four protests; Five makes a dart at the thing wished;
Back to One, goes the case bandied.

One says his say with a difference;
More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse and vociferance
Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining:
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

One is incisive, corrosive;
Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant;
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive;
Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant
Five— -- —O Danaides, O Sieve!

Now, they ply axes and crowbars;
Now, they prick pins at a tissue
Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?
Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

Est fuga, volvitur rota.
On we drift; where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota,
Something is gained if one caught but the import—
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe Gotha!"

Then in his perplexity of mind, searching for something tangible with which to compare the impression it all makes upon him, he looks up at the great vaulted cathedral roof and finds his simile.

There! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining
Under those spider webs lying!
So your fugue broadens and thickens,

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Greatens and deepens and lengthens
Till we exclaim—'But where music, the dickens!
Blot ye the gold while your spider-web strengthens,
Blocked to the stoutest of tickens?'"

He wonders if it is the composer's moral of life—that athwart the golden dome above us, the replendant canopy of Truth and Nature, we weave a besmutching web of petty passions, sordid hopes, labyrinthine cross-purposes. Or is it that we dare not break free from the trammels of traditional law, that we fear to set ourselves in contravention to the old masters?

"So many men with such various intentions
Down the past ages must know more than we know
Leave we the web its dimensions!

Yet even this feeling of reverential modesty is powerless to satisfy his mind, now fully aroused. Conviction is alive within him, a veritable Banquo's ghost. Finally the heresy breaks forth.

"Friend your fugue taxes the finger.
Learning it once who would lose it?
Yet all the while a misgiving will linger,
Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature, though cobwebs we string her.
Hugues! I advise *med poend*
(Counterpoint glares like a Gargon)
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five clear the arena,
Say the word, straight I unstop the full organ,
Blare out the mode Palestrina."

I wonder if there are not many musicians who have felt these same misgivings. If, as generally accepted, the highest Art be Art's most perfect concealment, then the poet's objection to the fugue are essentially valid. For in all music-literature—with the possible exception of some of Bach's masterpieces—the fugue-*form* is itself the ultimate aim of the composition rather than being a medium for the expression of anything; its greatest claim to distinction lies in the development of contrapuntal niceties which are totally lost on even a musically-trained auditor except to be himself acquainted with the piece rendered and even in that case he is unable to appreciate those subtleties as keenly and fully from an audible performance as from a reading of the

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notes in his study-chair. For these reasons it certainly seems that, unless we modify or extend the now universally accepted definition of Art, the fugue belongs outside Art's true province. At any rate Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha has been so far unable to answer his astute interrogator. Perhaps some one else may do so. The attempt would at least be interesting.

If the musician, however, after enjoying the logicianly contemplativeness of the two poems just discussed, is ready for a subtler more aetherial theme, if he would exchange ratiocination for rhapsody and be thrilled by a veritable apotheosis of his art, let him read Abt Vogler. Not only is this by far the sublimest tribute to music which words have ever formed but—I hesitate nowise to say—one of the grandest poems of its length in the English language, rivalled only by such masterpieces as Milton's "Il Penseroso," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," or Browning's own incomparable etching "Prospice."

For "Abt Vogler" deals with things never before essayed in words. It is a daring attempt to speak the unspeakable, to express the inexpressible. Faust sank overwhelmed before the face of the material Erd-Geist he had conjured up, but Browning has been face to face with the creative spirit of the human soul and not only lived but essayed its portraiture. "Abt Vogler" is in fact an attempt to shadow forth in words the "divine frenzy" of the creative mood, the labor throes of the artist soul in giving birth to an art-creation. That such an inspired mood exists we cannot doubt. What must have been the rhapsodical emotion of that ancient unknown sculptor as his soul's ideal breathed itself into the deathless marble and the Venus of Milo was complete; what the spiritual exaltation of Raphael as that look of wondering joy softened through his Madonna's eyes; what the soul-tragedy of Beethoven when "Fate knocked at the door" of his quivering heart till he responded with the fifth Symphony! It is this subtle ecstasy of creative joy saddened by human pain, which seems to have begotten the greatest creations of musical art, that finds such wonderful expression in "Abt Vogler."

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The Abbé has been improvising on his organ, pouring forth his inmost soul in a wealth of tones and as the noble strains die away the wish wells forth from his heart that it might remain—this palace of music he had reared. He likens it to the temple which Solomon builded calling to his aid the spirits of earth, air, fire, water,—even Heaven and Hell as read the resistless talisman and named the ineffable Name. So had the spirits of tone obeyed his summons, the angels of the treble and the depths.

"And one would bury his brow with a blind plunge down to Hell,
Burrow awhile and build, broad on the roots of things,
Then up again swim into sight having based me my palace well,
Founded it, fearless of flame, flat on the nether springs.

And another would mount and march like the excellent minion he was.
Aye, another and yet another, one crowd but with many a crest,
Raising my rampired walls of gold as transparent as glass
Eager to do and die, yield each his place to the rest."

On and on they build till the last spire is tipped and the "pinnacled glory" is in sight. And then comes the creator's joy over his work, an emotion so rapturous and complex that it can find expression, if at all, only in the most fanciful and figurative language. As Earth's ascent to Heaven on Easter-day was matched by Heavens descent to Earth on Christmas Eve, so now Heaven responds to Earth's sublime endeavor and sight and sound are merged into a subtler, finer sense-perception, Past and Present dissolved into an all embracing Now, distance and proximity lost in Omnipresence.

"In sight? Not half! for it seemed, it was certain, to match man's birth,
Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I;
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky;
Novel splendors burst forth, grew familiar and dwelt with mine,
Not a point nor peak but found, but fixed its wandering star;

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Meteor-moons, balls of blaze; and they did not pale nor pine.
For earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far."

Music, he reflects, is the only art which can thus penetrate to the very Holy of Holies of the Ideal. Its effects are not traceable to definite and deducible causes as in the other arts but spring *unmittelbar* from its divine origin as creation *was* at the fiat of Jehovah. In poetry and painting we understand the processes, the operation of their laws, the progress from discernible cause to calculable effect. We "know why the forms are fair"—"hear how the tale is told."

"But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can.
Existent behind all laws; that made them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,
And, there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!"

The passionate longing to retain the wonderful music which has died away—in spite of the fact that he knew, that he "scarcely gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go"—naturally gives birth to the hope that he may sometime hear it again. The promise of something as good—"nay, better, perchance"—cannot satisfy his heart. He clings wildly to the same—"same self, same love, same God," and his faith bravely asseverates "Aye what was, shall be." In his eagerness of soul he turns to God for a corroboration of that faith with a prayer of marvellous richness and beauty. In fact the whole remainder of the poem is on such an exalted plane that one of our foremost critics, in general by no means a Browningite, calls it "one of the most glorious passages in any language." While its content is rather metaphysical than musical in nature yet nowhere else appears so plainly Browning's true musicianship as in his striking applications of musical laws to the experiences of a human soul.

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"Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?

The outlining in words of a musical progression as clearly as is done in the last stanza is also a feat worthy of a professional musician. And yet the most admirable feature of it all is the fine appreciation of the *spirit* of music which Browning so plainly evinces,—a trait in which he is rivalled among literary men only by Schopenhauer. This it is, even more than his technical acquaintance with the art, which must endear him to every soul of lofty artistic emotions and aspirations, and as crowning proof of which I cannot forbear quoting *in toto* the four concluding stanzas whose beauty and worth must ever remain a precious legacy to lovers of a high and pure Ideal.

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of our days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,

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Each sufferer has his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know.

Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:
I will be patient and proud, and soberly acquiesce.
Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor, yes,
And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
Surveying a while the heights I rolled from into the deep;
Which, hark, I have dared and done. for my resting place is found.
The C Major of this life: so, now I will try to sleep.

OLIVER WILLARD PIERCE.

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POET AND MUSICIAN.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE AMERICAN COMPOSER.

AT the beginning of this paper I wish to make a quotation from Roget's Thesaurus, in the introduction of which the author says—"The use of language is not confined to its being the medium through which we communicate our ideas to one another; it fills a no less important function as an *instrument of thought;* not being merely its vehicle, but giving it wings for flight. Metaphysicians are agreed that scarcely any of our intellectual operations could be carried on to any considerable extent, without the agency of words."

If this be true, must it not be evident that the man who makes a musical setting of any poem or text must consider first the elocutionary rendering of the words if he would hope to have intelligent understanding of his work by those who listen? For the perfect expression of a thought the writer must have just the right word in the right place; no *circumlocution*, for that obscures. Therefore, the composer, if in his musical setting of the text he means to add emphasis to the poet's thought—and if this be not his purpose, let him confine himself to instrumental music, where he can do as he pleases without wrong to any man—must have the elocutionary idea set forth without musical circumlocution. That this has not been the attitude of the composer up to the present time one can easily prove by going first to the Italian opera, where he will hear six straight scales and seven crooked cadenzas used to impress upon some one the startling information, "My lord, the carriage waits." The main object seems to have been to afford opportunity for some singer to exhibit his or her "tones" and the audience, after years of long training, accepts this and lies in wait for the "top notes" greeting them with thunderous applause, as they do at the play those well known phrases which are commonly quoted. For instance, the

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mere utterance of the line, "The pen is mightier than the sword," will produce more enthusiasm than the finest bit of subtle art.

This is not art, and yet it is music, and music is one of the greatest factors of that art which embraces painting, sculpture and music equally.

If a man should cover a canvas indiscriminately with colors, no matter how beautiful in themselves, would that make a picture? Let a man chisel an indifferent statue—can he make the whole pass for true art by finishing it with a "Trilby" foot? And why should we consider music less exacting than her sisters in art? Her possibilities are as great or greater, but she must first be lifted from that level of a mere plaything which she too often is compelled to occupy. To continue your search, go to the hymns of the church. What do you find? Sensible utterance of prayer? No! a thousand times No! In many instances, indeed, broad comedy results from ignoring the elocutionary element of the hymn. You do not need to search far for thousands of such instances as that in which the whole congregation was at last greatly relieved, after many times hearing the several singers announce, "I will wash," to have the soprano come to the rescue with, "I will wash my hands in innocency."

False accents and inane repetitions for the purpose of allowing the composer to develope some musical idea at the expense of the spirit of the text are ever present. Go next to the songs. Is it any better in this field? But little, if any. And herein lies the opportunity of the American composer. You can reach the heart of a people through their songs. More than anything else these enter into close communion with the innermost life. You can reach them, move them, teach them, and in doing so elevate your art, and it will in turn elevate them and you. The man who on the field of battle learns best obedience and self abnegation becomes in time the best commander. So let the coming American composer of songs learn faithfully to interpret his poet, and in sinking all inclination to musical development at the expense of the text become a master of the art

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of song writing. We have the necessary material; men eminent in technical knowledge, which must be one of the means to the end, but never the end; men with the heaven-born gift of melody as surely as ever one had it; and best of all, we have the whole field open before us and practically untouched.

Sink yourself in your work. When a song is heard, the impression upon the audience should be but the glorified poem, the vivid thought, not the way it is said. You never see the mere individual when the true orator is swaying you from your feet; when an actor who holds you plays his part. The masterpiece is the canvas that shows you the subject it depicts, not merely the wonderful skill of the painter. And you should no more assert the mere technic of your art than would the painter hang by the side of his canvas the brushes and palette with which he accomplished his work. Again, a statue may be ruined in effect by a pedestal that is not in harmony with the statue itself. In the same way, your accompaniment is the pedestal of your statue and will make or mar your work. It must, as the purpose of pedestals is, hold your statue at the proper height but never assert itself. As to the melody itself, in this matter you are as the master costumer at the theatre—you would not dress a man who was to play the part of a peasant in robes of silk and lace, nor your serious character in cap and bells. The general character of your melody must show forth the spirit of the text, just as much as the accent given in each instance must conform to the accentuation the poem would receive were it read instead of being sung.

To refer again to the quotation made at the beginning of this paper, "Scarcely any of our intellectual operations could be carried on without the agency of words." If you by false emphasis obscure the words you might as well be without them; better, for then you would not be making any pretense of expressing a given thought, and your audience would be at liberty to put whatever construction they pleased upon your effort; which would be better for you, more pleasure for them, and happy exemption for the poet. And this leads us back to the first proposition—the compo-

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ser, if in his musical setting of the text he means to add emphasis and beauty to the poet's thought, must have the elocutionary idea set forth without musical circumlocution, and if this be not his purpose, let him take to the field of instrumental music where he can do as he pleases without injury to anyone. The field is large enough, he can indulge all his fancies; the demand for that work is good, and he can further art in two ways—by the instrumental music he writes and by the vocal music he refrains from writing.

This is the beginning of the art age of the country, and if we look for the signs we shall see that the people are coming to feel dissatisfied with Italian opera without realizing why. They feel a want in music without knowing what. Let us seize the opportunity. Begin at the bottom with the songs of the people. Try to make them natural. Tell the story as we would read it to them. Make melody and text one complete poem. So, reaching the peoples hearts, and not being content momentarily to please their ears, we may lead them and in turn be lead by them to lay the foundation for an American school of song. Founded in the hearts of the people, such a school cannot fail to be a nursery of true art, for art is ever found at home in living nature.

W. H. NEIDLINGER.

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TRAINING THE VOICE. II.

GENERALLY speaking any learned explanation of the vocal mechanism is not only useless but thoroughly confusing to the student. While a surgeon may know absolutely the name, place, and function of each cartilage and muscle that forms part of the "voice" that does not help him one particle to sing well. That must be reached through entirely different channels. But some enquiring minds have fallen into the error of imagining that, since the actual construction of the throat is the same in each person, there must be a scientific manner by which all these muscles could be brought under perfect control and make voice teaching just as simple as brick laying. In fact one man has gone to the questionable extreme of singing Yankee Doodle with the throat of a corpse. Vannini among many others was caught by this enticing theory and when a young man he slashed away at "subjects" along with medical students. He has since said that although it made him deathly sick he was very glad he went through it all, as he now knew by personal experience the absolute uselessness of all that sort of study so far as teaching people how to sing was concerned. The reason for this is that the separate componant parts of our vocal mechanism are not under the control of our will. For instance when we desire to vocalize a tone, "the arytenoid cartilages raise themselves in the folds of the mucous membrance which covers them, and approach one another with surprizing mobility." But if we attempt to make these cartilages move in this manner without any intention on our part of singing, we find that we are absolutely powerless to affect them in any way. The producing of a tone is originally an instinctive act uncontrolled by will just as our breathing is in sleep. I quote again, "The various muscular actions which are concerned in the production of vocal tones are commonly regarded as being under the influence of the will. It is, however, easy

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to show that this is not the case. We cannot by simply *willing* to do so raise or depress the larynx or move one cartilage of it to or from another, or extend or relax the vocal ligaments; although we can readily do any or all of these things by an act of the will exerted for a specific purpose. We conceive of a tone *to be* produced and we *will* to produce it, a certain combination of the muscular actions of the larynx then takes place, in most exact accordance with one another, and the predetermined tone is the result."

So much for a knotty subject and rather more long drawn out than I had intended. But we are learning so much in these days of "wonderful discoveries whereby it is conclusively proved that nobody who has ever lived knew how either to sing or teach, but now with absolute certainty the entire science of voice production can be learned in twenty lessons" etc;—that is it well to know something of what the facts really are. There are a few things about the construction of our vocal organs that students should know and which can be simply told. First that the column of air which is to become a tone is set in vibration by passing between the vocal cords which are contained within the larynx, that hard cartilaginous substance at the front of the throat commonly called the "Adam's Apple." But tone as it comes through the vocal cords bears but small comparison to the tone that is emitted from the mouth. The strength and quality depend to a very great extent on what use is made of the "resonating cavity." The arched, hard, "roof of the mouth" is the sounding board for the voice. Here is where the voice receives four fifths of its brilliancy and color. It bears the same relation to the tone produced by the vocal cords, that the sounding board of the piano does to the tone made by the strings. Take the same pieces of wire that give such beautiful tones in a Steinway and stretch them between two ordinary blocks of wood and they lose quality, strength, in short everything that goes to make up a beautiful tone; without the sounding board they are nothing. So it is with the voice. What can be done with the vocal cords themselves is cemparatively little. They are as nature made them, and as they are so the voice will be,

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soprano, tenor or what not. How to send the column of air through them to get its full power without forcing and without waste of breath, and then to focus it in the right place to get the best advantage from the sounding board, those are the objects a teacher has in view. The first thing to work for is a "free, open and relaxed throat." Now just here there is an unfortunate confusion of terms. The word *throat* is used indifferently for the whole apparatus from mouth to lungs. Now I want to confine it to that portion between the larynx and the mouth, that part through which the column of air passes, after being set in vibration by the vocal cords, until it reaches the resonating cavity. Then the term "open, free and relaxed throat" means something. But if "throat" includes also the larynx the words do not apply since in order to set the air in vibration the vocal cords must come very close together and be in a very light state of tension, as far from being "relaxed" as can be. But in order that the vocal cords may have the proper amount of tension to set the air in vibration it is necessary for the "throat" to be perfectly relaxed. If there be any stiffness, if the roots of the tongue are tense, that interferes with the proper action of the larynx and you have a throaty tone.

Here is a simple experiment providing you procure the tone with anything like naturalness. Put your finger on your Adam's apple while your throat is in entire repose. Now keep your finger lightly touching the same and vocalize a tone. Your larynx drops from a third to a half an inch (if it dosen't, take heed). Now take a hand glass, open your mouth being careful not to move a muscle inside, and what do you see? Probably only teeth, tongue and the roof of the mouth. Now vocalize a tone. The back of the tongue becomes depressed, the fleshy part of the back of the mouth, the soft palate with the uvala, jumps out of the way, the side walls pull apart, and you have disclosed an open passage leading straight from the vocal cords to the roof of the mouth. That is the part of the throat that is to be free and relaxed. If there is any stiffness any where then the action of the whole appartus is hindered. If there

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is anything gripping about the roots of the tongue, the larynx will not go down, the uvala will not go up, the passage will remain half closed, and the voice will have that sound which we describe by saying that a man sings as though he had a hot potato in his mouth.

One of the most fruitful sources of throaty voices lies in consciously or unconsciously "forcing" the tone, that is trying to send more breath between the vocal cords than they can set in vibration. If during this forcing the upper part of the throat siill remains fairly relaxed the breath simply comes through unvocalized and without doing a great amount of harm; it simply makes the tone dull, muffled and "breathy." But generally when too much breath is used more force is used to push it and the volume of air crowds the larynx up out of place, just as soon as the larynx goes up the side walls close in, the soft palate drops, the tongue rises, and for a greater volume of air there is a much smaller passage. That chokes the voice and manifests itself in many ways. The tone is hard and disagreeable, and being produced by main strength the voice soon tires, grows hoarse, and there is an unpleasant redness about the face of the performer highly distressing to all who are within sight. The first remedy is to hold back the unneeded amount of breath, to sing quietly and "let the voice come of itself," not push it. This of course is easier said than done, but it can be learned. To offset this tendency especially among young singers to "force," the old Italians use to speak of "drinking in the tone." Now we know well that we can not actually get at the vocal apparatus with our hands and hold it just the position it should take, but must teach through sensation and through metaphors that shall appeal to the mind. Then as to "drinking in a tone," it is a mighty good metaphor. When one of you has a perfect tone where the throat is relaxed the breath is so carefully expended that every particle of it is set in vibration and the column of air so strikes the resonating cavity that it receives the full added amount of strength; then there is a solidity and a firmness in that tone that makes it seem almost tangible, it seems as though you could bite it, and as you open

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it out to its full volume it seems not as though you were singing it out, but as though it were coming toward you, as though you were *drinking it in*. That is the never to be forgotten sensation. When the young student gets his first feeble grasp of it he knows that there is what he has longed for and dreamed of; and when he has it at his command then he knows he can sing. But that sensation will not come so long as he uses too much breath and forces his tone. The two are absolutely incompatible. More, that always gives the impression of unlimited reserve force, even when a man is singing just about to the limit. While the forcing of tones makes them always seem labored even when comparatively speaking the singer is taking things very easily.

There are two ways of singing, one where the singer seems always to be sending his tone out, to be singing it himself; the other where it seems like a stream that flows of its own accord and the singer is only the channel through which it passes. The one may cover up his defect very well in declamatory or dramatic music, but let him essay a *legato* passage, and he is hopelessly stranded. In one direction he can make apparently very rapid progress at once, but the limit of real advance is very soon reached and beyond that the only development is in the ability to shout, while the voice grows hard and stiff;—that is not singing. I remember a wise remark that I heard an old Italian make to a young German who had just begun to study. With rather boisterous enthusiasm he had rushed into a piece of declamatory music, when the old maestro stopped him. "We wont do than now. We will first learn how to *sing*, one can learn to *shout* at any time. But if you learn first how to *shout* you will never learn how to *sing*." Why was Lehmann so supremely great as *Brunnhilde?* Because she had learned how to *sing* the Italian *legato*. Why is Jean de Reszke so truly ideal as *Lohengrin?* Because he can *sing Romeo*.

I know of no better illustration than the case of a young American girl who was studying in Florence. Nature had blessed her with one of the most beautifully poised, limpid,

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soprano leggiero voices that can be imagined. She studied with a conscientious man who thoroughly understood her voice, what it could do and what it could not. So he carefully trained her along the line of her true power. But she had ambitions. She wanted to sing dramatic music and overpower by force rather than charm by the beauty of her singing. Soon teacher and pupil had a falling out and she went where her ability should be better appreciated. She found another who readily saw what she wanted and had no scruples against satisfying her desires. So she set to work on the heaviest, not waiting for her voice to grow to it, but compelling it to do the work at any cost. It was about a year before any of us heard her, then she came out in a concert. She had not finished her first phrase before we all looked at each other aghast. There was fire and dramatic force, but what had happened to the voice. It was hard and piercing as steel. All the richness of timbre was gone; there was only noise, and no more singing, nothing but a series of spasmodic shouts. And that is not the end of the story either. She kept willfully on her way for another year, but one morning somehow the voice would not respond. She put on more steam but still it would not answer. She thought it was merely a cold. But the next day and the next it was no better yet she did not have a cold. Then she became alarmed and hastened to a physician. He examined her throat carefully, and said:—"my poor girl you are suffering from a sort of paralysis of the vocal cords, and I fear you will never sing again." That is one case from very, very many of what forcing can do for a voice.

Now the throat being open and relaxed, and only so much breath being used as the vocal cords can handle, the whole question becomes that of directing the column of air to the proper place that is "focusing the tone." The quality and the carrying power of a tone depend almost entirely on the focus. We often notice with wonder what a very insignificant oil lamp it is that makes the blazing headlight of a locomotive. It is the reflector that gathers together all those many hundreds of rays and focuses them until as a

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a body they have tremendous power. So it is with the voice. You need care very little how small your voice may be, if it is "focused" it will be large enough. And no matter how big your voice may be if it be not focused it will scatter and be absolutely lost in a large place. Listen to a flute played in the room where you sit, the tone is soft, mellow and sweet. Listen to a flute in the great Auditorium with the orchestra. It is just the same. When it has a solo part it sings out over the orchestra just as clearly as though it were in a small room. The flute has been mechanically perfected until evey particle of air that is blown into it is set in perfect vibration. You can do the same thing with your voice. Of course each voice has its own individuality and should never be asked to do anything for which it is not fitted, any more than the flutes would be expected to take the theme away from the trombones in the finale of the overture to Tannhäuser. But what a voice is adapted to it can do and do well anywhere, if only it is focused so that its full power may be used. Take Mme Blauvelt, for instance. Her voice is not large, in fact as voices go it is far from that, but it is so poised, so focused, that she can sing so taxing a *scena* as the mad scene from *Hamlet*, and in the Auditorium with the orchestra make effects that are simply thrilling; her voice sailing out over that great body of tone as the bird sails over the tree tops. Or she can sing songs in a room with exquisite refinement of tone and color.

There are as many different ways of trying to get at this truth as there are teachers. In order to fill the resonating cavity full, one very celebrated Italian used to tell his pupils to try and sing through the tops of their heads. Now that is not as foolish as it may sound. Just place your hand on the top of your head and sing a good full tone. Feel the head vibrate. Another said, "sing to your eyes." Think a moment and throw a tone right there and see if you can not almost feel it strike them. Then again others told their pupils to make the tone strike right against the upper teeth. These were among the various manners of "getting the tone up out of the throat." Of course this

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statement won't stand analysing. The tone is made in the throat and it is an impossibility to talk of getting it up out of the throat. Still it does express a truth. Which is the tendency to let the voice strike the soft palate instead of going right to the hard palate, and that gives a thick throaty tone.

Singing is so very strongly affected by the mind that one of the best ways of accomplishing any desired end is to think just what sort of a tone you wish to give and where you wish to "place" it, and when you really know in your mind just what you want to do you have taken a long step toward doing it. Singing is very largely imitative. First imitating the sounds it hears about it, then as it becomes more cultivated imitating or trying to reproduce the sounds it hears in its own mind. If we all could sing as beautifully as we can *imagine*, then the world would be peopled with artists. So it is by stimulating the imagination and appealing to the mind that the best teaching can be done. This is not only the experience of voice teachers strange as it may seem, but it is scientific fact as well. "In the production of vocal sounds the delicate adjustment of the muscles of the larynx is directed by the sense of hearing, being originally learned under the guidance of sounds actually produced, but being subsequently affected voluntarily *in accordance with the mental conception of the tone to be uttered*, which conception can not be formed unless the sense of hearing has previously brought similar tones to mind." That is the reason that people born *deaf* are also *dumb*. In most cases they have all the organs of speech but speech is the effect of which hearing is the cause. So never having heard a tone they have no desire nor understanding how to produce a tone. They are not *deaf* and *dumb*, as the saying is, but dumb only because they are deaf. And modern science is teaching them how to articulate speech mechanically though they can not hear a word.

So while many of the explanations and metaphors used in the studio would make but a sorry spectacle in a logic crucible, still if they appeal to the imagination and justify themselves by making clearer to the student the desired

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tone—then they have served a worthy purpose. After all proof of the pudding is in the eating and I dare say that we all might feel queer if we could see how some of our dishes are cooked. But if it tastes well we enjoy it and ask no awkward questions. Then if a man sings well it makes no difference how he does it, even if, as in the case of one fellow, he says the whole secret lies in breathing at the small of the back. He could prove his theory for himself at least, by singing mighty well,—and that is all that is required.

KARLETON HACKETT.

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THE SWAN SONG.

STENIO MARACKZY, a celebrated Hungarian violinist, played before the English Court. A young girl Maud Millivàn, in raptures over the genius of the player, demanded an introduction. He was attracted by her grace and beauty. Maud's father, the Marquis de Millivàn-Grevy who was first secretary of the Admiralty, gave a grand reception to the celebrated Hungarian. The young people were thrown together and fell madly in love, with each other. He demanded her in marriage, but was scornfully refused. The same day Maud disappeared. She followed him to the next town and they were married the next day. The Marquis was furious and swore never to forgive his daughter. She accompanied her husband through Europe—and shared in his triumphs. They had one child who died in a few months. The young woman thought this was a judgement upon her and fell ill. At the moment our story begins the couple are at Dieppe. By chance the Marquis is there also with his other daughter, Daisy. A meeting takes place. The father consents to embrace and forgive his daughter only because they assure him she is dying.

At the earnest prayer of the invalid Stenio who has not touched his violin for months consents to play for the benefit of some little orphans.

In the concert room of the Bains Chauds all the curious ones and dilettantes of Dieppe were assembled. It was frightfully hot, and the women in light gowns with flower decked hair moved their fans constantly, and looked in the brilliant light like a lot of butterflies moving their wings. In the first row the little duchess who had arranged the concert took on the airs of a president and issued orders to servants and ushers. For two days Maud had been carried into her sister's apartments in the Bains Chauds. It was almost a miracle. In the expectation of Stenio's success she seemed to live. The doctors even spoke as if she

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might recover. She had even walked a few steps in her room. Now behind the stage in the dressing room she lay stretched on a couch sustaining her husband by her invisible presence, and realizing her dream of assisting at his triumph. For it was an unparalleled triumph that the great artist achieved. Since the moment that pale and gloomy he had appeared before the public, and the strings of his marvellous violin had given forth their first notes, the admiration of his audience had increased, murmurs of delight rippled through the crowd, and each strain was greeted with little cries of delight.

Never had Stenio shown such fiery passion, such feverish ardor. A superhuman strength led him on; he seemed possessed; forgetting every body, everything, he followed the demon of music that led him into a giddy whirlwind. His face was at once superb and terrible. Sublime madness filled his eyes. He saw nothing—heard nothing, but played on and on, smiling as he produced some merry song, and weeping real tears, when he depicted sorrow, despair.

His auditors, their gaze riveted upon him in a kind of supernatural attraction, followed with admiration mingled with anguish the terrific crescendo of his inspiration. As he laid his soul bare before them they saw his sadness, divined his bitterness, and understood that the gentle or heart rending tones that fell upon their ears were only the echoes of past joys, the fear of unhappiness to come. And as they felt the powerful artist's nature they palpitated with all his emotions and experienced feelings till then unknown.

In the private dressing room alone with her sister Maud listened. The sound of the first notes almost suffocated her. Her nerves were tense—her breathing was so painful that Daisy was afraid. But little by little this sad state of her soul and body quieted, and an exquisite calm enveloped the young woman; and bathed in the wonderful melody, she seemed rested, refreshed. She rejoiced in the fact that this magnificent talent that held a thousand spectators in ecstasy was only employed for her sake; as in a mirage the past three years unfolded themselves before her eyes.

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She saw herself once more in the salon where she had first met Stenio. Then the old garden of the house in Grosvenor Square appeared to her, where in the sweet summer night she and Stenio had walked together. It was there he had dared for the first time to avow his love. She thought she breathed even now the odor of the flowering lilac whose branches bent over them. Daisy had come running in and she had not answered him.

Now the old Irish manor appeared to her excited mind. Stenio came—and she must follow him. What sad sweet years full of love, remorse, pride. What illustrious princes and sovereigns had received him with flattering words. And amid the light, the flowers—the noise of applause—the magic violin rang on to the listening multitude. Then alas! the scene changed. All grew dark. In a cradle lay a pale baby that died in spite of tears, in spite of prayers. She leaned over him trying to bring back the fleeting breath. In vain! In her tender caressing hands the poor little one grew paler, colder, and all was over! She awoke from her dreams, saw her sister near her and clutched her as a drowning person might.

"Maud! Heavens!" said the young girl, "how pale you are!—you suffer!"

"No, but I feel that I must leave you. Just now I saw my baby, he beckoned me to come. My hour has come! Stenio himself divines. Listen how he plays." It was the "Swan Song" he played with its funereal sweetness —its tramp of marching feet to a funeral march. And in the midst of her anguish, Maud, still sustained by the genius she worshipped, listened eagerly to the terrible notes that foretold her death. And love and admiration held death at bay. "Shall I call him?" asked Daisy tearfully. "No let him be. I must hear again."

Her eyes filled with divine rapture as she murmured "Oh if I could die as I listen." "Maud! My darling!" The dying woman held her sister's arm, and pale, with fixed gaze and changed voice, she whispered. "Oh what despair to leave him. I love him so—and he will suffer—!" Daisy stepped toward the door but Maud's weak hand arrested

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her. A burst of applause sounded from the concert room—cries of bravos—clappings of the hands—and above all the rest, repeated a thousand times, a name sounded brilliant and sovereign, "Marackzy." Maud's eyes glittered A proud smile illumined her face. She rose with superhuman energy and held out her arms as Stenio entered laden with flowers and wreaths. He dropped them all on the young woman's couch which was completely covered with the fragrant burden, and kneeling beside her seemed to offer at her shrine all his glory, all his fame.

She still had strength enough to lay her hand upon the shining form that bent before her. She leaned and kissed him there. Stenio heard one murmured word. "Happy." He felt a light breath on his cheek. He cried out and the sound mingled with the continued applause in the other room.

In the intoxication of his triumph, in her adoration of the great artist, Maud's pure spirit had returned to the God who gave it.

Translated from the French by

NORA TELLER.

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THE VIOLIN AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ORIGIN OF THE VIOLIN.

THE Renaissance, present in painting, present in letters, present in all the arts, was also present in violin making, but in this latter its developments came later. When the revival of Italian art was at its height, that in violin making had its birth, and long after the art impulse had become normal again, that in violin making reached its climax and became what it is today. This rebirth was in violin making, as in letters, a going back to first principles. Instruments of the *viola d'amour* and the *viola da Bracchia* types were complicated and encumbered with many strings. The earliest makers saw the fault in this and, taking hints from specimens of the German *crowd* and *geige*, they made the box lighter and more symmetrical, thus increasing the resonance and necessitating lighter stringing.

The development in form was from an instrument the shape of a half pear, or of the modern mandolin type. In this deep box the tone was lost. Gradually, in order to throw the tone out and to give more power, this pear shape changed, and the back of the instrument took the same shape as the belly. Then came an increase in the complicacy of music for which the old short neck was but ill adapted; it was therefore lengthened; to facilitate the use of the bow, the sides were made concave; the number of strings was reduced to four, and thus the modern perfect violin obtained.

There is a great deal of controversy about the early source of the violin, some thinking it came from the east, that is from India through Persia, into Arabia and so to Turkey, thus entering Europe. A branch of this eastern stream broke off and followed the north shore of Africa until it crossed over with the Moors into Spain. The instruments introduced into Europe by these two branches, although modified somewhat by their wanderings, were of the same kind. Opposing those who claim an eastern origin

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come a host of others, who say that the violin is Gothic and the proofs though less numerous, are more varied.

According to the eastern view, the *Ravanastron*, (an instrument named from Ravanon, an ancient king of Ceylon) is the patent of the violin. This primitive fiddle is a hollow cylinder of sycamore wood, fitted with a long neck and having two strings. The same instrument is used by the Hindoos and Chinese today as those who visited the Midway will remember, but there is no evidence of any connection between the Ravanastron of India and that of Ceylon, while the Chinese received theirs from India with the introduction of Buddhism.

Another link in this chain is found in Sanscrit writings, which date back over two thousand years, and which give us the word which is translated into Englise as *bow*, but as these testimonials are not supported by carvings of any kind it cannot be said with certainty whether this *bow* was used for striking the strings or as a modern bow.

The Arabs use to this day an instrument called the *Rebab*, and say that they obtained it from Persia, where a similar instrument is now in use. The Rebab is of several shapes, but consists generally of a pear shaped, resonant box, strung with two strings, which a rude bow causes to vibrate. One type played by the Basque peasants, has a four sided box with a long neck and a floor peg and is played as a cello. The pear shaped Rebab found its way through Spain into Italy and France, giving rise respectively to the *Ribeca* and *Rebec*.

"The history of the violin is the history of the bow," some say and seek to find traces of the bow among the Greek and Roman remains. On an old Etruscan vase there is a drawing, representing a stringed instrument with a rod placed across the strings. This rod is placed in such close proximity to the strings, that hair could not have been present. On this ground some hold that it was simply a plectrum and was used to strike the strings as in the mandolin. But the supporters of the bow theory, retaliate with the story of Paganini—how once in a competition with a presumptious youth, he played most ravishingly on his

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violin with a simple rush in place of his bow, and, they say, this not only overcame the youth and reduced him to his proper proportions, but also proves the needlessness of hair, or any like medium. But alas for these latter! most of the pieces of sculpture, in which anything like a bow is present, has been proved to be either a restoration or the work of a modern sculpture.

That the Troubadours, the minstrels of southern France, did not use the bow, but twanged the strings with their fingers, until they met the Trouvires and Jongleurs of northern France and southern Germany, who were often accompanied by the Gigeours, or fiddle players of Germany on their geigen, is a strong proof for the northern origin of the fiddle bow and therefore for the violin. And then there are many facts in the illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, on sculptured stone, on engraved brasses, in the lay of the minstrel, in the song of the poet, and in the work of the painter, that add weight to the northern side in the question of the origin of the king of instruments.

Mr. North, in his memoirs of music early in the eighteenth century, says: "There is no hint where the viol kind first came in use." "But as to the invention which is so perfectly novel as not to have been heard of before Augustulus, the last of the Roman emperors, I cannot but esteem it perfectly gothic." "I suppose that at first it was like its native country, rude and gross, and at this early importation, it was of the lesser kind they called *viola da Bracchia*, and since the violin."

From the evidence, it seems probable that the violin came from the north, but with many modifications made from a knowledge of the instruments of an eastern origin. The violin is thus a union of different sources, which union, brought to the perfection of simplicity and grace under Stradivari, is the instrument which has no rival. Since his time there has been no improvement in violin making, for the simple reason that it is perfect. Small, light, simple, with lines as graceful as any found in art, with a tone powerful, sweet, and sympathetic, what improvement can there be?

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THE BRESCIAN SCHOOL.

In the north central part of Italy in the little town of Brescia, the violin as we know it to-day had its birth. The Brescian school (1520-1620) of violin makers includes Gaspar Duiffopruggar, Gasparo da Salo, Maggini, Mariani, and many others, but the interest of violin admirers rests on Gasparo da Salo and Maggini. The few instruments that are supposed to have been made by Duiffopruggar, although they have a pleasing tone, are too crude to give him the name of the inventor of the violin.

Next in time to Duiffopruggar, comes Gasparo da Salo (1550-1610), who was born in the village of Salo, on the lake of Garda, not far from Brescia. He was essentially a maker of viols, a number of which are in existence, together with some fine double basses. He is called the father of the violin and he undoubtedly laid the foundation of the Italian style of violin making. His was the invention of the modern *f* shaped sound holes, which before his time were formed like a crescent; his was the shaping of the back, which formerly was simply a flat surface. His sound holes at first sight appear crude, but on better acquaintance it becomes evident that they are in perfect harmony with the primitive outline of the instrument. In his violins he did not show the certainty that he did in the manufacture of his viols and basses; he was experimenting, feeling his way. They are generally thick, or of what is called the high model; the varnish used was light brown amber, very rich and deep, which in many cases has turned nearly black. The grain of the wood, as a rule, is straight and even, but sometimes a little wide, while his scroll shows some crudity. His instruments are what would now be called three-quarter size. This fact seems to me of extreme interest, as it is just about the size of the three stringed *rebec* of France and probably this resemblance in size is one of the connecting steps between the violin and the rebec.

The tone of Da Salo's violins is good and will be remembered by all who heard the great Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, whose instrument, outside of its qualities as a violin, is valuable as a work of art, from Benevenuto Cellini having

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carved the human head which takes the place of the customary scroll.

We now come to Paolo Maggini (1590-1640), who took up the work where Da Salo left it, and in some respects deserves more praise than any maker before or since his time. Whereas Da Salo's instruments have to be enlarged and pieced out before the difficulties of modern music can be rendered on them, those of Maggini are of the full dimensions of violins of today, and many even larger. Then Da Salo used no corner blocks, those great strengtheners of violin sides, whose employment allowed of sharp corners, which Da Salo could not use. Then Maggini is known as the inventor of that instrument, most important in all ensemble playing, the modern viola.

Maggini's earlier violins have broad flat lines, with a full and telling tone. He reduced the height of the sides in proportion to the other dimensions, while his long, pointed sound holes are admirably placed. His boldly cut scroll is primitive, but is an advance on that of Da Salo. Both his deep rich brown and his yellow varnish have good-quality. In many examples there is a double row of inlaying around the border, and sometimes a mass of scroll work ornaments the backs. Today when a player sees a violin so decorated, he immediately says, *Maggini*. No maker is more slandered by base copies than Maggini.

Maggini's instruments possess a grand melancholy tone, but his earlier ones are of such a large type that they are not played much today. His later violins, from about 1625 and on, are more brilliant in tone, though they still have a sympathetic, mournful, singing quality. The great Belgian violinist De Bèriot was the first to bring Maggini violins into prominence. As the wonderful tones of his magnificent instrument, played by his master's hand, melted over the heads, and sank into the souls of the audiences of Europe, the author of its being, Maggini, took his just place at the head of instrument makers. At Ems, Wieniawski met De Bériot and tried to buy his Maggini. The price was put at 20,000 francs, but the sale never came off.

At Stuttgart is a little golden gem, owned by concert-

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meister Singer. It is small, but the sheen of its sunny varnish is like the blaze of countless jewels, while from its narrow bounds come tones that cause one to dream of Paradise and the play of Fairies. The advancement, made by the Brescian school, was to be expected. Here were Da Salo and Maggini supported by wealthy patrons, contemporaries, and perhaps friends, of men like Titian and Benevenuto Cellini. Is it wonderful that their art instinct was developed? Today in the chase for the needful penny, an instrument maker has to choose his wood not alone for its acoustic qualities but also because it is whole. Maggini would not do this. A piece of wood of good acoustic properties, no matter whether it had half a dozen holes in it or not, would be carefully hoarded and, with the greatest expense of skill and patience, patched, with the result that today his instruments are still sending their message of melody over the world.

THE CREMONESE SCHOOL. (1550-1760)

How few there are who have not heard the word Cremona, but with what a different connotation does it come to the ears of violinists and to the world at large. To the former it stands for all that is possible in the shape of a perfect violin. His aim is to become the owner of a violin made in this little Italian town and if he has the good fortune to get a *Strad* or a *del Gesu*, he feels as if he must guard it night and day. On the other hand the world in general considers any old violin a Cremona; while some use Cremona as a synonym for Italian, in speaking of violins. This little Italian village boasted many masters in violin making, but the Amati, Guarneri, and Stradivari families together with the Bergouzi and Guadaguini were the most important.

The first of the makers is Andrea Amati (1520- (?)) whose reputation rests on the fact that he was the founder of the Cremonese school. His violins are small and, judging from this and the character of his workmanship, he must have been a pupil of Gaspar da Salo. He was very careful and painstaking, but he made his violins very thick from

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top to back, or of what is called the high model, which gave his instruments little power. The sweetness that generally goes with this shape somewhat compensates for the lack of force. Andrea's principal work was a set of thirty-eight instruments made for Charles II, which was kept in Chapel Royal at Versailles until they were stolen during the French Revolution. Some of his violins are still extant, but are not much in demand as solo instruments.

Andrea had two sons, Antonio and Girolamo Amati, who were also violin makers. They worked together but each showed individuality. Antonio was somewhat of a plodder and his work is but slightly in advance of his father's. Girolamo, on the other hand, was an artist full of originality and power. He departed from the pointed sound holes of the Brescian makers and cut that form which his son Niccolo improved and Stradivari perfected. The purfling which these brothers used also shows fine execution. In their later instruments the varnish is thin and light, a beautiful orange, through which the grain of the wood is clearly marked. Their tops are always made of wood of the best quality and the acoustic properties are better than that possessed by any of their father's instruments.

Girolamo had a son, Niccolo Amati (1596-1684), who was destined to be the greatest maker of his famous family, while his instruments are only second to those of his pupil Stradivari. Up to 1645 he followed his father's model more or less, and his works of this period are rather small. However, he was not long in shaping a course of his own and developed what is called the "grand" Amati. This model has fine sharp corners, with a raised center, which drops rapidly from the feet of the bridge to the outer edge. This shape seems to add sweetness and beauty, but does not increase the power. The sound holes are like his father's, but cut more boldly. The shape of his scroll is exquisite, and his choice of wood excellent, the tops especially being even grained and of a soft silken nature.

Of the Guarneri family, Andrea, (1630-1695) a fellow pupil of Stradivari in the shop of Niccolo Amati, was the first of his family to make violins. He followed his teacher,

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showing originality in his scroll and the flatter form of his instruments, but in regard to his finish he was much less successful than his master.

Guisseppe Antonio Guarneri (1683-1745), commonly called Joseph del Gesu from his use of the symbol of the Maltese cross over the letters I H S on his labels, has often been called a pupil of Stradivari. For this there is no documentary evidence and as there is no resemblance between his instruments and those of Stradivari it is not probable. The outline, the sound holes, the scroll, all are different. His work shows the marks of the Brescian makers more than of the Cremonese. He uses the pointed sound hole of Da Salo, with some modifications, his whole trend is a carrying out of Da Salo's ideas; his sound hole, his outline and his wood is the same as that of the Brescian. His violins are frequently divided into three periods. In the first he used many models and shifted his sound holes from place to place as if experimenting. His finish in the latter half of this period is very rough and it seems as if he had been looking forward to his second period and had hurriedly completed the instruments he had already begun. In his second period he made some violins that are unrivalled in exquisite, artistic originality of form, handsome material, and deep amber varnish. Most of the instruments of this period are somewhat smaller than his other works. About 1740, as the common tradition has it, Del Gesu was imprisoned for some cause, from which confinement resulted the instruments of his third period. These violins show less care in workmanship, and are large and massive, with heavy edges, scroll vigorous and majestic, while the wood possesses the best possible acoustic properties. It was to this period that the violins of Paganini and M. Alard belonged.

The famous violin makers have all received their introduction to the public through the playing of some great virtuoso. Thus De Beriot playing on his Maggini made known its qualities, and Paganini did the same for Guarneri. The instrument maker Livron had loaned Paganini a Guarneri to play at a concert which he attended. After the concert the virtuoso handed the instrument back to its owner

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who gave it back with the words: "*Nie werde ich die Vaiten entweihen die Ihre Finger berührt haben, das Instrument gehört Ihnen.*" Paganini always called this violin his *Kanone*.

The town of Cremona was already famous for its violin makers, but how much was its fame augmented by the birth of the Raphael of violin designers, Stradivari. Never has a maker gained such world wide reputation, yet today the people of his little village do not appreciate the importance that the name of Stradivari has given to their town. On the enthusiastic visitor to Stradivari's home they turn wondering eyes: "Was it not a fortunate chance for Stradivari that he was born in Cremona?" He lived to a green old age, and turned out an almost incredible number of instruments of wonderful excellence, which today furnish the models for the majority of violin makers.

Antonio Stradivari was born in 1644 in Cremona, where he lived and died at the age of ninety-three. His house was a small three story one, the first floor of which was used as a workshop, while his varnishing was done upstairs, where the dust would not disturb the quality of the drying instruments. Just around the corner was the shop of Niccolo Amati where Antonio had his initiation into the art of violin making. Here he worked until about 1666 when he decided to work out a course of his own. Until 1672 his work resembles the average full sized instrument of Amati. It is true his sound holes show more delicacy in workmanship, but they are still of the Amati type. One is reminded also of his teacher's work in the long and somewhat sharp but graceful arch of the belly.

Mr. Hart gives 1686-1694 as the dates of the second series of Strad instruments. In these there is a decided advance. His model begins to be more individualized, it leaves the arch of Amati and becomes flatter, which gives an increase of strength and carrying power. The sound holes recline more and leave nothing to be required in grace and beauty. His scroll perhaps shows more change than any other part; size, slant, position of the ears, and beauty of the line of the volute, all give promise of his golden period.

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During the last six years of the century, Stradivari developed another type, the so called "long Strad." The length is only increased in appearance; the narrowing of the upper part of the instrument and also of the waist giving the effect of an increase in length. The varnish of all these 17th century instruments is of a great variety of colors; sometimes it is a rich gold, soft and very transparent, and always of beautiful quality.

The *grand* period of Stradivari's work began with the opening of the century. He was an old man, old enough to have been satisfied with his great success, but he was always unfolding, developing, making more perfect that instrument for which his name has almost become a synonym. One cannot describe the instruments of this period; it seems a sacrilege to try. The changed outline, so different from anything previous; the broad-curled, handsome wood in the backs; the perfect head thrown back, with its saucy scroll so finely wrought, cannot be pictured,—they must be seen. And then the sunny varnish, varying from a clear straw tint to the characteristic golden red, shading into a golden yellow as soft to the touch as velvet, yet so transparent, so brilliant! When these instruments have been seen, one no longer wonders that such violins are not made now a days, but rather holds the treasure in his hands and tries to imagine how it was ever accomplished.

One son of Stradivari, Francesco, took up his father's trade. His instruments, bold and original in design, have less finish than those of his father, but the tone is immediately rich and telling.

Next door to Stradivari, in this block so famed for its makers, lived Carlo Bergonzi (1716-1747), one of the many pupils of Antonio. His whole family were makers but Carlo is the best known. As usual his first violins resemble Strads, but later on his originality crops out in the greater angularity of his lines and the placing of his sound holes nearer the edge of the instrument. His scroll is bold and flatter than usual, while the ears, by their extra projection, give the impression of great breadth. His varnish is like that of Stradivari, but is not put on so well.

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The Cremona school completed the work of the Brescian. In Stradivari it reached its climax. To what the perfection of this school is due is not known; some saying it was the fine quality of oil varnish used and the excellence of the climate of Italy for drying this; others, that the bellies cause this perfection as they were made of a wood now extinct in Europe. Considering all sides it seems that the result was arrived by a combination of circumstances, of which the most important was the love of the maker for his work as an art, not as a money getter, and his unwillingness to hasten that which should not be hastened.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL.

It was not until the early part of the 17th century that the French and English schools began to have any importance. François Médard and Tywersus were the contemporaries of the English Rayman and Wise, and were the first French makers. These early French makers chose the Brescian and Cremonese models and kept to them. Even when the violins of Stainer were in such demand, they had the good sense to keep to their well chosen Italian predecessors. But the great fault with most of those French makers, was the fact that they were mercenary and prefered quantity to quality. It is on this account that the names of Boquay, Pierray and some few of their pupils, are the only ones deserving any praise out of the many makers of the early period.

Both Claude Pierray (1700-1725) and Jacques Boquay (1700 1730) were Parisian and, from their instruments, appear to have followed Amati. Pierray was a good workman. His instruments are larger than those of Amati and are of medium merit. His varnish is pale red, of good quality, while that of Boquay is a warm brown, velvety and transparent. Boquay's violins are smaller than those of Pierray and while they have a sweet tone, are not very powerful.

The makers of the second period, such as Nicolas Lupot, DeComble and Pique made considerable advancement in their models and instituted a school, of which François Gaud,

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of Paris, and Silvestre, of Lyons, were followers.

Nicolas Lupot was born at Stuttgard in 1758 and went to Orleans in 1770. From there he moved to Paris in 1794, where he died in 1824. He is at the head of modern violin makers; their chief without much doubt. He was an artist in all interpretations of the word; he had genius, and in addition, the ability for and the desire of hard work. No instrument ever left his shop that was not made entirely by his own hand. Then he had an intimate knowledge of the works of the Italian masters and profited by it. He followed Stradivari as to model, but his varnish is peculiar to himself. It comes as a kind of link between the French and Italian. It is good in quality and varies in color from a light to a dark red. François Gaud, his son-in-law, succeeded him and was noted as a great repairer.

Ambroine DeComble, of Tournay (1760 (?) and Pierre Silvestre of Lyons were two French men who followed Stradivari. The instruments of the former are large and flat with a good deal of material. Sometimes they have the telling Italian tone, owing probably to the fine varnish. Silvestre worked with Lupot and with Gaud and had few equals in high finish and careful workmanship. Very few of his instruments are in existence. Of the other French masters, Viullaumes, Salle, Germain, and Mennegard are well known.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL

In Germany there were no violins made during the period at which the Brescian makers worked. Considering the proximity of Italy this seems odd, but the Germans were very far advanced in the making of vicls and lutes and thus did not appreciate the wonderful qualities of the little violin until the Italians had brought it nearly to perfection. When they at last recognized this importance, the number of German makers became enormous, but originality appears in but few. The exceeding ability of the German makers of all kinds of old stringed instruments leads one to expect wonderful violins from them, but they took a bad model and stuck to it with the typical German stubborness.

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The German school can be divided into those who follow the Italian model and those who copied Stainer. Niccolo Amati was the pattern used by the former, and most successfully, but the great popularity of Stainer, the German Stradivari, prevented their good qualities being appreciated.

Jacob Stainer (1621-1683) was second in renown only to the great Italian masters. At one time, in Germany and England, he had even more admirers. He was born in the Tyrol and probably worked for some old Tyrolese lute or viol maker, which would account for his crude model. His varnish and workmanship was nearly equal to that of the Cremona makers and when he perceived the weakness of his own model, he was probably too old to change it. If his genius had been rightly directed there is every reason to believe that he would have made instruments equal to those of Stradivari. Stainer was violin maker to the arch duke Ferdinand Charles, governor of Tyrol, in 1668, and in 1669 he was maker to the court of the Emperor of Austria, Leopold I; but in spite of these offices, he died bankrupt and mad. His violins are entirely original in form. They are harsher in outline and the thickness of the wood is calculated differently than in the Cremonas. Some compare the tone of Cremonas to that of a clarinette, while the tone of Stainers resembles more the quality of a flute. His sound holes are shorter than usual and are well designed, the top and bottom being perfect circles. The head is very beautiful, especially the scroll, which is cut as regularly as if made by a machine. A finely cut lions head sometimes takes the place of the scroll. Stainer's most celebrated violins were twelve made for the electors of Germany and for that reason called *Elector Stainers*. These are rare pieces of perfect workmanship. Stainer made great changes in the German system of modelling, but even in his best work he retained the sound hole and extra arch of his fellow-makers.

Many indeed are the followers of this great maker, the Klotz family, Reiss of Bamberg, Bauch of Breslau, and Leopold Widhabur of Nuremberg. Widhabur is perhaps the best imitator of Stainer. His wood is often of the hand-

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somest and is worked with care and patience.

The German makers became mercenary in their taste. In fact they had to turn out more instruments than was compatible with high artistic qualities, in order to obtain a living. Then, as a rule, they followed a bad model, and add to this their climate, so much more unfavorable for the drying of varnish and the seasoning of wood than that of Italy, and the great superiority of the Italian instruments can be understood.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

The English School is not generally considered in the works of European writers on the violin. Some say this is from jealousy, others, that the school does not deserve mention. However this may be as a school, there were certainly many English makers who are deserving of great praise. Jay, Bolles, Addison and Smith were among the earliest viol makers in England; and after them, in the early part of the 17th century, came Christian Wise, Rayman, Urquhart and Barak Norman, who represent the old English school, or those who followed the Brescian makers.

The founder of this old school was Jacob Rayman (1620 (?) of London. He shows a great improvement over the old English viol makers, cutting his instruments rather ungracefully but with a great deal of character. His model was flat and was surmounted by a tiny well formed scroll.

Of this old school Barak Norman (1688-1740) London, did the best work. He was an admirer of Maggini and shows this in all his works. He studied with Urquhart, a pupil of Rayman, and was the first Englishman to make 'cellos.

The next character that sheds light is Benjamin Banks (1727-1795), the undoubted head of the English school. To his influence is due the establishment of the Amati type in England, in preference to the Stainer. His copies of Amati often have his initials stamped on them. His 'cellos are even more in demand today than his violins. In its transparency, richness, and amount of shading his varnish is nearly Italian in character. The scroll is his weakest

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point; it is small and stiff and does not resemble Amati's in the least.

Thomas Dodd though not a maker himself deserves mention from the fact that he could tell good workmen and knew how to use them. And then he possessed the secret of a fine varnish and, employing Bernard Fendt and John Lott as hands, for whom he furnished the head, he had instruments made and afterwards applied the varnish himself. He thus produced violins of much worth.

Fendt and Lott were both German, but were Italian in their workmanship. Fendt made instruments of value while with Dodd; but later, working for himself, he lacked the Dodd varnish and his violins have not the same high grade. He was a friend of Lott and persuaded him to leave cabinet works for violin making. Lott's double-bases are the finest made in England, owing to his great care and patience.

The cause of the decadance in violin making in England was the same as in Germany and in France, merely the inability to spend the requisite time and care on their manufacture, and at the same time gain a livelihood. In the earlier times there was a duty on all foreign musical instruments, and with this protection violin makers increased in numbers and the quality of their work improved. But then this duty was removed and those who did not give up their trade had to cheapen and quicken the manufacture at the expense of all the higher merits.

BERKELEY BRANDT.

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READING FOR THE MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS.

MUSIC IN NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER IV. [CONTINUED.]

AMERICAN PSALMODY FROM THOMAS HASTINGS TO MOODY AND SANKEY.

It was his services to his country during the civil war which endeared Dr. Root to his fellow-countrymen perhaps more than any part of his long and honorable career. He had begun his activity as composer of songs for the people as early as 1854, his "Hazel Dell" and "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" having achieved very wide popularity, and it was therefore with a practiced pen and a ready response to the feeling of the common folk that Dr. Root began his career as composer of war songs. There is not space here to narrate the steps of this progress. From "The Vacant Chair" to "Tramp, tramp" and "The battle Cry of Freedom" he was ready for every important turn in the tide of affairs. The latter song sprang into almost immediate currency. It was sung by the Lombard brothers at a public meeting on the court house square in Chicago almost before the ink was dry on the composer's copy. Another copy was sent Mr. James R. Murray in camp, and it immediately became popular in the army, and was sung with great effect by regiments of Northern troops on long, cold, dreary marches, in camp and on the battlefield, and has retained its popularity every since. "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are marching" was another equally popular war song of his. But this is not the place for a complete enumeration of his secular songs.

Not the least of Dr. Root's services to music is his work in various Normal Musical Institutes, a work begun nearly forty years ago and still actively continued. The first one was held in 1852 in New York, and with him were associ-

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ated Dr. Lowell Mason, Thomas Hastings and William B. Bradbury. These "Normals" were schools of music organized for a term of a few weeks, generally in the summer vacation time, when they could be attended by teachers. They brought together first-class teachers and earnest, energetic pupils, largely teachers also, but remote from urban opportunities and privileges and glad to avail themselves of the stimulus of a few weeks of association with other minds interested in music, and of the opportunity for instruction and for hearing music. The idea of these "Normals" originated with Dr. Root, the suggestion having arisen out of the musical conventions held in Boston, under the auspices of the Boston Academy, as elsewhere recounted. They proved exceedingly popular and influential and have exerted a beneficial influence on musical culture, filling a place which would otherwise have remained unfilled; thus they met a real need. Dr. Root is still (1894) active in them and in his work as composer and conductor.

Perhaps the most influential and popular of the above named men, next to Dr. Root, was William B. Bradbury. When he, Baker, and Root began their work, there were fewer able men engaged in that kind of teaching than now, and this fact is of itself sufficient to give them prominence. Bradbury was of a respected family in Maine. His parents were musically inclined and encouraged the development of his natural talents. The family moved to Boston when he was fourteen years old, and there he received his musical education. Ten years later, in 1840, he went to New York and then began his career as teacher and composer. The years 1847-9 he spent in Europe, studying for some time in Leipzig, and greatly deepening and broadening his musical experience. From the time of his return until his death, nineteen years, he devoted himself to teaching, convention work and composing. In all this he rendered good service, well adapted to the needs of his time and thoroughly effective. He was highly respected as a man, and his name as a composer, conductor and teacher will always be associated with those of Mason, Hastings and Root as characterizing an epoch in our musical history.

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The work of most of the other men above mentioned and of numerous others, has been in the same line as that of these four pioneers; similar in kind and perhaps in degree, but rendered somewhat less conspicuous by the widening of the field and the increasing number of the workers. Bliss and Sankey were revivalists whose music is certainly widely popular; but the change from Root and Bradbury to them cannot be said to make any advance in musical culture. On the contrary, the supplanting of Root's "Diapason" and Bradbury's "Jubilee" by Sankey "Gospel Hymns" marks a decline in musical taste, measured by any valid standard of musical perception and intelligence. And the same thing must be said of a large number of the current collections of church music and especially of Sunday school music. Too much of it is trivial; too many of the words are mere doggerel. Approximately, at least, it is fair to say that the older names in the list above given represent a more dignified ideal, while Mr. Sankey, upon his musical side, if not Bliss, stands primarily for what is not unfair to describe as jingle. No one will doubt the sincerity or the earnestness of either of these men. They practically base their work on the inadequate philosophy of Hastings; but even so, it marks a retrograde movement. Religious music in order to be of the highest type must give genuine expression to the loftiest and profoundest religious feeling. But this surely cannot be said of either the hymns or tunes of the "Gospel Hymns" of Moody and Sankey or of many of the current hymn tunes and Sunday School music. Compare the noble, elevated, sublime strains of Haendel's "Messiah" or the Chorals in Bach's "Passion Music" with the alleged sacred music to be heard any Sunday in many of our churches and Sunday Schools, even in not a few of our city churches! There certainly can be but one intelligent opinion as to which side holds the overwhelming preponderance of solemnity, dignity and nobility of character. And surely these are no unimportant factors in religious feeling, religious worship and religious music. One may, doubtless, be sincere in a worship capable of finding its natural expression in doggerel rhymes such as no literary critic

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would acknowledge to be poetry, and in jigging dance tunes which intelligent musicians would find too cheap for the lightest of light operetta. But educated men and musicians can not be expected to sympathize with either the one or the other. The "Gospel Hymns" and tunes point not in the direction of the noble and refined conceptions of the great masters but downward toward a lower plane of experience and a coarser type of feeling. However well they may meet the needs of those who use them, they are on a declining and not on an ascending plane; they tend not to elevate but to degrade public musical taste.

Fortunately while inferior music finds place in too many of our churches, these are also many congregations whose music is made up very largely of noble, dignified hymns and tunes, drawn from the best English, German and American sources. The "Hymnal" of the Episcopal church has furnished the model for many of them, notably for the Service Book used by the Unitarian denomination, the "Hymns of the Faith," a Congregational compilation, and others.

There are two strong tendencies now at work in American psalmody; one pushing vigorously in the direction of the vulgarization of thought and feeling which finds its lowest expression in the music of the "Salvation Army," (I need only instance "Run, Devil run, and "There is no flies on Jesus") and the other pressing upward toward the nobility, dignity and refinement of the words of the great masters and of the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church. On the whole, it would seem that the believers in progress and improvement have no reason to be discouraged, but the reverse.

There is the more reason to be encouraged because the upward tendency is at present shown by a considerable number of young composers and young choir leaders who write or select for the opening of church service anthems, motetts etc., of a much higher character than even the best to be found in the works of Bradbury and Root. The upward movement in this field began with the publication of Buck's first Motette Collection, about 1865. Its author, Dudley Buck is one of the most accomplished of American musicians. He was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1839, went

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to Europe when he was only nineteen; received the very best training to be had in Leipzig, Dresden and Paris, returning to America after four years of study. His career since is one of which every American may be proud, for his record as an organist and composer place him on a par with the best European musicians of his own age. His "Legend of Don Munio," "Golden Legend," "Forty-sixth Psalm," Symphonic Overture to "Marmion," etc., show the very best of musicianly attainments; his "Studies in pedal Phrasing" and other organ works are equally excellent, and his two volumes of mottets, original and selected, mark an epoch in the history of American Church Music. Since he went to Germany for thorough preparation in his profession, a vast number of young American musicians have followed his example, with results which are telling on the church music of the more intellectual centers no less than on other departments of musical life. Among them are John P. Morgan, O. B. Boise, J. C. D. Parker, W. W. Gilchrist and a host of young men and of men in early middle age, too numerous to mention.

CHAPTER V.

SINGING SCHOOLS AND CONSERVATORIES FROM LOWELL MASON TO THE PRESENT.

THE New England Singing School was an established and wide-spread institution when Lowell Mason came on the scene. But to him it owed the most radical improvements in its methods. His pupils became the controlling force in American popular music and their influence was sound and wholesome. However limited may have been the range of the knowledge; however insignificant may have been the music they practiced in comparison with the great master-pieces of Musical Art, the singing school teachers trained by Lowell Mason did yeoman's service in educating the ear and in developing the knowledge of the fundamentals of music. Whatever else they failed to teach, they thoroughly grounded their classes in the perception of

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tonality, of the relation of all the tones of a melody to the keynote. This is the fundamental cognition of all musical intelligence; the indispensable condition of understanding either melody or harmony. It is precisely the point in which our modern pupils, brought up exclusively at the piano, are weak, and inevitably so. So that, although we have gained in some respects, we have lost in others. Where there is really good and sound music teaching in the public schools, this want is supplied. When it is not, every teacher of harmony finds that his pupils lack the fundamental perceptions necessary to success, and he has to lay the foundations by a long, slow and painful process.

Out of the Singing Schools, scattered wherever New England people migrated, all over the Northern states, grew the Convention, by a natural process of evolution. Singing school teachers, two or three in a county, rode from town to town all through the winter season, holding singing schools every night in the week. Then came County Associations, meeting once or twice a year in the fall, perhaps also in the spring, at which most of the singers of the County were assembled, for a three or four days festival. Sometimes these conventions were led by the local teachers alternately. Sometimes a distinguished teacher of psalmody from an Eastern city was chosen as conductor. In this way men like Wm. B. Bradbury; Geo. F. Root, B. F. Baker, A. N. Johnson, L. O. Emerson, W. O. Perkins, H. S. Perkins, and many others, took charge of numerous county associations. Some of them formed a long series of engagements which occupied the whole of the convention season, spending the rest of the year in compiling new books to be used on similar occasions in the future. Comparatively little of the music performed was of a high character, consisting largely of the current psalmody. But the singers were also introduced, more or less sparingly, to choruses from the current Italian Operas, the standard oratorios and the glees of the English School. Limited as these opportunities were, they served as a powerful stimulus to musical interest and were occasions of real and keen musical and social enjoyment. Many an American musician received

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the determining impulses toward his profession in these conventions, having already laid the foundation of sound musicianship in the country singing school. However much a trained European musician might be disposed to look with contempt on the elementary nature of the music and the crudity of the performances at these festivals, they were nevertheless a powerful force for good, and American music owes them a great debt. Whether the need of them has yet passed away or not, there was a stage of American musical development in which they performed a most important and indispensable function.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to overlook the fact that while the convention still continues to flourish, the country singing school has at least in some parts of the country declined. The country teacher no longer goes his rounds as he did twenty or thirty years ago, and the country young people of the present are no longer being taught the fundamentals of music as their fathers and mothers were. There are more pianos in the country districts, more young women who can play cheap variations on commonplace themes, of the grade of Wyman's "Silvery Waves;" there are even more who have received some sort of introduction to the better class of piano music. Bnt there are hardly any people of either sex who can sing a plain church tune correctly at sight or perhaps who can even sing a scale correctly without the help of an instrument. It is precisely in these communities where the old fashioned singing school has died out that the Moody and Sankey "Gospel Hymns" flourish. Whatever faults we may ascribe to these productions, they have "catchy" tunes which are easily learned by ear, and that is the only way in which most of the country congregations nowadays can sing at all. So that the degradation of music to the Moody and Sankey level is directly attributable to the decline of the singing school.

Into these communities comes now the Convention leader, no longer with an enthusiastic county association at his back, and organizes a convention in which three or four days are devoted to the preparation of a concert. He has no longer the old material to depend upon; he must use mostly

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ignorant, raw singers and teach them by note what they are to sing. There are few or none who pride themselves on their ability in sight-singing; nothing difficult, nothing beyond the simplest tunes can be taken up, and these must be "catchy." The result is that the convention no longer raises the standard of music in the country where it is held; no longer stimulates singers to improvement in sight-reading and in real intelligence; no longer reacts on the efficiency of the singing-schools, because singing schools no longer exist. It merely serves as a brief diversion in the monotony of country life, as would a ball, or a revival, or a camp-meeting, and fills the pocket of the convention leader.

The above remarks apply more particularly to the Western Reserve of Ohio, with which field the writer formerly had an intimate acquaintance, which he still retains sufficiently to form an opinion of its condition. In those parts of Wisconsin with which he is acquainted the case is no better. And he has seen little or no reason to believe that the country districts in other portions of the Union are in advance of those above mentioned. With the New South he has had no opportunity to become acquainted; but he has seen some evidences of an interest and activity in church music there out of which results may eventually come.

In art matters, as in other intellectual and spiritual interests, the one fatal condition is stagnation. Wherever there is life there is growth; and crude conditions will eventually be outgrown.

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

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EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

NOW that the music-teaching season is beginning, it is perhaps a good time to ask ourselves what it is that we are teaching A pleasing incident happened not long ago in an eastern city. An ambitious and talented girl had been studying some time in Boston, with a teacher who represented the "method" of Leschetitzky—that most eminent of teachers of artists. On one occasion she gave her former teacher quite a minute description of the exercises and the results thus far attained. Through it all ran, like a silver thread, the word "method." Loosely associated with this was the word "muscle," and it was evident that in her estimation the method consisted of muscular development; but of application of all this method and muscle later there was not a suggestion. Her former teacher heard her through to the end, and sweetly added:

"Well, my dear, with all your study of method, I hope you will remember that there is an *Art of Music.*"

Vocal students who happen also to be studying pianoforte, often make a nice distinction without meaning to. They speak of taking "singing lessons" and a lesson "in music." This is gratifying to the instrumental teacher, for to teach music is precisely what he aspires to do, if he knows his business.

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From the standpoint of art, the music teacher's problem is to qualify every pupil to derive from music the highest satisfaction possible; and to minister to others in the same spirit.

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That this is something quite different from routine teaching is plain enough upon the face of it. Besides making the pupil perform the immediate object of the lessons, Art requires a body of subsidiary instruction, culture, awakening;

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and a continuance of the process until a sort of missionary spirit has been engendered, through the operation of which the student not only loves the best in music, and plays it enjoyably for his own satisfaction, but has the courage and patience to bring his friends also to know and like it.

* * *

It is by no means an easy question how far and to what extent pianoforte lessons can or ought to be made lessons in theory, musical history, and the foundations of musical taste. We are met with the practical difficulty that many pupils take but half hour lessons; and in some cases only once a week. The result is that with his utmost endeavor the teacher can only just keep them progressing. For we must never forget that the most difficult part of piano teaching is precisely one to which the student gives no attention whatever. Namely, to find out exactly where the pupil is, what are the merits, what the defects, and the causes of the latter. When the teacher knows these things the way is comparatively simple, for in the course of years of teaching he finds out how all kinds of musical medicine work in individual cases. Now when the pupil plays only a half hour in all, and this only once in a week, the teacher can hardly do more than pr of-read the lesson, correct the more obvious faults, and set work in advance. But of the general task of finding out where the pupil is musically, and planning the work with reference to later development, he has little time. And so the lesson becomes exclusively a lesson in playing.

* * *

A really cultivated taste in music, when not the result of fortunate heredity, is due to a combination of knowledge and experience. Many things help toward forming good taste; all the experience in harmony, counterpoint, thematic work, and form. All the practice in hearing, and all the general ideas of composers picked up from reading more or less desultorily in musical periodicals and books. What is wanted to a really educated taste is actual personal acquaintance with the best music, and a clear perception of the

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qualities in the good which differentiate it from the bad. The common impression that all the compositions of certain composers are good and all the works of others are bad, has little foundation. There have been certain composers whose technique of composition was so masterly that everything of theirs shows it; though perhaps only a moderate percentage of them show the inner something which gives music its effect upon the hearer—namely, feeling and beauty. Many a composition of Bach is as clever as clever can be, and therefore interesting to musical analysis, but contains little or nothing of feeling. Others, again, are at the same time intensely interesting upon musical grounds and full of the inner something which is the soul of music. To play these latter pieces is an education. It is an act of religion. Even when we play them from a technical standpoint mainly, before they are well mastered the inner something makes its way with us, and we find ourselves refreshed and stimulated by the experience. It attunes the player, and it makes all other music sound better.

While this is true, it is not true that between these works of Bach and Beethoven and works of lesser and common composers there exists a line of demarcation such as the Apostle Peter conceived in his vision, when he desired to be delivered from everything that is common and unclean. There is vulgarity in music, but it is rare. There are many works in music which make very little demand upon the higher qualites; nevertheless within their province they may be all very well. In fact it is not easy to say of almost any one piece that it could not under some circumstances be advantageously used in education, or legitimately employed for amusement of others. Even in the case of the empty variation numbers of such writers as T. P. Ryder, where the most ordinary symmetries and keyboard forms are interlarded with the notes of the melody, there is nothing harmful. These things are as innocent as chewing gum; and as inelegant. One might eat quite a good dietary in spite of exercises between times upon the indestructable morsel—this dietary atom which repeats the miracle of the bush and continues to burn without being consumed.

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All arbitrary lines of taste, as between the works of certain composers on one hand and all others, are without foundation, and their presence betrays ignorance.

Determinations of excellence or the reverse in a piece of music turn primarily upon how we answer the question: "What is Music for; what does it propose?" Whenever a teacher or a student has answered this question in a manner broad enough to take in the different kinds and qualities of musical art, there is ground for bringing out individualities in works of art, and perhaps to set them in a sort of gradation in accordance with their nature and intention.

All musical qualities and merits may be included, I fancy, in two categories, of which the second includes the first and is dependent upon it. Namely:

1. To please the musical sense—by which I mean the trained or untrained sense of hearing.

2. To touch the imagination by the expression of the beautiful.

Whatever the piece, its first duty is to please the sense of hearing. It may do this in either one or two ways, and according to the choice pieces class themselves as for popular use or for trained hearers. In the former the symmetries, tonal combinations and relations are of an obvious kind, such as are clear to the untrained sense of hearing. In the higher type the tonal combinations are less obvious; dissonances are introduced in order to make the consonance more sweet; and in many ways caprices are indulged, which for the moment seem to the untrained sense a forgetfulness of the well-sounding; but which by the trained and sensitive ear are understood and enjoyed much more than mere plain relations could be.

When a piece is able to please the musical sense, whether upon a grade of simplicity or complexity, its next possibility is to awaken the sense of the beautiful in what it may mean or suggest. In the highest sense music may be said to present life. Moods and cycles of spiritual life are embodied in tones. To characterize these moods and cycles in words is beyond us, and beyond the power of words, since tonal combinations and successions afford a vastly more expres-

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sive and flexible medium than words. All compositions belonging to this category are to be appreciated first as music, and secondly as something from within, a voice from the psychic world. Such a voice may address us in elementary moods easy to comprehend, such as the heroic, the tender, the sweetly pensive, the restless, the passionately headlong driving, the deep repose of celestial atmospheres. These are but the rude types of myriad shapes of soul-representation which the art of music affords.

Hence we might rearrange our two step scale of musical aesthetics into a four-step scale like this:—

Music undertakes to give delight.

1. To the senses, agreeable sensations of tonal relation and contrast.

2. To the educated musical sense by all sorts of tonal clevernesses and incidents of treatment, such as symmetries, sequences, harmonic variety, thematic treatment, and the like.

3. To awaken suggestions. (Here we have most so-called descriptive music.)

4. To present life.

About everything in the way of music can be placed somewhere along this four-step scale. Highest of all is the last, and it is here that Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and a few others establish themselves.

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Observe further, that each ascending step involves the ones below. No matter how high the taste it rests upon the perception of elementary traits of good sound and agreeable symmetry. When it advances above this it adds distinctly musical skill. Then along with the quality of being "well-made" the piece of music awakens a suggestion. It is like an incident, or it may be a picture. It is music, but it is also something else. There is in it a surplus something which is not elementary symmetry, nor yet mere musical treatment; it calls up something in the mind. And this something may be called up when we hear it without noting particularly the incidents of the musical treatment.

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In the fourth degree we have life itself—the inner life which is not thought merely, as such; nor yet feeling, as such; but life, its moods, its flow, its reveries and raptures of the ideal. In short, just as the highest poetry attains its eminence not in mere verbal clevernesses, but in consequence of something which lies behind the words and comes to expression through them, is involved in, or *is*, the inner something behind the story which the words tell; so this higher music contains life. the essence of life, the moments of life which words cannot give, moments which even words can bring out only as a sort of back-ground.

Take almost any good poem and you will note that it has what musicians call a key, a mode, a certain *Stimmung*, as the Germans call it, a *tuning* like a certain key, as of D minor, A minor, F major, or C sharp major, or what not. Now this which poetry has in it as a sort of back-ground, the tones give us directly. The emotional something, the mood, the inner spirit, is itself expressed in the music so that we go with it, are moved by it. In art it is sometimes better to weep than to laugh. Pathos is the soul of art. What man is, what he suffers, and what he does, these are the points concerning which the Roman writer said that he desired that nothing human should be foreign to him. What man *does*, we have his works to show; what he *is*, and what he suffers, art mainly reveals to us.

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It is of course a difficult question how far young students ought to be apprised of the distinctions indicated above, and made acquainted with the grounds upon which appreciation of the highest in music rests. The danger is of filling them with mere opinions, verbal formulas, which, resting upon no inner foundation of musical observation and consciousness, do not mean anything to them. Yet one would say that there might be a way of gradually evolving a rudimentary self-consciousness in these directions by means of illustrated recitals or talks addresed to the class together. When a class has heard for instance Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Winds" and the first movement of the "moonlight"

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sonata, perhaps more than once in immediate connection, and has really felt that the movement of the sonata somehow means something deeper than the former, a beginning of taste has been made. If now we go further and try to point a moral that the sonata is greater and therefore we had better play it all the time, we do too much. The clock does not strike twelve all the time, but only twice in every twenty-four hours. It is just as legitimate to enjoy the playful as the morbid; for the young even more legitimate. An appetite for the tragic can easily be overdone.

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There is another kind of musical representation which does not lie under the charge of being dangerous for common use. I mean the highly ideal lyric moments, such as we find so well done in the slow movements of Beethoven. The Largo of the second sonata, for instance, will wear for years if well used. But we need not expect children to enjoy it, except the few very sensitive and musically organized. The others will have to grow to it by many times hearing, and by playing it themselves. It is the same with the Adagio of the Sonata Pathetique. Others of the slow movements such as the Largo in the sonata in D major, opus 14, belong to a yet more mature development, appealing to serious qualities of mind and introspective tendencies such as perhaps children never possess. But it is a great gain when a class of children have heard such things times enough to feel that they do represent something, *mean* something.

So also when a child plays an Invention of Bach, it is much if the musical treatment be traced, the relation of imitation and sequence and the like. When the Invention is also very musical and pleasing, as the eighth, for instance, it is still better if the fact be recognized.

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In short the seed will have been sown when the growing class has been made to recognize some of the elements which enter into musical art, and above all when they feel that such and such higher works really represent life, present its

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movement, its happy or its unhappy moments, its inner atmosphere of suggestion and perhaps of joy or sorrow, and its possibility of beauty. When once this mode of thinking of musical works has been set in operation, everything will come later, according to the quality of the student's mind and capacity. If not the highest, why then the highest attainable for this individual. That the standard ultimately reached may be heightened by the judicious application of opportunities to hear the best, and especially to hear with adequate (but not too much) explanation, is obvious enough. And it is in these directions that teachers need to work. And it is also here that the private teacher, having his class entirely to himself, has a greater responsibility than even the conservatory.

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I have several times alluded to the vigorous movement for some years in progress in Italy, Germany and France, towards the restoration of the Plain Song in its purity, and the Palestrinian music, in place of the operatic and secular works which now too often usurp the place of church music in catholic countries. When I was in Venice, some years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting the musical director of St. Marc's, and the vice director, Signor Giovanni Tebaldini. The old director, the Chevalier Coccone, represents the older conventional church music of the latter part of the last century and the first of this. The vice director, on the contrary, had been put in place for the express promulgation of the opposite of all these musical ideas. Mr. Tebaldini is a graduate of the conservatory of Milan and of the church music school at Regensburg in Germany. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the Palestrinian music, and had at that time a school for training singers to perform it at the venerable altar of St. Marc's. I went with him to see this school, one day. It was held in the oldest church in Venice, that of St. Giacomo by the Rialto. It is a queer old building, said by the guide books to have been erected some where about the year 600 A. D. It is almost circular in form, like the baptistry at Florence and at Pisa. There was an organ, a grand piano, and a large American organ,

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(I believe by Mason & Hamlin.) It was upon the latter that the director played. The class consisted of minor clerics, boys, and a few young men apparently gondeliers or the like. Several of the voices I heard perform their exercises. Signor Tebaldini gave me the most unconventional explanations in German, which none of those present understood. A "*schöne Stimme*" was easily recognized as such, and duly admired. Then he gave me what he accurately characterized as "*Ein schlechte Stimme* (with intense disgust in the expression of the adjective.) This voice, however, he told me he expected to make a beautiful one in less than six months, its faults being only upon the surface.

Mr. Tebaldini said that he expected to give a good musical service in St. Marc's within six months; but to sing Palestrina would take two years additional training.

The movement has gone on with great force in Italy, and I have had from time to time programs of church congresses and musical festivals of these reforming singers. And now I find in a Belgian and Paris musical journal an article, elsewhere translated, showing how the movement is taking hold in France.

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What a queer thing a miscellaneous concert is. First comes some sort of noisy and effective piece, to awaken attention. Then each member of the company in turn appears with a solo after its kind, saving the prima donna for the last. Then there is the usual and inevitable demand for repetition for one or more of the pieces, and a second part in which everything goes through again in the same order. The selections are generally of a kind supposed to be popular. But the concert as a whole too often leaves the listener in an empty and limp condition. When the members of such a company are all of mediocre powers, incapable any one of them of awakening the feeling of musical beauty, the case is hard indeed. Often there is a leading artist, the star, who may be in the sere and yellow leaf of his life-work, but still with good qualities, only blasé with much

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experience. Commonly the pianist is the best musician of the lot, and quite commonly the only one with a musical conscience. But his lot is difficult. He has to open the concert, for which purpose his superiors insist upon his employing the least precious piece in his repertory. What he plays is disturbed by late comers, and nobody thinks of complimenting him any more than of demanding a second helping to soup. Then he has to accompany every piece upon the program, and his second solo falls in with so many comings upon the stage that neither he nor his hearers have the heart to do or to feel. Very often an entire evening of this sort has in it not one single moment where the hearer is touched. It does not even rise to the level of a good minstrel performance, for in that there is at least one song which starts a tear.

I do not know what is the remedy for this sort of thing. I suppose almost every local lecture course feels that there must be as much drawing power in a "combination" as the sum of the drawing power of the atoms composing it. And therefore if the soprano could draw alone so and-so many dollars, and the alto so much, the reader so much, and possibly the pianist a little (though this is a concession), the whole combination ought to draw something more than the full sum of all these items, the surplus to be chargeable off to glamour, or something of the kind.

* * *

If musical employment were the object sought, or musical education, one good player, or a good singer and player, would be worth much more than a full combination like this. It is simply a question of cost. A singer at five dollars a day can not afford to be very poetical, nor can she afford the luxury of a very fine voice. It costs too much to bring out and maintain a good voice to throw one away in this way. So with a player. For while there are nowadays a great many people able to play the piano creditably, there are very few able to touch the heart. This quality comes high.

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The lecture recital is the form of musical entertainment

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from which the country has the most to hope, for some time as yet. Even the concerts of such travelling combinations as the Kneisel string quartette of Boston (one of the best string quartettes, if not the very best, in the world) are as yet rather beyond the appreciation of most audiences before whom they play. In Boston, where the twenty-four symphony concerts are supported by all the musical public, and are supplemented by a score or more of chamber concerts, which musical people also pay money to hear (how strange) the new and important works have to be heard several times before they attain complete recognition. And this must continue to be the experience throughout the country until the number of chamber concerts has greatly increased and every local community contains numbers of amateur quartette players. Meanwhile the lecture recital, addressed to lovers of piano music and song, appeals to the largest and most intelligent audiences. Lately one player proposes to give also lecture recitals with the harp, presenting a class of music which is almost entirely unknown to amateurs, and a tone-quality and effect also novel. Of course the limitations will be sooner reached upon the harp than upon the piano, since its literature is much less extensive; but there are harpists, such as Aptommas, who play upon this instrument everything which exists for pianoforte, including the sonatas of Beethoven.

* * *

Dr. William Mason has spent his vacation at the Isle of Shoals, off Portsmouth, N. H., for about twenty-five years, except a single year, when he was in Europe. At the Appledore house there is a congenial society gathered every year, and some idea of the permanency may be had from the circumstance that Dr. Mason has occupied the same suite of rooms for abont twenty years; and has had the same place at table for the last twelve years, being at present the dean of the regular patrons. One of his self-imposed regular duties is to play every morning to any body who cares to come and listen. He has a very nice small Mason & Hamlin grand, which stands in the room formerly the home of the poetess, Celia Thaxter. It is in

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a cottage a hundred feet or such matter from the hotel, but connected with the piazza, and the furnishings and ornaments are just as she left them. The walls are covered with etchings, water colors, and sketches by distinguished artists, who themselves contributed them to the admired writer and woman. The room opens upon a piazza which looks out upon the sea. At half past ten Dr. Mason begins to play. The room is generally filled before he begins. Late comers take possession of the piazza and there they remain until the playing is done. I was unfortunate enough to miss the regular program upon the day I visited him. It consisted of several of the Schumann Intermezzi, something of Chopin, and a sonata or two of Beethoven.

Dr. Mason was kind enough to play an especial program for me. He has been writing a number of pieces which will presently appear. These he played. He began with several of his later pieces already published, but which I had never before heard him play. The first was a Pastoral Novellete, written for the J. B. Millet Company, and included in their serial, "Half hours with the Best Authors." Then followed an "Album Leaf," dedicated to Miss Marie Walther; and its companion piece. Both are poetic, beautifully and musically made, and were played charmingly.

Then came some octave playing. The "Toccatina," published by Presser, is a brilliant piece with excellent practice and incessant motion. This is destined to have a large use among teachers, because its brevity together with its musical quality make it available where a long piece of the same difficulty would take too much time in study. Among the new pieces the first was a "Prelude Melodique," opus 47, in which the harmonic treatment was very interesting. One of the loveliest of the new pieces was the "Capriccioso Scherzo," opus 48. It is in E flat, and full of poetry and musical piquancy. It is modern of the moderns, Dr. Mason's compositions always having been remarkable for enharmonic changes and harmonic subtleties, but in the later ones the style is much clearer and at the same time more flexible than formerly—elegant as his writing has always been.

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Another was the "Reverie Appasionata," in B flat. Opus 49. And capital was the last upon the list, a "Mazurka,"" opus 50.

All of these pieces, like the previous ones of Dr. Mason, are charming when played poetically and musically; but few of them admit of being badly done and still remain attractive. Dr. Mason counts upon a very free vibration of the piano, great sympathy, and abundance of tone color and shading. What the notes give is only a small part of what the poetic player has to do in these things.

Dr. Mason is playing beautifully, his touch is wonderfully fine and musical, and his technique, under the vivifying influence of daily playing to appreciative hearers, has resumed something like the finish of the concert-playing Mason. of 1855 and 1860.

The Shoals is a sort of paradise for an artist like Mason, who seeks in a summer resort only quiet and not variety of occupation. The air is fresh, the scenery the open ocean, and all there is to do is to play the piano, talk, and take an occasional game at billiards. Naturally with his genial way Dr. Mason is a favorite with the nice girls, his button holes are decorated with flowers, and every thing combines to make his summer lot a happy one.

Occasionally he has an idea of breaking away from the Shoals. This year his plan was to spend a month there and then with his daughter and son-in-law, go to the Adirondacks. But when once the Nirwana of this blissful wilderness of rock and sea had reasserted its charm upon him all the king's horses and all the king's men, nor yet his own dearly loved daughter, could draw him away. Next year the Adirondacks will know better, and will get in their pull first, if at all.

* * *

The musical season promises much of interest. The Boston, Chicago and New York orchestras are preparing noble series of programs, in which the existing art of orchestral writing will be illustrated in connection with a rich representation of the classical schools. There are large promises of chamber music by the Kneisel Quartette and

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various other bodies, one of the most impressive series of which will find its exemplification here in Chicago, in the plans of Mr. Clayton F. Summy, of which full particulars are given elsewhere.

In the line of opera there will be the great aggregation of Messrs Abbey and Grau, which will contain several of the same artists as last year. Mme. Calvé will return, and will no doubt repeat her former brilliant and sensational successes. The German opera, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, will afford a much-needed illustration of this great department of the higher art of music. Particulars of his plans are elsewhere given with considerable amplitude.

In the line of virtuosos there will be the Paderwski, who will open his season in New York early in November. Marsick, the brilliant and artistic Belgian violinist, will be heard in concerts, and a variety of other musical operations are being actively pushed. Wherefore upon the whole the season promises to be one of the best in some years.

W. S. B. M.

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THE RENOVATION OF RELIGIOUS MUSIC IN FRANCE.

La Guide Musical has kept its readers informed of the brilliant efforts, continued through several years, for the re-establishment of the Palestrinian repertory, by the singers of the society of Saint Gervais, well as the more recent foundation of a society devoted to religious music, the *Schola Cantorum*, formed in 1894, for the purpose of restoring to the musical part of divine service the dignity and artistic elevation which for a long time has been impaired or lost. Once conceded the antiquity of a state of things which gratifies at the same time the fondness for routine of some, the mediocre tastes and aspirations of others, and the material interests of a certain number, one might doubt the vitality of an enterprise directed precisely against this routine, this mediocrity and these material interests. A few months have sufficed, on the contrary, to see it confirm itself and propagate a movement so hardily commenced. In many of the provincial towns societies have been formed at the instance of the Singers of Saint-Gervais, for the study of the same repertory; establishments for instruction have been undertaken with the same view, and at last two solemn congresses have been held, almost together, at Bordeaux and at Rodez, under the presidence of the cardinal archbishops of these episcopal seats. Thus the reform has entered decidedly into a period of collective and energetic action; the questions discussed by these two assemblages, in debates full of experience, and with practical illustrations in hearing, have given place to resolutions and vows whose application will be immediate in yet other dioceses. In their realization will be found interested not alone Catholics concerned with the exterior forms of their cult, but also all musicians in this which concerns one of the most productive branches of their art. This last point of view, the sole upon which we here concern ourselves, ought not to remain

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indifferent to any true artist who desires above all to see the cause of the true and beautiful triumph.

Now this happy and curious thing happens, that Christians and artists, exponents of two opposite principles, apparently directing themselves towards two ends apparently opposite, find themselves making at bottom a common cause. The former desire to submit music anew to the yoke of the liturgy, demanding that it shall serve humbly the mystic ideal and remain a prayer in the house of prayer; the others deny the art uncertain, adulterated, which puts on the soutane over the domino, and which courts equally, with the same language, the theatre and the church. The renovation of the Gregorian chant and the Palestrinian music is desired by catholics because this chant has for them holy tradition, because this music conserves the spirit and the sense under a vestment chaste and at the same time very rich; it is hailed by artists because the secular songs of the ancient Christian ages include treasures of touching melodic expression, profound, naïve, ardent; and because this music of the sixteenth century offers to their imagination incomparable models of an exquisite art and of an infinite science.

A sufficiently large proportion of the resolutions adopted at Bordeaux or at Bodez are practically taken from the statutes of the *Schola Cantorum*. They designate the different means of operating: Developments of a rational instruction, theoretical and practical, in the liturgic song in the greater and lesser seminaries; insistance upon the observance in the Plain Song of the laws of Latin accent, by means of which only can one render the text of the office intelligible and the sense of the musical phrase;—the creation of singing schools composed of children's voices, gratuitious courses where the people can learn over again the ancient song, and where the ranks of the singers can be recruited; organizations of choral societies, for performing *a capella* the polyphonic repertory; pressing recommendations or strict injunctions addressed to organists, desiring a better conformity of their playing with the demands of the place where they exhibit themselves;—the rigorous exclusion of works secular, or simply not conformed to the

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rules and the exact spirit of the liturgy;—incitation to produce in this spirit new works, and especially the production, as most pressing, of canticles in the common tongue, better fitted to encourage good taste than the intruders which reign in this province.

The program is very vast and will completely carry itself out in results in proportion to the labor extended; from now on priests and parishioners, artists and the ignorant, clergy and laity, are called upon to co-operate in its realization by example, by instruction, by the press, by all forms of propoganda. Before this end will be attained many oppositions will be encountered. Even when one has followed the long polemics engaged around the rival editions of the liturgic song, one can very easily convince himself that the language of evangelical charity is not always held by those undertaking to speak in her name. The human lining of divine things is sometimes so striking that it intercepts the view of the object itself which it professes to adorn. Without occupying themselves with routine resistances and the sharp criticisms which they will encounter along the route, the singers of the vows of Bordeaux and Rodez will need to rally to their aid all catholics solicitious for the beauty of their cult, and all musicians in love with the religion of their art.

TO A VIOLIN.

Above the silken rustle of gay gown,
The listening murmur on the perfumed air,
The mirthless laugh half hiding sigh of care,
A note of wailing sweetness floweth down
In limpid wave the world's vain noise to drown;
Like Autumn's sea that mourns 'mid sedges, where
The summer blossoms leave them thinly bare,
Or sobs o'er ragged rocks weed-wrapt in brown.

Swept by the liquid sound I float alone
On sensuous billows rolling far and near;
No world above, no world below, the light
Is all a golden chord, each wave a tone;
Then slowly ebbs the tide—one star-note clear
Shakes forth.—On barren strand I feel earth's night.

FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

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MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

These two avenues to the public mind, so continually open, so easily accessible, might lead, one would think, direct to the elysian fields of a considerably developed public taste; the actual facts, however, seem to indicate that they often receive a bent in the early part of their course which causes them to merge, not in the fields elysian, but in the barren, dusty highway of shallowness and triviality.

After the custom of the teaching of music in the public schools had come in vogue, a certain city, one of the largest in the land, decided that its children should be among those to be assured the opportunity of at least the beginning an acquaintance with this magician of life. But after a brief trial of the system, perhaps that of a few years, the autocrats of education decreed that this branch of development should no longer be open to the children of their jurisdiction; because, forsooth, the city could not afford the expense which it involved. This was bad enough, but, instead of leaving the tiny seed to develop as it might in the lives of the children, their musical education was given into the hands of the regular school teachers; in the learning such compositions as "My Aunt Jerusha's Cat," of which the quality of the music, so called, was only equaled by the utter insanity of the words.

Had any one of the autocrats aforesaid been told that someone had taken from a child a pretty gold trinket, and given instead a paltry imitation, he would have indignantly denounced the offender; and yet it would seem, even on superficial observation, that whatever affects the development of the real inner being, the ego, is of more importance than any external ornament, however valuable.

If we aspire to the region of the popular song, if we prefer to the picture of the German workman, pickax on

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shoulder, singing to himself the "Tannhaeuser Pilgrim Chorus" as he leaves the days work, that of the American devotion to "The Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," the methods referred to above are certainly among the most effective to be employed. But if, as a people, we have a vague notion that the influence of Wagner and his composers is better than that of the originator of the imposition just mentioned and his ilk, there is no less certainly a better way. The gem of the love of beauty will develop, or will fall into a state of coma, if not annihilation, in accordance with the atmosphere in which it finds itself.

Through the churches, how many might be won to a recognition of the charm and power of music, if a high artistic standard were more general in that portion of the service. If there were a greater number of organists and directors, who, instead of pandering to the cheapness of the popular taste, genuinely endeavored to create a different atmosphere by the production of works, thoroughly good and thoroughly musical; works which irresistibly win their way to the hearts of the audience. I have a mind in young organist and leader, who has thus made herself a power in the town where she is employed; who has awakened there an interest in music hitherto unknown. In addition to the care and taste given to the preparation of the usual weekly programs, special services are arranged now and then; sometimes it is Rossini's "Stabat Mater," again, Stainer's "Crucifixion," now one, now another gift from the Temple of Beauty is so shown to the people that they cannot but see its charm, and feel its beneficent influence.

The concert and recital belong to another branch of this subject, on which I have elsewhere touched; but I cannot refrain from mentioning the noble work done by Mr. Seidl through his summer seasons at Brighton Beach, in which thousands find their only opportunity to listen to the masterpieces of musical art, and through which numberless others get their first glimpse of their power and glory. Through which hundreds of audiences consciously or unconsciously have been made "richer by one more beautiful experience."

MARIE BENEDICT.

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THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MASON'S TWO FINGER EXERCISE AND THE DOCTRINE OF TOUCH.

Dr Mason directs the beginner to play the scale of C with two fingers, changing fingers upon every key, so that the touch in ascending is made always with the same finger, and the other finger of the pair concerned is kept pressed upon the key and slides over upon the new key after this one has been put down by the finger making the touch. That is to say, taking the finger pair 2 3, C is taken with 2, then D with 3, and 2 is slid over on to D about a beat later; then 3 takes E and 2 slides over on to it, and so on up. Generally he prefers that the pressure upon the key by the second finger should be constant and rather heavy, amounting to perhaps a pound. Many pupils fail of doing this exercise correctly. When it comes time to slide they effect the slide by crowding the arm, the entire finger remaining stiff; whereas the slide should be made by means of the point of the finger, the hand and the arm remaining entirely stationary. This point is very important, since if neglected it defeats Dr. Mason's intention in the exercise, which is to make the finger point sensitive to the key, and accustomed to press earnestly. When the wrist is not permitted to go too high, and when the finger point slides along to the new key by its own motion (instead of being drawn along by the arm while the finger remains stiff) I do not think that there is any objection to the exercise, saving possibly a liability to engender slackness in changing from one tone to another in melody playing: for this earnest and clinging pressure has in view melody playing.

Mr. Virgil objects to the clinging pressure, and thinks that it engenders wrong habits of hand. I do not think so. The difficulty above mentioned occurrs frequently in cases of student bringing these exercises to me from their own study without assistance from living teachers. And so in Philadelphia I tried to ascertain from Dr. Mason what remedy he had to obviate it. To my surprise I found that he appeared never to have experienced it. Later I saw that the real point where these students had failed was not in making the pressure, but in the manner of sliding along to the new key, and I have since found that the sliding does no harm in this direction if the movement is effected by the finger point.

The other objection to this form of exercise, however, still troubles me. I do not feel that melody playing is so much promoted by it as by the pure legato form, in which Dr. Mason used to employ this clinging touch—the same which necessarily takes place when the clinging form is applied in the arpeggio of the diminished

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chord, or on the black keys, where sliding is impossible. For this reason I have now returned to the use of the clinging pressure almost exclusively in the form in which the playing finger changes exactly with the new finger, just as in perfect melody legato.

In some talk that I had lately with Dr. Mason, another question was raised, which deserves attention from teachers. It is as to what touches ought to be taught to the beginner first; and what ones might well be left until a later time. I found Dr. Mason rather disposed to take the suggestion of his assistants, Miss Madeleine Buck and Mrs. Gregory Murray, to defer the arm touches until a later time; and to begin with the clinging touch followed by the hand and finger elastic, and the last forms.

I understand that this proposition of the assistants arises from their finding it difficult to communicate the arm touches at the beginning. My own judgement is that this will be a mistake. I do not think there is the slightest difficulty in teaching arm touches to beginners, but there is no small difficulty in teaching them to advanced pupils, who as a rule have no idea of arm uses. This fact, however, proves nothing from a pedagogical point of view, except that the advanced pupils in question have been insufficiently taught. I think that the great value of the arm exercises illustrated in Touch and Technic lies quite as much in their wrist loosening qualities as in their value for purposes of largeness of tone—in which the arm is of course the first recourse. Accordingly if I were teaching an absolute beginner (a rather rare bird with almost any prominent teacher) I should teach the art of falling upon the keys from the shoulder first of all exercises, seeking to keep the wrist rather loose in the fall, and assuring myself that it came perfectly limp the very instant of the touch being delivered. The tone at first should be soft and full, and not loud. Loudness might come later. When this limp fall of the entire arm is once secured, then I would seek to secure like limpness in the fall of the lesser parts of the playing apparatus, such as from the elbow, from the wrist, and finally from the finger. The latter is very difficult indeed to get, and the desire of getting it is one reason for using the table at certain stages of technical correction- for the table is a playing apparatus more useful and admirable in correcting bad habits already acquired than in engendering absolutely new ones.

In my own teaching I have never experienced any difficulty that I know of from the use of the two finger exercises as they stand in the book. The main point where I digress is in applying accents to the fast forms. All the slow forms of the two finger exercise are what might be called super vitalized, and they tend to over exertion. The proper correction for this is not to under-vitalize them, but to offset this by the devitalized fast forms. Accordingly I do not advise accents early in the fast forms, because the effort to obtain accent leads to bracing the fingers, whereas limpness is a more valuable quality to control in connection with speed. Strength can easily be had later by the clavier or by the use of accents. So I do not think that I should do very much with accents in the fast two finger exercises earlier than the third grade.

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Before that I might have them counted, and the accent made, but very lightly. Later the fingers will derive great benefits from these exercises applied to the clavier in rather heavy touches of eight ten or twelve ounces, the rapidity still being kept up. This exercise is very severe, and too much of it will do harm.

After about twenty-five years use of the two finger exercise I still find it an indispensable medium for teaching the radical methods of touching the piano for tone quality, and it is one of the best pedagogical apparatuses ever offered the pianist. I cling to this opinion the more from the fact that so far as I know all students using these exercises as I teach them, or as Dr. Mason teaches them, arrive at a song-like and musical touch, with power and softness combined. And this holds of the less talented almost as well as of the very talented, whereas under most systems of instruction only the very talented ever arrive at musical touch.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

PERIODIZING BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

A correspondent asks me to periodize the slow movement of Beethoven's Sonata, "The Adieu, the Absence and the Return," opus 81. The first period is of exactly eight measures, less the three sixteenths at the end, which lead into the connecting matter following. In this we have an independent phrase filling the ninth and tenth measures except the last two sixteenths. Then a reversion to the leading motive of the movement, occupying two measures, after which there is a passage work leading to the second subject in G major, beginning in the 15th measure. All before this belongs to the Principal. The second subject occupies six measures, the period not being regularly developed. The first section of four measures is correct as to form, but the period does not conclude, the last two measures of it taking the motive of the passage in measures thirteen and fourteen as a cantus fermus. in the bass. At the beginning of measure twenty-one the first subject returns in F minor and completes itself in a period of eight measures. With the last beat of measure twenty-eight the passage returns, and in measure thirty-one the second subject comes again, this time in the key of F major, finally subsiding to a pedal point on G, the dominant of the principal key, in measure thirty-seven, the leading motive of the first subject bringing the movement to a close. The entire movement is fragmentary and like an improvisation. It represents the restless mood, during the absence of the oved one, when the mind refuses to continue at any single train of hought, bnt changes from one to another. Movements of this kind present more difficulty to the unaccustomed student than those regularly constructed. The real key to the division of periods is found in the entrance of new matter in a new key, and a definite forsaking of the old motives. The rhythmic movement generally changes (the motion, I mean) and the new idea gives an entirely different effect.

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For the benefit of the correspondent and others situated like her, I will say that my "Primer of Musical Forms" (Arthur Schmidt, Boston) will give the information upon which these analyses can be safely made. A good deal of it is in the Pianoforte Primer by Dr. Mason and myself; but the Primer of Form is larger and goes into the matter more exactly. (60 cts).

The student who takes up the work of analyzing a sonata or fugue, for the first time, will find many difficulties, because there is hardly any good work which exactly conforms to any expected pattern of form. When one has an idea one keeps on until one has said it, and the number of words is not taken into account. So it is with one having a musical idea—he goes on and says it whether the periods add up exactly eight measures each or not. Periods vary in length, being shortened by abridging one of the members, or lengthened by repeating one of the members, or by inserting matters between the phrases. In dividing a movement, try first to ascertain the location of the principal elements, the leading and chief subordinate subjects. Then find out where any subject is repeated, and note whether it is complete in the new form or incomplete, abridged. Then you will find it easier to locate the parenthetical matter, connecting and modulating matter, and the passage work.

There are absolutely no rules to which exeception will not be found. Perhaps you will find my new "Beginner in Phrasing" a help, since this begins from a different standpoint to any which I have employed before in treating phrasing. As teaching material it belongs to the third grade; but it will be useful to any student who does not already know the matter it contains.

W. S. B. M

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REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NATURAL LAWS OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION. By Hans Schmitt. Chicago, Translated by Frances A. Van Sandford. Chicago, 1894. Clayton F. Summy. Cloth. $1.00

In this little work the distinguished teacher, Prof. Hans Schmitt of the Vienna Conservatory, has endeavored to systematize and reduce to clear expression a certain portion of the unformulated processes of the musician. The tyro takes a new composition and if the marks of expression are not plentiful he finds himself in doubt whether it should go fast or slow, loud or soft, which parts are crescendo and which piano, etc. The artist on the contrary, after a few times reading it through, hits upon the proper tempo, (generally the only rate of movement at which it will make a good effect), and he is equally independent of the direction for playing loud or soft as is the trained Shakesperean scholar in interpreting Hamlet. The *sense*—this is what determines the expression, and all marks are but temporary substitutes for intelligence, intended to save time for the student. In arriving at an interpretation of a musical movement, the artist builds upon a certain sub-conscious knowledge which makes him presently quite sure of the results at which he arrives. A portion of this sub-conscious expectation concerning the intention of different sorts of tone-movements Prof. Schmitt has here reduced to intelligible form. The work is therefore a useful one to every student, and ought to have a wide application. Naturally many things have to be taken with a grain of salt, as for instance the rule that ascending passages are generally crescendo, and the reverse in descending passages. There are the natural tendencies of the passages respectfully; but this is not to hinder the very next composer one meets from making a striking effect by reversing the rule. Nevertheless the effect itself is only the more striking *because* it reverses the tacit expectation of the hearer. The book covers, therefore, a previously unformulated part of a player's knowledge. When he has learned to expect these commonplaces of musical expression and to connect them with the passages which generally indicate them, he is in better condition to deal with the exceptions, of which every piece has plenty.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF BEETHOVEN'S PIANOFORTE WORKS. By Adolph Bernhard Marx. Translated from the German by Fannie Louise Gwynner, of the Iowa College. 8vo. Pages. 151. $1.50. Chicago, 1895, Clayton F. Summy.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was one of the most serious and meritorious of German writers upon musical subjects. His style was flowing sonorous and half mystical. It, therefore well adapted him to write effectively upon music and its higher aspects, in which

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definiteness only destroys the effect. He was also a good scholar of Bach and Beethoven. It is to him that we owe the first selection of popular pieces by Bach, and the latest edition of the Peters Bach Album but confirms the sagacity of Dr. Marx, in considerable part. He also was the author of the admirable work upon musical composition, in four volumes; of which the first was introduced to American readers by that eclectic genius, Mr. Hermann S. Saroni.

In the Beethoven work, herewith, we have much excellent sense with regard to the composer and his works, and more precise directions for the treatment of the main difficulties in them. Naturally, considering the amplitude of the ground covered in this small book, the directions are very general indeed; and the student will do well to have at hand in addition to these Czerny's fourth volume of his *Kunst des Vortrags* (Art of Expression), for there will be found the metronome tempi according to the best traditions of Beethoven's time.

It is the beauty of Marx's suggestions that they aim generally at the poetic and aesthetic side, rather than at the strictly technical. Moreover the technical situation has changed so remarkably since this work was written (somewhere about 1850) that the technical difficulties no longer form an appreciable bar between the student and his successful interpretation of Beethoven. It is upon the side of the serious, the poetical and the mystical that his interpretation is apt to prove insufficient, when left to the training of common teachers. The present translation is to be recommended. If not affording everything that the student may chance to desire, it will at least afford much that the student would lack without it. Moreover, one must remember that a book of this kind, which a student often goes without in a mood of mistaken economy, costs less than a single lesson from any good teacher, and contains matter of more weight than many lessons.

CHOPIN. LA TRADICION DE SU MUSICA, Y CONSIDERACIONES SOBRE ALGUNAS DE SUS OBRAS Y MANERA DE INTERPRETARLAS. Por Eduardo Gabriel. Mexico, 1895. 12mo, paper, pp 202.

This little work is said to be the first ever published in Mexico upon the artistic interpretation of music. Whether this be literally true or not, it is at least in effect true, and the work is written in a sincere and discerning spirit. The author treats of the Chopin tradition, subjective and objective interpretations, and the applications of principles and particulars to the Berceuse, two of the Ballades, the Scherzos, etc. Later it is hoped to have translations of certain parts for the better information of readers of MUSIC.

J. A. CARPENTER. "Love whom I have never seen." (For baritone).
"My Sweetheart."
Minuet. (Pianoforte.)
Twilight Reverie.

The author of these four pieces comes of a highly musical family, and the first, the Minuet, was composed while a student with Mr.

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W. C. E. Seeboeck. The later ones were written while studying at Harvard, where he enjoys the invaluable instructions of Prof. John K. Paine. Mr. Carpenter is thoroughly modern in his harmonic and melodic instincts, and he writes with a certain distinction which few young composers attain. All these pieces are musical, fresh, and well written. Much may be expected from this young man in the future. The baritone song is particularly well done and effective. The soprano song "My Sweetheart" also is attractive. The four pieces are published by Miles & Thompson, Boston.

SELECTIONS FROM BEETHOVEN. Compiled and Compared from the highest Sources. By Theodore Presser. 62 pages. $1.50.

In this little collection of pieces selected from the works of Beethoven, Mr. Presser has in the main met a legitimate want. Little fault is to be found with the result, except that the Andante in F is by far too difficult for its place in the book; or for any place in the book. It is also a question whether the inclusion of so many variation pieces is advisable, now that the variation form has fallen into such comparative desuetude. There is a direction given in connection with the Andante from the sonata in G, opus 14, which needs authority. It is that the melody in the theme is to be played legato, while the other parts are played staccato. A better effect is made by playing the entire chord with elastic touch (staccato) and using the pedal in such manner as almost to join each chord to the next. The melody is to be brought out, and in this manner of playing the effect is very satisfactory. It is rather difficult to believe that Beethoven would have written these chords short with rests after each if he had intended to play the melody legato. In that case he would have so indicated in the notes, by writing the melody in quarters. At least so it seems to the present writer. But there is no doubt that he intended a liberty of some kind to be taken, since it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the passage to have the chords completely detached, as written.

John Church Company.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE BIRTH OF VENUS." E. Jakobowski.

"I am a Diplomat."
"I've travelled far."
"Toujours la Politesse." (Gavotte trio).
"Contentment is, alas, a Myth."
"Two Little Dolls."
"Misplaced Confidence."
"Song of Proverbs."

These sprightly and taking selections need no detailed notice, since the work from which they come is so well known.

"TRILBY SNOWFLAKE BROWN." Music by Geo. L. Tracy.

Here we have something curious, an "end song" for minstrel use from the pen of that accomplished musician and excellent and high-bred composer, Mr. Geo Lowell Tracy. That it is something much better than the common run of songs of this class goes without saying. Mr. Tracy is a musician who knows how to be jovial without being vulgar.

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(H. Kleber & Bro.)

SONGS WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT. By Arthur Nevin.

"A Red, Red Rose."
"Alone."
Two short Songs. "When softer breezes Blow."
Culprit Fay Ballet. Dance.
Culprit Fay Ballet. Waltz.

Mr. Arthur Nevin is a younger brother of the well-known composer, Mr. Ethelbert Nevin. He also shows promising talent. "Alone" shows a fault which young composers often commit, that namely of disregarding the enhancement of effect of a musical idea by its location in vocal register. Here, for instance, we have the text.

"Cold falls the rain, the autumn winds blow chilling.
And toss the shrinking vines with vulgar might;"
In dreary train the dismal clouds float filling
The gladsome day with gloomy shades of night."

And the melody of these words, "The autumn winds blow chilling" runs down from high A flat (soprano or tenor). It is impossible for the autumn winds to "blow chilling" at this altitude; or if not impossible, at least very difficult.

The two short songs are excellent, particularly the first, "When softer Breezes Blow."

The ballet pieces are both very nice indeed, and the waltz is taking and catchy to a degree. Both should have a large sale. They lie within the demands of the fourth grade.

The first song on the list, "My love is like the red red rose" is very melodious and at the same time very rich on the harmonic side. It is quite modern in spirit, and at the same time not far-fetched.

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NEW MEANS OF DEVELOPMENT FOR PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

Miss Marie Benedict, concert pianist and lecturer of Bridgeport, Conn., opens a series of engagements in the south next month which offers a decidedly novel and interesting feature, viz., an unfolding of the real art worth and beauty of much easy music through recitals, chiefly composed of pieces within the reach of the ordinary pupil of from one, to three or four years study; with the variety and contrast lent by two or three of the most brilliant and attractive numbers. In connection with this lecture recital Miss Benedict gives, when desired, a second, whose numbers are of the usual artist degree.

Miss Benedict, beginning the study of the piano at an early age, has, since her twelfth year, learned all music orally, memorizing from the first reading, has spent years of study with Gonzalo Nunez and Dr. S. N. Penfield of new York, and Edward Baxter Perry of Boston; is also a pupil of the synthetic department of the Metropolitan College of Music, New York, originated and taught by Albert Ross Parsons and Miss Kate Chittenden.

At Perry's advice she decided to make a specialty of the lecture recital, she is devoted to the work of elevating the standard of American taste in art; the development of music in this country, has twice played before the N. Y. M. T. A., and at consecutive sessions of the Connecticut State Association; has also appeared in Boston with success; is teacher and writer as well as pianist.

The idea of the pupils' lecture recital is original with Mr. Chas. W. Landon, who has long wished to see his plan realized. As you will at once see, its aim is to impress the mind of the seminary teachers and pupils with the true nature of music, its reason for being; to emphasize the truth that it is something quite above and beyond the mechanical symbols, and sound producing means that make it possible.

Miss Benedict is blind, but she desires no leniency of judgment on the score of her loss of sight; but claims the right to the fair and impartial—criticism which should be accorded any pianist.

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS IN CHICAGO.

The Clayton F. Summy Co. takes pleasure in announcing a series of twelve evenings of Chamber Music, to be given on the dates of Oct. 8, 22, Nov. 4, 11, Dec. 3, 17, 1895; Jan. 21, 28, Feb. 4, 25, Mar. 10, and May 5, 1896, in Central Music Hall.

After careful consideration of the subject, we concluded that

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the best plan for advancing the cause of that most enjoyable class of music was to unite the interests of the String Quartet Clubs of the city, and have them play in one series; to that end, arrangements have been completed with the Bendix, Listemann, and Spiering Quartet Clubs. These three Quartets willingly sacrificed their individual series, and unite their forces in the artistic presentation of a series of programs of Chamber Music to be found in no other city of the globe. They have also most cordially supported the plan of including the most celebrated Boston Quartet Club—the Kneisel Quartet—in the series, and the management takes great pleasure in announcing the engagement of that famous organization for the initial concert, and there is a probability of their engagement for the closing concert of the series.

In recent years it has been the custom for each of the local Quartet Clubs to seek support from practically the same patrons. Under the present plan, there will be need of but one series for about the same amount of money usually charged for each series, and double the number of concerts.

To make the programs more attractive in both variety and quality, pianists of note are being engaged. Beside the prominent resident pianists, negotiations are pending with such pianists and composers as E. A. Macdowell, Arthur Foote, Ernst Perabo, Richard Hoffman, Alberto Jonas, Richard Burmeister, Rafael Joseffy, Leopold Godowsky.

Many of the more beautiful works written for piano and strings will be heard, and from that less known realm of sextet, septet and octet will the best examples be drawn. At all times will the performers for special combinations of instruments be the best available artists; and having in Chicago, as members of the orchestra, so many admirable woodwind players, it can be taken for granted how high the average of attainment will be.

Another important feature not heretofore introduced into chamber music concerts, will be the illustrated analytical program. In general it may be said that the public is less familiar with this large and most beautiful class ot art works than any other. It will be the purpose of these illustrated analyses to acquaint the patrons with the principal characteristics and themes of the important works, so that some preparation for intelligent listening may be obtained by all who may feel its need.

There can be no doubt in the minds of all, that the inauguration of this remarkable series of concerts, marks an epoch in the musical development of Chicago, second only to the establishment of the Chicago Orchestra, hence the public interest is confidently appealed to for the same liberal support of these concerts as is accorded to every other worthy enterprise.

Season tickets with reserve seats will be on sale on and after Sept. 2, 1895, at the music house of Clayton F. Summy Co., 220 Wabash Ave.

The subscription price for the entire series is $10.00 to the general public, and $6.00 to the musical profession and students.

It will be only just to give to subscribers who pay the full sub-

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scription price of $10.00 the choice of seats; for those a certain portion of the house will be reserved.

Subscriptions sent in by mail will receive prompt attention.

MAX BENDIX says;—"I am going into this work with all the enthusiasm I possess. I have done what I have for the advancement of Chamber Music in Chicago because I love it, and here is the long needed opportunity for musicians to prepare programs and perform them without being hampered by the business end of the enterprise. I shall enter into the work with the firm belief that this season's series of concerts will result in such an awakening of public interest in them that they will become a leading feature of Musical seasons in our city."

MR. LIEBLING'S LECTURES.

The success of a few informal lectures given last year before my class, suggests the desirability of continuing the same line of work in more definite form; during the present season I have arranged eleven class reunions at Kimball Rehearsal Hall, 243 Wabash Avenue, on Saturday afternoons, September 21st; October 19th; December 14th, 1895; and January 11th; February 8th; March 7th; April 4th; May 2d and 30th; June 27th; 1896. at half past two o'clock.

At these meetings I will discuss with practical illustrations on the Piano a number of salient topics, which can be demonstrated collectively, such as the proper modes of study, use of pedal, the questions of touch, rhythm, technical work, importance of reviewing, memorizing, concert playing, various technical fads, etc.

A thorough analysis of leading classical and modern works, followed by their performance will also be given, and it is my confident expectation that this addition to the regular lessons will not only be of great and immediate service to those desiring to teach but that it will also encourage independent and intelligent study on the part of all pupils.

I also propose to have all students play at these reunions in rotation, without reference to the question of their advancement; a Kuhlau Sonatina, well played, will represent as important a phrase of teaching and accomplishment in that particular case, as a Chopin Ballade would in another.

I am now as ever unalterably opposed to class teaching, the above comprehensive plan is intended as a supplement to my private work, an earnest endeavor to assist students in getting at the substance of things musical, and not simply an empty semblance thereof, as is too often the case.

The Reunions will be free to members of my class; an admission fee of one dollar will be charged to others for each meeting. Admission is by ticket only.

EMIL LIEBLING.

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THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA.

FIFTH SEASON, 1895-1896.

CONDUCTOR: THEODORE THOMAS.

MANAGER: ANNA MILLAR, 1304 AUDITORIUM TOWER.

There are several important changes in the plans for the coming season of concerts by the Chicago orchestra from those of past years.

One thing, the lengthening of the season from twenty to twenty-two weeks, which will have four breaks of one week each, when the orchestra goes on its "short circuit" tours, and one of four weeks when the New York trip is made.

Another innovation is the giving to subscribers for season tickets the advantage of the two additional weeks, which means a saving of ten per cent on the regular prices. The number of soloists engaged for a season was never so large and important. Whether as the result of these points in favor of subscribers, or whether it is due to an increasing interest in the music itself, the fact that every box is already taken for the season is exceedingly gratifying to the Trustees.

The first program, Friday and Saturday, October the 25th and 26th, will be a popular one. The second and third will be symphony concerts, when Beethoven's No. 7 in A, and the Tschaikowsky No. 6, "Pathetic," will be given respectively.

The short circuits are made up of six concerts, filling one week, and the trip will be very easy, as the cities all lie within four hundred miles of Chicago. These places have bought from two to four concerts, to be given at different times during the season, and knowing what important works will be given, have arranged to have lectures given on them.

The seven concerts to be given in New York in March are to be in the Metropolitan Opera House, Rafael Joseffy will play in two of these concerts and one in Brooklyn.

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Cities in the short circuit are: Ann Arbor 2 concerts under the auspices of the University; Detroit 4; Toledo 3; Oberlin 2; Cleveland 4; Akron 2.

These places hope to do this each year, thus making the Orchestra a factor in their Musical and Social life. In all these places the houses are almost entirely sold out by subscription for the season tickets.

The frontispiece this time is a portrait of Miss Anna Millar, the manager of the Chicago orchesta. Miss Millar came here from Muscatine, Iowa, and having been given an opportunity to show her talent worked up the local subscription last year better than it had ever been done before. When the orchestra went upon the road her managerial talent showed itself in the provision of accommodations, meals, trains and the like, to the great comfort of all concerned. Later in the season she spent some time in New York and succeeded in working up a subscription there for the concerts of the Chicago orchestra which will be given later this season. In short she has made herself indispensable without in any way seeming to be too active or disposed to usurp authority. Her success may be taken as another proof of the workmanlike way in which the new woman is coming to the front. Miss Millar is at an age when many girls are dividing their time between their hearts and their father's pocket book. Her success is according to Horace Greely's formula, that "the best way to resume is to resume"—in other words, to do a thing, just go ahead and do it. It is perfectly simple.

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WAGNER OPERA IN GERMAN.

BY THE DAMROSCH OPERA COMPANY.

WALTER DAMROSCH, DIRECTOR.

THE results, artistic and financial, of last year's season of "Wagner Opera in German" were so astonishing, the success so remarkable, that Mr. Walter Damrosch has resolved to continue the organization and to carry it on this year on a scale even larger and more complete than before.

The tour of last spring is considered the most successful on record for many years. Crowded and enthusiastic houses welcomed the company everywhere, fully justifying Mr. Damrosch's firm faith in the popularity of Wagner's Music Dramas with the American people, when presented to them in accord with the best Wagnerian traditions.

The lists of artists engaged for this year include the names of the greatest and most famous Wagnerian singers now known to the musical world.

The company will number nearly two hundred members, including the New York Symphony Orchestra and a chorus of eighty picked voices.

The scenery is entirely new and painted in Vienna by Kautski, of the Imperial Opera House, after special designs.

The costumes and armor are rich and historically correct.

The present tour will last five months, including nearly all the principal cities between New York and San Francisco.

Following are the names of the artists:

SOPRANOS AND CONTRALTOS.

Frau Katharina Klafsky, of Hamburg Opera and London; Frl. Johanna Gadski, Bremen Opera and New York; Frl. Gisela Stoll, Zurich Opera; Frl. Louise Mulder, Stuttgart and Bayreuth; Miss Mina Schilling, New York; Miss

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Marie Maurer, New York; Frl. Riza Eibenschuetz, Strassburg Opera; Frl. Marie Mattfeld, Frl. Milka Ternina, Munich Royal Opera.

TENORS.

Herr Wilhelm Gruening, Hamburg Opera and Bayreuth; Herr Barron Berthold, New York; Herr Paul Lange, Munich Royal Opera and New York; Herr Max Alvary, Hamburg Opera, Bayreuth and New York.

BARITONES AND BASSES.

Herr Demeter Popovici, Bayreuth and Prague; Herr Wilhelm Mertens, New York; Herr Conrad Behrens, New York; Herr Gerhard Stehmann, New York; Herr Emil Fischer, New York.

REPERTORY.

RICHARD WAGNER:—"Tristan and Isold," "Die Walkure," "Siegfried," "Die Gotterdämmerung," "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "The Flying Dutchman."

LOUIS VAN BEETHOVEN, "Fidelio."

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, "Der Freischutz."

WALTER DAMROSCH, "The Scarlet Letter." (In English), an opera founded on Hawthorne's great romance. (Libretto by George Parsons Lathrop) new; first time.

FRAU KLAFSKY'S ARRIVES.

(From New York "*Tribune.*")

THE unannounced and unexpected arrival in New York of Frau Klafsky, who is to be the principal dramatic soprano of Walter Damrosch's Opera Company next season, has a story back of it, of course. Frau Klafsky will have nothing to do for two months to come, and she is here in defiance of the contract rights of Mr. Pollini, her manager at the Municipal Theatre of Hamburg. Her departure from Germany was secretly made, and in all probability to prevent legal interference with her projected American visit. It seems that she could not agree with Mr. Pollini on the division of the money which she expects to make here, and so took French leave of him. Since he is a member of the German society of managers, whose principal purpose is to punish singers who break their contracts, it seems more than likely that Frau Klafsky's European career is at an end, unless she shall be willing to pay the very stiff

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penalty which will be assessed against her, and buy her way back into the good graces of Mr. Pollini and his colleagues. She says that he wanted one half of all her American earnings, and the statement will seem plausible enough to those who know the Hamburg manager. Pollini, whose real name is Pohl (he is a Jew, was born in Cologne and was once an opera singer), was at one time the private secretary of Maurice Strakosch, and afterward his partner. Just before Strakosch brought Nilsson to the United States, Pollini withdrew from the firm because he had made up his mind that more money was to be made in German than Italian Opera. The difference between his financial fate and that of Strakosch shows the wisdom of his choice. He has been Director of the Stadt Theatre in Hamburg since 1874, having previously filled the same function at the Italian opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Katherine Klafsky is one of the most interesting figures on the German operatic stage. She is a Hungarian by birth and forty years old, having been born on September 19th, 1855. Her father was a shoemaker with musical predilections. Her mother died when she was in her girlhood; and the remarriage of her father sent her into the world to take care of herself. She went to Vienna, where the discovery was made that she had a promising voice. At the solicitation of the elder Hilmesburger, Mme. Marchesi, who was then the principal vocal professor at the Vienna conservatory, gave her lessons gratis. She began her career in Calsburg in 1875, but a year later married a merchant and withdrew into private life in Leipsic. She was compelled to resume her career before long, however, and she began again with small parts in Leipsic. Her progress was rapid, and on the death of Reicher-Kindermann she became her successor in Angelo Naumann's peripatetic Wagner

(From "*Boston Herald.*")

It seems to be rather definitely settled, that the two great prima donnas, Frau Milka Ternina and Frau Katharina Lohse Klafsky, have really signed their contracts, and will surely come over here to sing under the baton of Damrosch, along with pretty little Gadski, who was the best and most sufficient and consistent Elsa Boston had seen for many a day. Leon Margulies, who went abroad to perfect Mr. Damrosch's plans, says: "Frau Klafsky is not only as great a lyric artist as Sucher, but has a voice in its prime, as she is still a young woman."

Apropos of his nervousness for fear that he might be too late to secure Klafsky, Margulies says that "it was a matter of common note that Jean de Reszke has been devoting much time to the study of Tristan, and was decidedly anxious to appear in America in the role next season, but, conscientious artist that he is, did not care to essay Tristan unless supported by an Isolde beyond compare.

"The only singer whom De Reszke regarded as one to make a deep impression on American audiences in that role was Klafsky and his praise of her would seem extravagant if it were possible to speak too enthusiastically of so great an artist."

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AMONG THE PIANO DEALERS.

I found Mr. William Steinway at home in his office in Steinway hall, much refreshed and improved by the waters of Clement, whereby his rheumatism no longer troubles him enough to seriously interfere with his work. He said that he considered the outlook for the fall trade encouraging. A noticeable feature in the trade of Steinway & Sons is the continual increase in the trade in grands. They are making at present about fifteen hundred a year, which is about equal to the entire production of grands outside their factory. This is five times as many grands as were sold a few year ago. It shows that the artistic qualities of the grand as compared with the upright are now appreciated more highly by cultivated amateurs than before.

NEW STEINWAY UPRIGHT.

I also was shown the new Steinway upright, a remarkably interesting piano indeed. In size it is about the same as the medium style, but in tone it is singularly broad, sonorous, and like a grand. I was already prepared for what I found in this instrument by having heard of it privately several times during the past year; and again Dr. Mason spoke of it to me, as it had been shown him just before his leaving New York for his summer vacation. He said it gave him a start, the tone was so little like what he was accustomed to hear from an upright. As near as I could ascertain, the main novelty in its construction is the application of the capo d'astro bar at the head of the strings, exactly as in the grands. The tone is a great advance over anything I have ever heard from an upright piano before.

These pianos will not be on the market until after Christmas, or thereabouts, owing to the impossibility as yet of filling orders for them upon an extensive scale. The price is also as yet somewhat undetermined, but the novel treatment will be applied to styles K, H, and X. This upright does not contain the bent rim—or a least the one I saw did not have it—a circumstance making the admirable result all the more remarkable.

W S. B. M.

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THE HENRY F. MILLER NEW GRAND.

I spent some time in the handsome new warerooms of the Henry F. Miller Company a few days ago, and was shown a number of very choice and attractive new styles. They have two Baby Grands which are of fine tone and appearance and are so small as to be available where commonly nothing occupying more room than an upright would go. The smallest is only five feet nine inches in length.

They also have a medium grand of an entirely new scale, which is a beauty, and worthy the attention of every musician who knows a fine piano when he sees it. It is six feet in length, and the one I saw was in a mahogany case, Colonial style. It has been beautifully tone-regulated by Gilson. Mr. William T. Miller played it at my request and showed that it had a very large and noble tone. I tested it myself in a variety of directions and the musical quality of the tone pleased me exceedingly. The Millers are able to place this magnificent and attractive instrument in the house of a customer for the moderate sum of about $750. At this rate there is no reason for buying an upright, for comparatively few upright pianos of first rate tonal quality and handsome case are sold below this price.

W. S. B. M-

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- No. 4, in B flat.

The Schumann scholar will see that these comprise the greater number of the Schumann pieces which are practically available for teaching, or desirable for amateur study, up to the more difficult ones, such as the Etudes, Symphoniques, the Humoreske, the Sonatas, Phantasie and Concerto. Below those limits the selection here given is the best that experience enables the editor to make. The pieces that are given are without exception attractive in themselves, useful for study, and the best possible illustrations of the Schumann tone-poetry.

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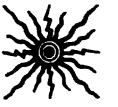

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